THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Eleanor Mercein—Clarence Budington Kelland—Margaret Culkin Banning
Kenneth L. Roberts—Horatio Winslow—Lois Seyster Montross—Will Payne

Oh, how they blend!...*with Muffets*

Now, take a good long look at this and ask yourself. Wouldn't it just naturally shake the slumber out of anybody's appetite?

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Gloria M Vanderbilt

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, nee Gloria M. Morgan, daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, formerly American Commissioner to Belgium. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a well known figure among the fashionable younger set of two continents. While spending most of her time at her home on the Avenue Charles Floquet, in Paris, Mrs. Vanderbilt also maintains an American home at Newport.

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George Horace Lorimer
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WITH BLUE CHIPS THIS TIME

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THE rôle of stormy petrel does not come easy to me. To be associated in friends' minds with catastrophe and sorrow is the last thing I crave. That is why I make it a point to keep away from Wall Street during bear markets. It is not a pleasant job to listen to the wailing of thousands, especially when there has been no improvement in the quality of the groans in fifty years. The Wall Street losers of 1928 express regret in the words and voice they used in my youth. That is why I put off my yearly visit to the financial district until a leading newspaper published a full-page story about "the greatest stock boom on record."

It was the inevitable signal. From then on it was a cinch to sell the market. This was early in December. Still in accordance with precedent, prices went higher—for a couple of days. In Wall Street, what has happened before will happen again. It must, as you will admit if you stop to think about it.

My visit really had for an object to learn for myself what made this bull market the biggest that Wall Street had ever seen.

All brokers' offices in a roaring bull market are essentially alike. As the peak of the movement is reached only two classes of customers are seen: Those who smile because, instead of cash, they have wonderful profits on paper; and those who frown because, instead of paper profits, they have nothing but real money—sold-out bulls waiting for the overdue reaction. Of course, one sees brokers and brokers' clerks—worried-looking men who want the customers to clinch their profits and at the same time do not want the customers to stop trading.

I called first at the office of a firm of which the senior partner is an intimate friend of mine. They have an enormous clientele, with branch offices in several cities, and thousands of customers, including some of the richest men in the United States. That firm is both typical and exceptional.

A Difference Only in Statistics

I DID not linger in the customers' room, but passed straight on into the office of the senior partner, who was kind enough to smile a cordial welcome. I did not represent commissions, but he obviously didn't need them; the desks of dozens of extra clerks were star-scattered all over the premises.

"Thank you," I said. "But I don't agree with what you are going to tell me."

"What was I going to tell you?"

"That this bull market is entirely different from all other bull markets," I answered.

"Well, isn't it?"

"One delusion you Wall Street people cherish," I said, "is that the chief difference in markets is statistical. The number of shares is what you keep before your eyes. That is nonsense. You cannot judge the importance of decisive battles by the number of armed men engaged. There is little to choose between Salamis, which stopped the Persians from Orientalizing European civilization, and Tours, where Charles Martel definitely halted Islam's drive against Christianity. At the battle of Waterloo there were engaged about 189,000 men in all. At the Marne, there were 2,250,000 men all told. But consider the population of the nations at war in 1814 and 1914, and the invention of compulsory military service. It is less important to learn that at the Marne more men were killed than fought at Waterloo than it is to know that Waterloo settled Napoleon's hash, while the Marne cooked the Kaiser's goose, step and all. In 1901, at the peak of the bull market, you chaps did 3,000,000 shares in one day. In 1928 you did 6,000,000 shares. But today the national wealth is many times greater than in 1901. You really have not done much more, proportionately, in 1928 than in 1901."

"Yes," admitted the broker pleasantly, "but there was only one 3,000,000-share day in 1901 and many 5,000,000-share days in 1928."

"Yes," I agreed with my customary amiability, "but in 1901 you brokers could reach perhaps 100,000 people in all the United States who might be interested in stock speculation. In 1928 you can reach more than 10,000,000, what with radio and telegraph and telephones and long-distance tickers and translux machines. On April thirtieth, the peak day of 1901, the sales aggregated 3,209,893 shares and 173 issues were traded in. On November twenty-third, the high of the bull market of 1928, you dealt in 825 issues, with a total of 6,947,000 shares."

Customers Turn Creditors

"THAT is true. But apart from the different story that you would get if you used monthly or yearly totals, instead of daily, don't forget that brokers' loans in those days were only a few hundred million. In August, 1921, they were only $500,000,000. In April, 1926, they were $2,500,000,000, while in December, 1928, they are in excess of $5,000,000,000."

"And knowing that, you still do not compel your customers to sell out—at the point of a pistol, if necessary?" I asked.

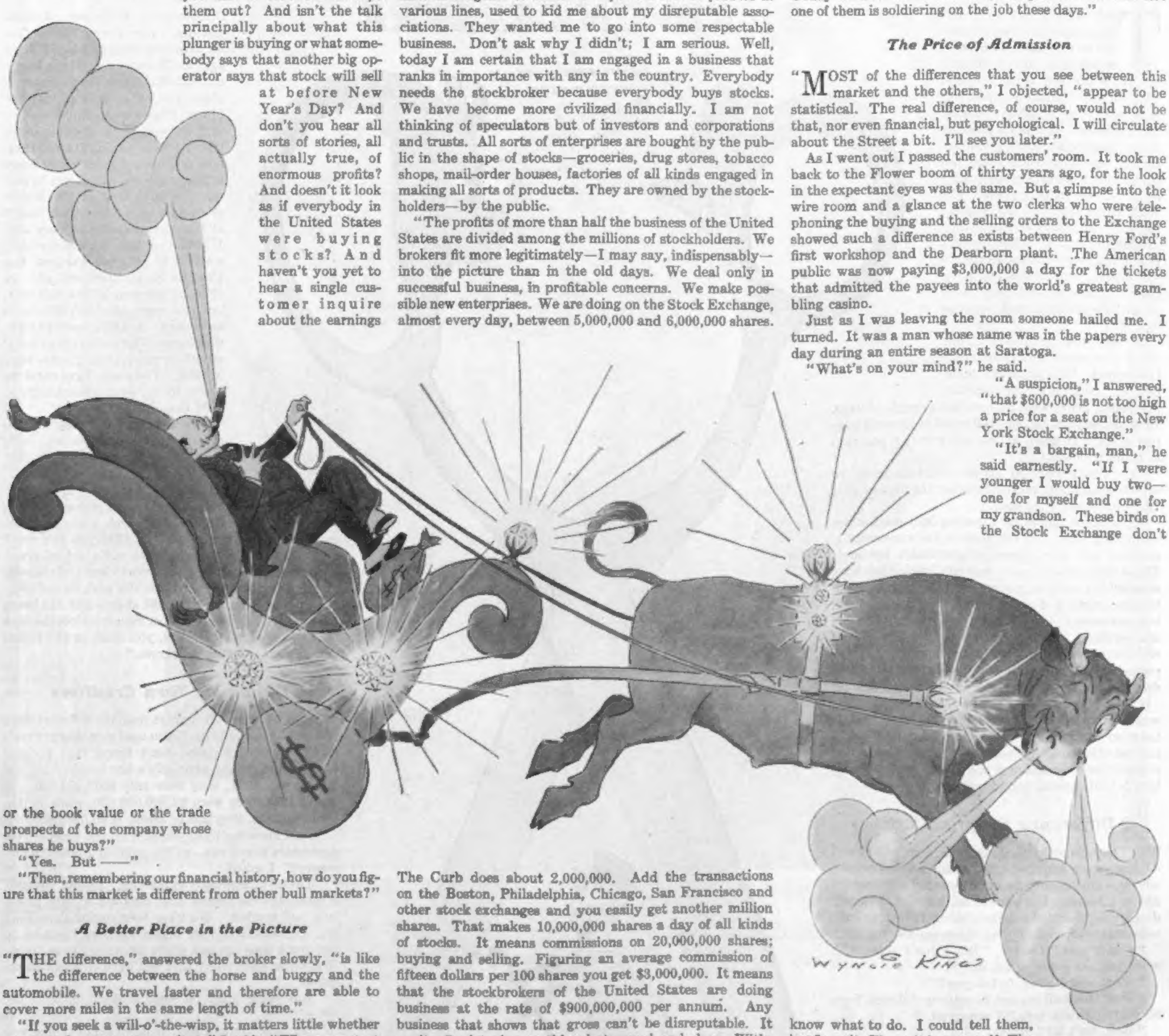
"That," he admitted regretfully, "has not changed. I mean, the customers' disinclination to take profits in a bull market. We have been urging them to do so. Unfortunately, we began advising them to get out some time ago and prices have since gone higher. You know what effect that will have on a customer's mind."

"But there must be some sold-out bulls in this office?"

"Oh, yes; quite a few. I don't mind telling you, for example, when you shiver at the magnitude of the brokers' borrowings, that in this office alone our total loans exceed $100,000,000, of which more than $27,000,000 belong to customers who are out of stocks and begged us to borrow their cash at the high call rates. Large concerns, whose securities we brought out, are constantly calling us up to insist that we

borrow funds from them at prevailing rates of interest. I should not be at all surprised if fully $1,000,000,000 of the loans represent profits taken out of the market in the past few months. And I cannot help but think of a curious anomaly: Here are scores of men with vast sums of cash waiting for stocks to go down so they can buy cheap. They could easily force liquidation if they got together and called all their loans at once. That shows you what organization does. I myself am inclined to think that when tight money or something unexpected supplies the necessary push to send the market down, the sold-out bulls will be an element of strength."

"They would be if it were not for the well-known fact that the desire to buy disappears when the market begins to break. When everybody is selling, it always looks as if the bottom were miles away. The opulent waiters will continue to wait, instead of supporting the market. But speaking about differences between this market and others, aren't your offices full of customers who are neglecting their regular businesses to make easy money here? And don't they all refuse to cash in? And don't they all tell you that no reaction can wipe them out? And isn't the talk principally about what this plunger is buying or what somebody says that another big operator says that stock will sell at before New Year's Day? And don't you hear all sorts of stories, all actually true, of enormous profits? And doesn't it look as if everybody in the United States were buying stocks? And haven't you yet to hear a single customer inquire about the earnings or the book value or the trade prospects of the company whose shares he buys?"



"Yes. But ——"

"Then, remembering our financial history, how do you figure that this market is different from other bull markets?"

A Better Place in the Picture

"THE difference," answered the broker slowly, "is like the difference between the horse and buggy and the automobile. We travel faster and therefore are able to cover more miles in the same length of time."

"If you seek a will-o'-the-wisp, it matters little whether you use a horse or an aeroplane," I said. "When you start out to get something for nothing, the route may be longer or shorter, smoother or rougher, but the last chapter is always the same. The public is bound to lose its money, and the greater the boom the greater the wallop."

"You are thinking," he objected, "of the days when a 10 per cent margin was acceptable and 25 per cent was extreme conservatism."

"I am thinking of the old days when a stock that went up thirty points and reacted ten was considered to have had a fair setback. Today a stock rises 300 points, and when it breaks, the collapse must carry it beyond the limits—expressed in percentages—of what once was deemed a salutary readjustment of values. I have no hesitation in asserting my belief that the bigger the margin the greater the loss, when the slump comes. You are going to have a reaction. Then the old boom will start up again. Warn your customers about the real *coup de grâce*—in 1929. This does not mean hard times, but an ending to an orgy of speculation. Business is sound. I am speaking of the betting."

"I'll tell you what I believe," the broker said earnestly. "You, in common with many people, utterly misjudge the stockbroker of today. You insist on thinking of what some of the brokers used to be in the old days. You keep hearing Bill Travers' classic question, when he saw the Wall Street men's fleet off Newport: 'Where are the customers' yachts?' When I went to work for this firm, as a grown-up office boy, many of my classmates who had jobs with insurance agents or banks or export houses or jobbers in various lines, used to kid me about my disreputable associations. They wanted me to go into some respectable business. Don't ask why I didn't; I am serious. Well, today I am certain that I am engaged in a business that ranks in importance with any in the country. Everybody needs the stockbroker because everybody buys stocks. We have become more civilized financially. I am not thinking of speculators but of investors and corporations and trusts. All sorts of enterprises are bought by the public in the shape of stocks—groceries, drug stores, tobacco shops, mail-order houses, factories of all kinds engaged in making all sorts of products. They are owned by the stockholders—by the public.

"The profits of more than half the business of the United States are divided among the millions of stockholders. We brokers fit more legitimately—I may say, indispensably—into the picture than in the old days. We deal only in successful business, in profitable concerns. We make possible new enterprises. We are doing on the Stock Exchange, almost every day, between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 shares. The Curb does about 2,000,000. Add the transactions on the Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and other stock exchanges and you easily get another million shares. That makes 10,000,000 shares a day of all kinds of stocks. It means commissions on 20,000,000 shares; buying and selling. Figuring an average commission of fifteen dollars per 100 shares you get $3,000,000. It means that the stockbrokers of the United States are doing business at the rate of $900,000,000 per annum. Any business that shows that gross can't be disreputable. It can't afford to be anything but sound and clean. Without a market for securities, industry would be paralyzed. Without brokers there cannot be a market for securities. Remember that, in justice. That is why the business has grown with the country."

"Of course," I objected, "you don't do 6,000,000 shares a day 300 days a year. Fortunately for humanity, bull markets are like other epidemics. They die out. Yours is one of the largest brokerage concerns in the country. What is your own biggest day's business?"

"We did 497,000 shares in one day, but other houses have done more. Take John Colburn & Company, who do business for Otto Martin and his following. They did 800,000 shares in one day. Mitchell, West & Co., which is really a consolidation of three old firms, with strong Western and Pacific Coast affiliations, did more than 600,000 shares. Charles Parker & Co., through whom the Byrnes boys trade, did nearly 700,000 shares. Some of the odd-lot houses have done even better. One firm, Jewett & Johnston, did more than 1,100,000 shares on Friday and Saturday—that is, in seven hours. I understand they made more than 18,000 deliveries one Monday. Their business will run to more than $15,000,000 for the year. This firm, to be sure, has for partners twenty board members. It means an investment in Stock Exchange memberships of more than $10,000,000, if you figure seats worth $595,000, which was the last price. That is more capital than the biggest firms used to have. When I came with this house, and I am not so old, there were only five employes here. Today we have more than 900, and you can bet that not one of them is soldiering on the job these days."

The Price of Admission

"MOST of the differences that you see between this market and the others," I objected, "appear to be statistical. The real difference, of course, would not be that, nor even financial, but psychological. I will circulate about the Street a bit. I'll see you later."

As I went out I passed the customers' room. It took me back to the Flower boom of thirty years ago, for the look in the expectant eyes was the same. But a glimpse into the wire room and a glance at the two clerks who were telephoning the buying and the selling orders to the Exchange showed such a difference as exists between Henry Ford's first workshop and the Dearborn plant. The American public was now paying $3,000,000 a day for the tickets that admitted the payees into the world's greatest gambling casino.

Just as I was leaving the room someone hailed me. I turned. It was a man whose name was in the papers every day during an entire season at Saratoga.

"What's on your mind?" he said.

"A suspicion," I answered, "that $600,000 is not too high a price for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange."

"It's a bargain, man," he said earnestly. "If I were younger I would buy two—one for myself and one for my grandson. These birds on the Stock Exchange don't know what to do. I could tell them, but I won't. Figure it for yourself: The membership is the same as it was fifty years ago. It hasn't increased, and see what the United States has done, in the meantime, in wealth and population. We are supposed to have 1100 brokers to handle the nation's stock business. As a matter of fact, there aren't 1100. The attendance on the floor is not much more than

(Continued on Page 145)

THE ETCHEONDA

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

UP THROUGH certain remote, immaculate regions of the inner Pyrenees, valleys poignant with spring, where men were plowing with the *laya* as in the days of Charlemagne, six abreast, using a small H-shaped wooden fork in either hand to turn up the clodded earth; along steeps laced with slender, foaming waters, roadsides fragrant with that golden broom which was the undistinguished name-flower of the distinguished family Plantagenet, came young America at sixty miles an hour, oblivious, as usual, of everything except itself. There were four of them, elaborately equipped with drawing and fishing paraphernalia, also with flasks, whose contents they sampled rather ostentatiously as they drove, exchanging advices as to resulting conditions:

"How you feeling now, Fred—still pretty low?"

"Doing no good rapidly, Pooch, old thing!"

"Look at our Lulu, our Little Butter Lulu!" chuckled a third. "Steady at the wheel as a Gloucester skipper! That's what comes of good old witch-burning ancestry—can't let go and enjoy himself when he wants to."

"Oh, yes, I can, if and when," succinctly remarked the shock-headed young New Englander who was driving. "Only this car of Freddy's happens to be a good one. It would be a pity to smash it up."

He had come by his title of "Little Butter Lulu" through having had the temerity to order, at one of the post-midnight orgies affected by his Parisian acquaintances of the Left Bank, a bowl of milk and some of those biscuits known to French restaurants as "petits beurres." In private life he was Paul Revere Lewis, Jr., famed in the halls of learning for a certain last-minute touchdown against Yale, known to history as Paul Revere's Gallop.

The one they called Fred leaned forward and patted his cheek affectionately. "Always so cautious, darling! Never mind, I'll write my aunties what beyutiful care you take of their little one—noble examples, chaperons and everything! Home was never like this," she drawled sweetly. The young man jerked his cheek away from that patting hand as if it sheathed claws.

At first glance the four might have been taken for four young men, dressed alike as they were in tweed coats and trouserings, and the ubiquitous Basque béret of sporting Europe. But at second glance one saw with some relief that the youth with the vermilion lips and made-up eyes was in reality a girl, and might have been a very pretty one had she so chosen. This was Frederica Wayne, late of Smith College and now supposed by a trusting family to be perfecting herself in languages on the more artistic side of the River Seine. Freddy liked to tell people that she was majoring in life; and indeed there was very little not worth knowing which she had failed to glean on her chosen subject. At twenty-one, her eyelids, like those of the Mona Lisa, were naturally a little weary; yet it was known among her intimates that she still cherished a quaint and engaging passion for chocolate fudge.

Three of the four, being at the moment earnest disciples of one Mr. Hemingway, were making a sentimental pilgrimage into Spain in search of rising suns, bullfighters and fiestas in general; and intended in passing to visit their friend and fellow countryman, John de Maytie, who was known to have inherited from Basque relatives a legendary château in the Pyrenees to which he retired on occasion, presumably for solitude; though what he wanted with solitude his companions of the Dome, the Parnasse, and the Rotonde were at some loss to comprehend. John, the handsomest and one of the most successful young American painters in Paris, was an acknowledged *indifférent*, had resisted even the blandishments of Frederica, who knew how to blandish; and she wanted to see why.

His Eyes Made Her Wish to Change the Subject. "I Didn't Know There Were Any Such Girls Left," He Murmured Devoutly

Occasionally one of the party, nicknamed Patricia for the reason that his parents had christened him Charles Patterson Edwards, commented favorably on the landscape through which they happened to be passing, that being rather in his line. The drawing apparatus belonged to him.

"I see them," murmured Patricia, squinting professionally at the marching Pyrenees, "in tones of ochre and rose madder, with values of ultramarine in the middle shadows."

"How do you get that way? Probably that last bottle we opened," commented Freddy. "Lulu darling, do stop the next native son and ask where we're at. I'm rather fed up myself with unadulterated Pyrenee."

They had stopped natives before, who looked at them askance and gave short answers. The next one gave no answer at all; an elderly peasant with a profile by Zuloaga, mounted on an elderly donkey whose saddlebags bulged rather surprisingly with umbrellas. He merely gazed at them gravely, murmured "*Hari, borricot!*" to his mount, and ambled past.

"A chummy people, these Basques," commented the girl, rather dashed. "So cordial and hospitable in their ways. Perhaps we're talking the wrong language at them. Try Spanish, Pooch; it couldn't be worse than your French."

"Try it yourself," was the gallant retort.

The girl did not answer; dropping her head on the nearest shoulder, she had fallen asleep with the suddenness of a tired child.

The youth at the wheel looked around. "Make her sit up and behave herself, will you?" he muttered, frowning.

"Too late," sighed Patricia. "Would you prefer that I restore these golden locks, with which you used to play, not knowing, to their legitimate place on your clavicle?"

"Don't be an ass," muttered the other. "Fred's quite able to select the shoulder she prefers. Mine is no longer official."

"Then don't play Fido in the manger!" The other complacently adjusted the recumbent head to a more comfortable angle, and the girl lifted a rather wan smile at him.

"Nice little Patty! Nice, fat, comfortable little Patty! The perfect pillow for a rough night at sea!" Her drowsy glance marked the back of Lulu's neck, rigid with disapproval. She and Patricia exchanged a companionable grin of understanding, and she slept again.

The shadows grew longer, across fields colored like a futurist painting. Against the sky loomed presently a castle tower of sorts, which flaunted from the ruinous top of it, by way of banner, a rose tree in full bloom. Rusted gates of iron lace sagged between posts capped by stone beasts holding defaced escutcheons in their paws. But the gates stood ajar, and from somewhere within came the clear voice of a woman singing, not quite in tune but with much verve, an old nursery legend of Navarre:

"*Il y a une fois*
Dans la ville de Foix
Une marchande de foie ——"

In a balcony directly above their heads appeared the singer, bearing a roll of carpet—a young girl in a voluminous apron of blue calico, a handkerchief knotted peasant fashion over her hair, strong slim arms bare to the shoulder, a slight smudge of soot across one cheek.

"What ho! Sirens to leeward," breathed Pooch, who rather specialized in sirens.

"How do you address housemaids hereabouts—as 'mademoiselle'?" inquired Lulu, *sotto voce*, "or only 'say'?"

"You call 'em '*chérie*,' if they're pretty," vouchsafed Pooch. Nevertheless, he did not address this one as "dearie," although the clear oval of the face, with its straight brows and proud small nose, had something rather more than prettiness.

Not observing the automobile halted directly below her line of vision, the girl, still vocal, opened out her carpet and began to shake it in vigorous rhythm with her song: "Il y a"—flap, flap! "Une fois"—flap, flap!

Rhythmic clouds of dust descended upon them, eliciting a chorus of sneezes; through which the voice of Pooch might be heard beseechingly:

"Have a heart, mam'selle!"

The girl turned a startled face down upon them. They could see the color racing up into it through skin whose

warm ivory patina made the exotic pallor of the sleeping Freddy singularly unwholesome by contrast.

"Ah, *Dieu*, but a thousand pardons! Have I then suffocated messieurs?" she exclaimed contritely.

"It is of no moment," Pooch assured her in his most elaborate French. "To be suffocated by one so charming—what a happy death!"

A dimple flickered momentarily in the smooth contour of one cheek, and they saw that she was very young and wanted very much to giggle, but was too polite.

"How monsieur is *gentil!*" she murmured gravely. "One is not accustomed to travelers in this forgotten road. Messieurs have perhaps missed their direction? The Routes des Pyrenees lies to the north."

Lulu explained that they had left the Route des Pyrenees in search of a certain village which did not appear to be upon the map.

"Why should our village be upon a map," she asked reasonably, "when any who have business there know their way to it? If messieurs are seeking the trouts and *gauffrettes* of Madame Pantchika, the inn is *en vacance*. Pantchika celebrates the funeral of a relative in the next valley."

"The inn appears to be on a vacation," translated Lulu to his companions. "But surely there is another near by?"

She shook her head. "Not within half a day's journey. What need have we of so many inns?"

The young men exchanged dismayed glances. "De Maytie will have to put us up now, whether he wants to or not," said Lulu in English; and was surprised when the girl exclaimed in the same tongue, "Ah, you are friends then of Monsieur Jaun-Smeet? Unfortunately, he also absents himself, as always at this season, making his pictures of the month of May. *Quel dommage!*"

Then where the devil were they to sleep? wondered Lulu, glancing back uneasily at Fred, against Pat's shoulder. The girl's gaze followed his. She started.

"But the young gentleman there is a lady—and ill! I will arrange at once!" she exclaimed from the balcony. A moment later she appeared at the gates, which she flung wide to permit the passage of the automobile. "Enter—enter, messieurs! Monsieur le comte cannot for the time be disturbed; he occupies himself with the final chapters of a book, you comprehend," she said. "But naturally a room shall be at once prepared for the *pauvre malade*. . . . Manuelo!" she called aloud, clapping her hands. "*Vite, vite, dépêches-toi!* Monsieur Tubal has guests!"

Lulu demurred, despite the anticipatory nudges of his friends. "Really, we can't impose on you like this. Ought you not to consult your employer before inviting utter strangers into his house?"

"Strangers," she said, "are the guests of any Basque house, monsieur."

"Not so as you could notice it," commented Patricia resentfully. "So far, the proud Basque peasantry we've met along the road have declined to supply the merest information, let alone hospitality."

"Ah, information—that is different. Messieurs made perhaps the mistake of asking questions. And as you have said, those were doubtless peasant people, and very proud. Monsieur le comte, on the contrary, descends from those Knights Hospitalers whose Christian duty was to succor travelers upon the road; his house stands open to all who pass, no matter how undesirable. Even to the accursed gypsies—even, as you are doubtless thinking, to the birds of the air," she added, still quite gravely, her eyes following theirs about the crumbling ruin of masonry supported apparently by the ivy which had destroyed it.

"Don't spare our feelings," murmured Pooch, grinning. "We're puncture-proof."

Pat Edwards, who in his lighter moments pursued the profession of architecture, whistled in sheer delight. "What a crime to let such a place fall into ruin! It must have been in a smaller way as fine a château as Henry of Navarre's at Pau."

"Then, My Dress, There! It Is Longer!"

"Ah, yes, monsieur. At present, however, there is no longer need of many rooms," she added defensively and rather haughtily, "since the household is somewhat reduced in number; consisting, in fact, entirely of monsieur le comte and his personal attendant. Do not alarm yourselves, however; the chambers in the travelers' tower have still their roof."

They hastened to assure her that roofs were the last of their requirements; they really preferred their rooms without roofs—so much more airy.

Monsieur Etcheverray, the girl replied, still rather haughty over it, was accustomed to make his guests entirely comfortable; as they would find.

"Etcheverray!" eagerly exclaimed Pooch, who, as he on occasion recalled, had been sent to France on business for his father's publishing house. "Not Tubal Etcheverray, the great authority on Basque affairs—Crô-Magnons, Atlantis—all that sort of thing? Do you mean to say he lives here?"

The girl's hauteur relaxed. Her smile, like that of many grave persons, was luminous as a flash of light. "Ah, you have heard then, in the Americas, of our Monsieur Tubal?"

"Well, rather! I've been on his trail for months. That's wonderful stuff of his, a grand mixture of history and prehistory and then some. The Great American Public is keen on improving its mind just now, you know. . . . Are you his housekeeper?"

She shrugged deprecatingly. "Also on occasion his secretary. One does what is possible. To make such a ménage is not too easy, since one must choose the occasion when monsieur is absent or too engrossed in his writing to know what goes on about him. That is why," she explained apologetically, "you find me at such an hour engaged in duties of the morning. One would not wish it known in America that a decent Basque household so deranges itself at such an hour of the day! That would be to give scandal indeed."

They assured her severally that the scandal would never be made public through them.

Frederica had meanwhile roused herself sufficiently to gaze around her with disparaging and somewhat lackluster eyes. "This Johnny de Maytie's little dump?" she inquired, yawning. "No wonder he's kept it dark! Bats in his belfry, all right—rats, too, I'll bet! Br-r-r! Come on, let's find a hotel." It is not youth but age which willingly sacrifices comfort to romance.

They tried to nudge her into silence. "Shut up," Pat whispered. "The housekeeper speaks English."

"Well, let her," said Freddy, not troubling to lower her voice. "I don't mind. Not bad-looking, either, in a bucolic sort of way. Oh, these women haters! Always knew there must be some good reason for little old Johnny's unnatural indifference to me. Not only bats and rats but skeletons in the cupboard, eh?—shapely little skeletons too. Trust the trained eye for that!"

"Monsieur Jaun-Smeet will be desolated," said the other girl courteously, failing to grasp these allusions, "that friends arrive during his absence. You have been expected at the house Ducontentia?"

"On the contrary," admitted Pooch. "Johnny has declined more than once our urgent invitations to visit him, does not care to have the pristine purity of his Pyrenees polluted by pernicious Parisian influences. . . . Some alliteration, eh, what?" he added proudly to his compatriots. "It's the literary association."

Frederica remarked, "So this isn't the De Maytie château! Foiled again. Where is the damn place? The nearer we get to it, the farther off it goes," she added plaintively.

"The house Ducontentia," corrected the other girl, "is not a château but a *domec*, madame. It stands in the *Calle Mayor* of the village through which you passed some kilometers back."

"You mean that queer old huddle of blue and yellow houses, with a tumble-down wall around painted pea green? But we asked there, spoke to a cripple who was hanging over the door of a cobbler shop pretending not to see us; and he seemed never to have heard of such a house, or such a village, either!"

The girl nodded. "That would have been Lastra, our *cordonnier*. He is very discreet. The door of the house Ducontentia was just opposite. . . . Our people, you comprehend, were not perhaps certain," she explained deprecatingly, "that madame and messieurs would make acceptable visitors. They had first to ask my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes, who is alcalde. He is nearly always chosen alcalde," she explained simply, "since the village belongs to us. Myself, I am Bette Urruty."

Freddy bit her lip, while the others exchanged congratulatory pinches. Reports of this powerful Basque family had spread of late somewhat beyond their neighborhood, thanks to the prowess of a son of the house—one Esteban—pelota player, amateur bullfighter, yachtsman, boxer, all-round sportsman—who had lately married an American girl, with whom he was reported to be living in feudal splendor somewhere among his native Pyrenees, the world forgetting but not entirely by the world forgot. There are in Europe—at Paris, Nice, San Sebastian, Rome—certain peripatetic circles of society, much exploited in the fashion journals, among whom the romantic figures of the Basque and his beautiful American were by no means unknown. It had also been rumored in such circles that an Urruty heiress was coming into the open market who had recently distinguished herself by declining marriage with a ranking duke of Spain. And this appeared to be the young person they had happened upon democratically shaking rugs out of a ruined castle tower, and mistaken for a housemaid.

The moment had its awkwardness for everyone except Bette, who was giving brief instructions to a species of manservant who had appeared, evidently fresh from the barnyard and rather pungent with it.

There was audible whispered discussion as to a menu—*chouerouta* with cheese, a certain dish of snails in the shell, stewed with rice—"For Americans eat very well, Manuelo, better than English."

"*Ay de Dios!* And I with nothing for monsieur's supper but the *pot-au-feu?*"

"Which will do very well for a soup, with an *entremet* to follow of *épinards* and mushrooms, I think," mused Bette, in the throes of composition. "And for sweet ——"

The servant tore at his hair. "*Eh, madre mia!* Am I a magician to produce such luxuries out of the imagination?

Mushrooms, yes, and even snails, since the good God has been thoughtful enough to send a season of much rain. But fowls, sweets!—and this is not a Sunday! One has but two hens remaining tender enough for the spit, Mademoiselle Bette; and if I kill these, how then shall I find eggs for monsieur's omelet tomorrow?"

"You should learn to trust *le bon Dieu* better in these affairs," said Bette severely. "He will doubtless provide eggs as He has provided snails. Meanwhile, there is as always my grandmother. . . . Make haste, Manuelo"—the Urruty rooftree was just visible in the near distance—"and be careful that Monsieur Tubal does not see you returning with what is necessary."

She turned again to the automobile, eager with hospitality, sympathetic eyes resting upon Frederica, who had relapsed upon the nearest shoulder. Her companions were vainly trying to arouse her.

"Do brace up, can't you?" they muttered, poking at her. "The French girl's staring!"

"Let her stare," said Frederica, with closed eyes. "Good for her. Terrible example of the evils of drink. Spirit willing but knees can't make the grade. Whoops, my dear! Who's going to carry me up?" she inquired.

The three exchanged unhappy glances; but Bette had already capably transferred the girl's head to her own shoulder. "Leave madame your wife to me, monsieur," she said to the embarrassed Pat, "and go away." . . . These men! One knew what they were in times of sudden illness—especially young husbands, she murmured consolingly to her charge, who lifted a languid eyelid.

"Good Lord, she takes me for a sweet June bride!"

She was glad enough, however, of Bette's supporting arm, and of the deft and gentle hands which got her between sheets of yellowed old linen in a high tower chamber whose sparse furnishings would have tempted an antique collector to theft. A distant lowing of cattle made her frown, vaguely homesick; for what she did not know. Honking taxis were more in her line than lowing herds. She resisted a queer impulse to cling a little to the girl who bent above her, with face as gentle, as impersonally kind as the face of Nature itself.

"Madame will soon recover," the Basque girl promised reassuringly, as to a child; and indeed there was something disarming in the other's wan and stoic helplessness. "Such a sickness passes as suddenly as it arrives."

Frederica was moved to her customary candor. "Look here; I'm not exactly sick, you know. Just a little fried."

Bette remained unenlightened, but was too polite to say so. "*Ah, oui?*" she murmured.

"Quite," said Freddy, with modest pride. "And no wonder, what with that perfumed liquid fire you Basques take for a chaser, after a luncheon of vicious little garlic sausages. Br-r-r! Don't speak of it!" Bette promised soberly that she would not. "And by the way, don't '*madame*' me again. I'm not, never was, and probably never will be anything so fat and stuffy as a 'matron.' Disgusting word!"

"You do not expect," said Bette with puzzled incredulity, "to marry, then? You mean"—her face lighted with respect—"ah, you mean, mademoiselle, that you have a vocation? You wish to take the veil?"

It was Frederica's turn to look puzzled. Such French acquaintances as she had made in Paris had shown no tendency to enter the religious orders, and religious phraseology was unfamiliar to her.

"Veils," she pronounced oracularly, "aren't very much worn any more, wedding or otherwise."

Bette seemed dubious. "I have never heard," she said, "of a marriage ceremony where the bride did not veil the head. Would not that be to lack in modesty?"

Freddy, who had been speaking with shut eyes, opened one of them. "I dare say," she murmured, "that there are quite a number of little things you've never heard of, sweet one. And a good thing too. . . . Now I'm going to sleep it off."

Bette, speaking as one accustomed to attend ladies suffering from slight alcoholic indiscretion, agreed that nothing could be wiser; yet still she lingered, a prey to curiosity. She regretted, politely, that she had been so stupid as to mistake for a husband the traveling companion who was undoubtedly mademoiselle's—brother?

Again Frederica roused herself to the defense of the larger freedom. "Haven't got any brothers; though Pooch qualifies for the job whenever necessary, being my cousin. Not within the bounds of consanguinity, fortunately," she added, yawning. "Just cousin enough to insure propriety in case a chaperon fails—ours declined to leave the comforts of Biarritz. They're all three suitors of mine, as it happens, and I brought the lot along because I didn't dare leave any of them loose in Paris without me." And wearying of this artless conversation, she composed herself finally for slumber.

The turret chamber was ghostly with twilight when she awoke; quite recovered from her late indisposition, but oddly frightened. The austerity of the bare and simple room, the large landscape sensed dimly beyond, made her feel unimportant and alone; and aloneness to young persons of her temperament is the unsupportable misfortune. She made a brief and sketchy toilet, relieved to hear preparations for supper from below. The table, under Bette's direction, was being laid in the open courtyard, since the evening was mild as June, by the shabby manservant, attired now in wine-colored livery shiny at the seams and threadbare with age, but still unmistakably livery. Candles flickered in tall sconces, the cloth was neatly scattered with flowers. Near by, eying these preparations with quizzical interest, stood a pleasant-looking gentleman in evening clothes which, like Manuelo's livery, showed signs of long usage, but also of having been cut by a proper tailor. Freddy recalled that their host, the master of this rather dilapidated habitation, was a man of some distinction, with a title. She meditated donning more suitable attire. But reflecting that shapely trousered legs might be rather a pleasing novelty to the natives, she compromised by scenting herself exotically and adding an extra touch of vermilion to her already too vivid lips.

Voices ascended from the courtyard: "How *chic* we are! The silver shining like new, my mother's Sèvres resurrected from the cupboard, a damask cloth! We seem to be making quite a *fête* for our guests, *mignonnette*."

"*Mignonnette*"—the little name suited the Basque girl, thought Freddy, who had her sense of the fitness of things. There was a certain cool freshness about young Bette, a certain pungency that suggested dew and sun and crisp green fragrances holding their modest own among blossoms more pretentious.

"Such as myself," thought Frederica complacently, powdering her already pale face till it looked like a death mask of Pierrette.

"*Fêtes*," replied a busy and preoccupied voice below, "are good for you, Monsieur Tubal! They rest the intelligence; *n'est-ce pas?*"

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"Here, Take Your Old Ring—Solitaires are as Extinct as the Dodo Anyway. I Was Only Saving it for the Psychological Moment—Which Seems to be at Hand"

Motion-Picture Dogs and Others

By LAURENCE TRIMBLE

MY, BUT your dogs behave beautifully. So obedient. I wish my children could see them!" Time and again people have so remarked. Sometimes I answer that children would be as well-mannered if treated with the same consideration and justice as my dogs are accustomed to.

"But," they say, "you speak so quietly—in just an ordinary tone of voice!"

And I reply, "Well, dogs have very keen hearing. Why shout?"

Many people seem to believe that dogs are somehow superhuman. They are not. And I say this after more than thirty years of being on intimate terms with all manner of dogs, including wolves.

Strongheart

It is true that dogs retain faculties which humans have either lost or which have become so weakened from nonuse that we no longer employ them to advantage. By means of these faculties dogs often arrive at conclusions and, by acting directly on them, do things which put us humans to shame because of our roundabout methods of getting similar results.

However, the dog is much more like us humans than most people understand, and, often, there is tremendous pathos in this. But on the whole, he is glad to be a dog and to continue being a friend of man.

In beginning a young dog's education, let his first lesson be to learn about you. Let him discover that you are his friend and that you will be his friend all the time. In other words, win his confidence and affection. And never betray him. It is fatal to lie to your dog. He will forgive almost everything else except nagging and ridicule.

Now suppose you acquire a young dog, and after bringing him home he appears sulky or shy—not a bit like the lively puppy you saw at the kennels, playing with his brothers and sisters. Don't blame him or lose patience. He does not know you are his master, nor, for that matter, cares who you are. And why should he, unless you give him reasons for trusting you? Remember that he is just a baby and in great need of sympathy.

Tact

IF HE won't come to you, don't tower over him with stern commands. He feels so little, way down there, and you are so overpoweringly tall. Your feet could crush the life out of him. Don't sound like an angry god thundering menace from a height. Get down on your knees. Remember that every new experience contributes something to your dog's education, either good or less good.

And incidentally, since you are on your knees, you may learn something too. It's a good position, a most helpfully receptive attitude. Now hold your arms out to the little fellow just as you would to a timid little child, and say, "Come here. Come to me." Don't just say it with words. Say it with all there is in you—especially with the thing we call heart. And now that you are on his physical level and near enough, in a position to see eye to eye with him, and he feels your sympathy, he will want to come to you and snuggle and lick your hands and face to show you how glad he is to have discovered such a wonderful person. You see, you are sitting on your big dangerous feet. Your arms are extended and you would have to pull them in before you could strike to harm. In fact, you are helpless to hurt him. Moreover, you have put yourself in this attitude just to show him that you want to be his friend. Best of all, you are showing that you want him to be your friend. And this is a thrill for your dog. For every proper dog is born with a desire to be some human's best friend. I have learned to follow a definite procedure in starting a dog's education, no matter what his age or for what special work I plan to train him. First I teach him to come to me, freely, gladly. Then I encourage him to sit down and stay put, while, with restraining voice and gesture to prevent his following, I move a short distance from him. When I see he cannot hold his position much longer—that is, when his wish to join me gets so strong he simply cannot control the impulse to rush to me—I call him, just in time to avoid letting him behave disobediently. . . . Tact? Yes, we'd call it that in so dealing with a child.

In calling the puppy to me at the right instant, I reward his obedience by permitting him to do the thing he wants most to do. Gradually I increase the distance before permitting, or rather inviting, him to come. Thus he learns poise and patience, and to concentrate his attention so as to be instantly ready to do my bidding. And this is important: I let him know that I am pleased with him for his willingness to please.

From a sitting-down position, I teach him to lie down. Then, from a lying-down position, to stand on his feet; then, to come to a sitting position from that of lying down.

In showing what you mean by the request to sit, kneel at your dog's left with your right hand on the back of his neck, holding him by the collar. With your left hand stroke him under the jaw once or twice. Then, with your left holding him gently yet firmly by the collar and by the throat, pat his head with your right hand, and with a stroking movement along his back bring your right hand—your forearm if your pup is a big fellow—just above his hocks. Then, your voice calmly confident, repeat "Sit—sit," while you fold his hind legs under him and settle him into the position of sitting. Now that he has, with your help, obeyed you, give him a word or two of approval—not too many words, nor in a tone to excite him. A caressing pat on the head by way of further approval will help. But if he stands up at once, without your telling him to do so, repeat the action of setting him down. And telling him to "stay" or "stay there," stroke his back so that your hand may be in readiness to enforce your expressed wish.

No Encouragement for Resistance

OFTEN, in getting a young dog to sit down, he will relax, let himself fall flat. This does not mean he wills to disobey. It's merely that he has surrendered to your will. So, if one does that with me, I ease him onto the floor or ground, saying, "Lie down—lie down." You see, I simply must be obeyed. By hearing me tell him to do the thing he is doing, he associates the request or command with his involuntary act. Thus he discovers that obeying me is wonderfully easy.

When your dog is sitting and while you are at first telling him to lie down, let your right hand be on his collar and rather close to his shoulders. With your left hand draw his forefeet along the floor ahead of him. Gentle pressure, at the same time, with your right hand will bring him to the desired position. A polished floor is the best place for this lesson, for then he cannot effectually brace his front feet. This avoids encouraging him to struggle. And always that is something to avoid. Be careful not to teach your dog to resist your wishes. Time and patience is the answer. When you are asking him to lie down for the first times, at least, your words should be clearly enunciated, but your tone, though firm, should suggest, "This is all right—what I am telling you to do. In fact, it's a good thing to do." I do not intend implying that one should use "baby talk" or sound the sugary, namby-pamby tone by which children are so often trained to voice whining objections to whatever they may be asked to do.

It is very simple to teach any dog to get onto his feet from the sitting or lying down position. If you are kneeling, make a move as if to rise, as you tell him to stand. If necessary to help him grasp your meaning, get to your own feet. You may even need to act as if you were going somewhere. Then repeat the action of having him sit and stand.

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Strongheart and Lady Jule as Hotel Guests in Cleveland

POLITICAL PUBLICITY

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Governor Smith Delivering His Acceptance Speech

TALKING, as we Americans do, largely by rote, saying the same things about any given situation, experience or circumstance; millions of us, during the presidential campaign of last year, after tuning in on our radios to get Hoover or Smith or some of the lesser lights and listening for a few minutes, said: "Gosh, the radio certainly has revolutionized politics."

And as is usually the case in any such generalization, we didn't quite hit it. The radio has not revolutionized politics. It hasn't changed politics an iota. But it has expanded politics, and, thereby, it is possible the revolution will come. Furthermore, the radio has one or two other accomplishments to its credit along political lines. It has slain the political orator. He is out. The day of the spellbinder is over. No orator who ever lived and certainly no orator who lives at present in these days of national hook-ups and continental broadcasts, and their rigid mechanical and other mysterious requirements, can be more than a talker. There is no sense in his pulling out the tremolo stop, burning red fire, putting tears and glory and passion into his peroration. It won't work.

The personality end of it is gone. Everything depends on what sort of radio voice the speaker has. Until we get television, perfected gestures, hair tossing, arm lifting, striding back and forth, shaking the fist, pounding the table, impaling the air with the accusing index finger, and so on, are done. All great orators have been great actors. It is silly to act in front of a microphone which may not be so much of a deterrent as the further fact that it is also useless. What's the good of acting if no one can see you act?

Until Microphones are Watch Charms

THERE you are, and you must stand on one spot and talk directly at the transmitter. If you move about, as orators must to be really oratorical, you lose touch with your radio audience. They can't hear you. Wherefore, as they can't see you either, anything but the inflexible adherence to the square marked on the floor and absolute slavery to the transmitter is fatal. No man, or woman, either, can be oratorically eloquent over the precise and matter-of-fact radio.

William Jennings Bryan, who cross-of-golded and crown-of-thorned all over the rostrum when he was oratorically pushing himself into the Democratic presidential nomination in 1896, would never have been nominated if he had been compelled to stand on a certain spot and propel his passionate periods into a tin can. Imagine Robert Ingersoll, with his resonant Plumed Knight speech, standing stiffly before a mike, or Roscoe Conkling rolling out, "He comes from Appomattox and its famous apple tree," and unable to move two feet in any direction without killing his contact. Think of Garfield's "By four millions of Republican firesides God prepares the verdict that will determine the wisdom of our work tonight," or any other of a dozen great political speeches by great political orators, cribbed, cabined and confined by the implacable requirements of the microphone.

It can't be done—yet. In a radio sense the political orator is finished and will continue so until they contrive a transmitter that will move about as he moves and a gadget that will enable his hearers to visualize him. Probably all that will be accomplished before the next campaign, but even so to what end? The personal, flesh-and-blood, and mental influence will still be lacking and the orator will not be an orator. He will be merely a voice and an image.

President-Elect Hoover Speaking at the Annual Iowa State Society Picnic, Held at Long Beach, California

Wise Folks

SO THAT is something. The radio, as exemplified in this latest campaign, also had the exceeding merit of cutting down the hokum and keeping the talkers, to some extent, to fairly factual statements. One reason was that radio broadcasting is an expensive enterprise, and committees, no matter how affluent, are not paying for flowers of speech across the Hertzian waves. Another reason is that the American people, undoubtedly volatile and enthusiastic in mass formation and when incited and excited at meetings and parades and by brass bands and flags and similar rabble-rousing what not, are entirely different when sitting in their homes listening to speeches coming in over the radio. They want substance then, and not sobs. Thus, the best radio talkers and the talkers who have something to say, say it and quit. Wise folks, those. A bored man at a meeting often finds it hard to get away before the meeting is over, but a bored radio listener merely has to turn a knob and there comes oblivion for the speaker.

As far as the people are concerned, the only look-in they have in politics is through publicity, which works two ways, or can work two ways if properly utilized. Publicity can discover the bad to the people and emphasize the good, if any. No persons know this better than the politicians, and that is the reason that nearly all the money collected and spent by national political committees in a presidential campaign is collected with publicity in view and spent to that end. Even after the hullabaloo of the preconvention campaigns, which usually gets a good start along about the first of the presidential year and gains in clamor until convention time, when it is at crescendo, the American people would lose interest in the campaign itself if the candidates were allowed to go their ways without continuous and constantly augmented publicity.

That is what campaigns are for. The real object of them is to concentrate the minds of the people on the fact that on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November there will be a presidential election and on that day somebody will be elected President. Therefore, as the fate of the nation and the destinies of the people depend on the right man's being elected, and the right man is the man (a) nominated by the Republicans, or (b) nominated by the Democrats, as the case may be in the publicity concerned, do not forget to vote, and, naturally, do not commit the nauseating faux pas of voting for the wrong man, who is the candidate of the loathsome and predacious opposition.

This sort of thing, in its various manifestations, has been the accompaniment of all political campaigns, in all countries where there has been even a pretense of popular suffrage, from the beginnings of voting until now. Politicians have always gone on the assumption

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CORPUS DELICTI

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"YOU mean," said the young man in the interne's uniform, "that you turned it down?"

"As flat," said Brant Perkins, "as a flapjack."

"Doctor Ormond, the greatest nerve specialist in the city, offered to make you his assistant—and you turned him down!"

"As flat," said Brant, "as another flapjack."

"But why, you lunatic? Why, wherefore and what's the reason?"

"Because my name is Perkins."

"What's that to do with it?"

"Perkins," explained Brant, 'is the name of a general practitioner. A potato is a potato, a squash is a squash, a Perkins is a country doctor. Matter of definition. Things equal to the same thing are very monotonous. Besides, I don't like specialists."

"Why?"

"Because," said Brant, "their vice is specializing. A specialist has to specialize, doesn't he? Answer that one if you can."

"You're Going to Need More Assets Than I," She Said, "if You Stick Around Here—and are on the Level"

"Then what, in heaven's name, are you going to do?"

"I'm going to pack my stethoscope and thermometer and chaperon them to a town by the name of Kidder's Dam, where they are still diagnosing appendicitis as inflammation of the bowels, and where every family puts in a barrel of flour and a pound of quinine at the commencement of winter. I'm going to open an office from which I shall tinker juvenile whooping cough and adult indigestion. I'm going to be called out of bed at two in the morning to drive seven miles to assist in the arrival of young Willie Jones, and I'm going to lance boils and abolish the superstition that an apple a day keeps the doctor away. That's the life, my son—that's the life!"

"Office calls fifty cents, major operations five dollars," jeered the interne.

"Which," said Brant, "I shall probably be unable to collect."

"But why Kidder's Dam?"

"It sung its siren song in my ear when I was out of wax," said Brant.

"Did you ever see it?"

"Never; but I shall repair that oversight. I shall see it by night and by day till death do us part. I shall drive a secondhand flivver through, across, around and among it. I shall become acquainted with Kidder and watch the water flow over his dam. I shall feel its pulse and regard its tongue, and all the world will be bright and beautiful. I shall learn the game of checkers and become familiar with the easiest path to the venerable chest through flowing whiskers. And what more can a man ask?"

"You put in seven years of college and two years in Bellevue—for that sort of finish!"

"My friend," said Brant, "there have to be country doctors. If there weren't, the populace would gorge itself on roots and herbs. They would buy jugs of microbe killer from itinerant orators and the death rate would be thirteen to the dozen. I figured it all out. Somebody must be a rural practitioner, so why not I with a name like Perkins? It's the hand of fate."

"I give you six months."

"Drop in on Kidder's Dam in, say, thirty years and I'll get out the treacle and sulphur to welcome you," said Brant.

Whereupon he left that great hospital where he had spent two years of his young life, and with what world's goods adhered to him, he boarded a north-bound train, sleeping in a berth which was rather too short for his six feet three inches. At ten o'clock the next morning he alighted and took another train, which was in the final stage of dilapidation, and was jounced and jolted twenty-odd miles up a wonderful valley to the terminus of the line, which was Kidder's Dam.

It was almost noon and the sky was blue over the mountains, and cloud shadows moved upon majestic wooded slopes in a manner which was very beautiful and dignified and restful. Brant could imagine himself lying out there on one of those great hills, upon his back, with eyes turned upward drowsily—and New York seemed very remote and highly undesirable.

"Is them there your trunks?" asked a belligerent voice.

"Each and every one of those two," said Brant.

"Cal'late to leave 'em here, or goin' to take 'em somewheres?"

"What," asked Brant, "would you advise?"

"Some says one thing and some says another," was the cautious answer, "but I kin haul 'em to the hotel fur ye. What's your line—dry goods?"

"Diagnosis is my strong point."

The bus driver took hold of a trunk and lifted. "Diagnosis, eh? I dunno what it is, but if this here trunk's full of samples of it, it's dog-gone heavy."

Together they lifted the trunks into the back of the bus, turning up the rear seat to give them room, and then they drove through the lumberyard, past the grain-and-feed mill and the coal dealer's and out upon a street which tilted abruptly down to a bridge upon which abutted a blacksmith's shop. The town itself had not seemed beautiful from the platform of the station, but as Brant looked down upon it from the eminence, he thought it very lovely and inviting, indeed—inviting and restful and white—as it straggled over the saucer of a valley. Great maples shaded it and gracious mountains walled it in.

"Your town," he said to the driver, "looks like a healthy place to live."

"Healthiest place in the state. If 'twan't for folks movin' away we'd be bigger'n Boston. Nobuddy ever dies."

"But Doctor Paget died," said Brant.

"Doc? Wa-al, dunno's I'd say he exactly died. More like as if you was to say he was poured off. Folks never held it agin him. A body's got to have some kind of solace in this here world, and doc, he took hisn out of a bottle. But drunk or sober, doc could write up a tasty prescription. But mostly he held by pills. He allus said pills endured jouncin' around over the maountin roads better'n bottled stuff." Suddenly he reined in his horses and stared at Brant. "Say, mister," he demanded, "you ben't the new doc, be ye?"

"I am, indeed," said Brant.

"You're big enough fur it," observed the driver. "Ye don't need to go to the hotel. She's ready fur ye."

"Who is ready for me?"

"Mis' Widget."

"Ah!" said Brant. "Mrs. Widget, eh? And where, if I may ask, does the aura of Mrs. Widget impinge upon my own?"

"She hain't sick. Never had an ache in her aura, and she don't even sniffle, let alone impinge. She run doc's house and come near runnin' doc. And she's took the same job with you."

"Oh!" said Brant.

"So I'll drive ye right to your house. I warrant she'll have dinner waitin'."

They drove to a large, pleasant house halfway up the slope which rose toward the north; it was a white house behind great maples, and in the rear was a garden where grew such comfortable and homelike flowers as bleeding-heart and candytuft and sweet-william and hollyhock.

As they turned into the driveway which led to the big barn, Brant observed a female figure rocking on the front stoop. This figure ceased neither rocking nor knitting as the vehicle came to a stop, but a pair of exceedingly bright gray eyes regarded the new doctor over the edges of steel-rimmed spectacles. There was also white hair, crimped over a broad brow and drawn back primly; there were pink cheeks of a certain fullness, a large, imperative nose.

"Take them trunks around to the back," she said. "I don't cal'late to have 'em pulled and hauled through the front of the house."

"Yes'm," said Brant.

"Don't you be mealy-mouthed and meek with me!" she said tartly. "You're big enough to stand up fer your rights."

"Am I to have any?" asked Brant mildly.

"Ye be if ye got gumption to git 'em," she said. "Which most men hain't. . . . If you can't help, Bert Stoker, quit henderin'. Dinner's sp'ilin' on the stove. You go git another loafer out of the barber shop to help with them trunks. You, young man, git out of that there rattletrap contraption and mog to the table."

Brant obeyed and stepped through the open door into his new home—the house of the old doctor which he had rented as it stood. The table in the dining room, with its bay window, was set for two, and presently Mrs. Widget emerged from the kitchen with a platter which she placed before him, and then with other dishes to complete the meal. Whereupon she sat briskly in the chair opposite and eyed her new employer sternly.

"I can't abide a man that pecks at his vittles," she said.

"If these are vittles," said Brant, "I shall not emulate the sparrow. Where, may I ask, do you get bread like this?"

"Where would a body git bread? Bake it, of course."

"Mrs. Widget, you are the lily of the valley and the bright and morning star. Are you permanent or ephemeral?"

"A doctor ought to talk sense. Folks don't want to trust their stummicks and livers to a body that talks like a maniac. I dunno what ephermial is, but if permanent is the opposite of it, then I'm permanent."

"May I ask what our arrangements are to be?"

"Hain't no arrangements. What money ye git in you put in the top left-hand drawer of your desk where I know where 'tis and where I kin git what I want. That's all the arrangements I know anythin' about. You tend to doctorin' and I tend to lookin' after this house."

"But your—er—salary?"

"The man don't live that kin hire me," she said. "Jest you leave the money where I tell ye. Sattidy noons ye kin put what's left in the bank—if any."

"Ah," said Brant, "a partnership."

"Your office hours is from one to half-past two in the middle of the day, and from seven to half-past eight in the evenin'. Ye git a dollar fur office calls and two dollars fur calls in taown. Drivin' calls is at the rate of a dollar a mile."

"And what," asked Brant, with some idea of mischief, "shall I prescribe?"

"Don't matter much so long's it tastes evil enough. Folks around here likes their medicines hearty. It kind of inspires trust in a doctor if a body kin feel a pill take holt."

He doubted very much the use of abiding by office hours on the first day of his arrival, but events had fitted him so snugly into Kidder's Dam that he really could see no reason why he should not begin upon his routine. At least, he could arrange his office, place his books and medicines and clean and place his instruments. He was so occupied when the bell rang and two individuals entered. One of them was a boy about fifteen who had his hand done up in a rag and the other was not a boy about fifteen. Brant blinked. It was not a boy, but, on the contrary—what was it? It had red hair and wore knickerbockers and had a generally mussed-up look.

"Don't stare," said this individual sharply, "but get to work and fix Bill. He's busted his finger."

"She smacked out a liner," said Bill grimly, "and I jest reached it with the end of my finger. It busted."

"Oh," said Brant, peering again at the red-haired one, "she smacked out a liner, eh? Bill, your mother oughtn't to let you play with rough little girls."

"Are you a doctor," she asked, "or a phonograph record?"

"I sing at my work," said Brant, "and when my voice is hoarse, I talk. Exhibit the flipper, Bill." He examined it gently. "This'll kind of hurt, fellow. How about it?"

"I hain't no baby," said Bill.

"Don't you faint, little girl," Brant said to the red-haired one, who sniffed audibly and grew pink as to cheek and glittering as to eye. Presently the job was done and Bill sat rather limp and white in his chair. "Want to lie down a few minutes?" the doctor asked.

"You better, Bill," said the knocker-out of the liner; and then to Brant: "How tall are you?"

"Just under two ells."

"I don't believe you know what an ell is."

"Do you?"

"Forty-five inches," she said promptly.

"Educated as well as athletic. Go to high school?" he asked.

Bill, from the sofa, snickered. "Ever play football?" asked the red-haired one.

"Some," said Brant.

"Where?" He named his university. "Are you," she demanded, "Ladder Perkins?"

"I was so misnamed by an irreverent undergraduate body."

"I'll be darned!" she said. "Well, you did a neat job. Ready to navigate, Bill?"

"Sure."

"Come again," Brant said cheerfully. "You're always welcome if you bring along a patient. You ought to be quite an asset to a doctor."

She turned on him and fixed level eyes upon his. "You're going to need more assets than I," she said, "if you stick around here—and are on the level."

"What," he asked, "might that cryptic remark signify—if anything?"

"You're athletic," she paraphrased, "but you're uneducated—locally."

"Good-by," he said. "Try to confine yourself to minor injuries."

II

IT WAS past midnight when Doctor Brant Perkins was awakened by the bell at the head of his bed, and he descended sleepily to the door, where he found waiting a man whose features were not clearly to be discerned in the darkness.

"Be ye the doctor?" asked the caller.

"I am." (Continued on Page 134)

"Just a Way of Speakin'," Said Mr. Bradner Grimly. "One Patient's as Good's Another, Main't It?"

FOOLS ABOUT LOVE

By Lois Seyster Montross

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

SEVEN students were taking Rhetoric 14. Dr. Hartley Cotton liked the informality of the small group; liked the careless lounging of the five men and the unstudied remarks of the women. Only two of the students annoyed him: A heavily handsome youth who came late and wrote dull themes, and a girl called Nan Dare, whose nose tilted in a mocking fashion above a small, vain mouth. These two always sat together in the last row talking in undertones which Doctor Cotton disregarded, but which often put him out in his reading. Being a shy and outwardly gentle soul, he was not equipped to deal with inattention. And he found that in a curious way the eyes of Matisse Revell clarified his ideas and helped him to overcome a tendency to stammering. He was from Boston, thirty-three, and a bachelor.

Today, as he unfolded her theme, Doctor Cotton avoided the eyes of Matisse. He was disappointed in her, troubled and even a little angry. He was really reading the theme, he knew, because it would embarrass the writer.

But he said, as he unfolded the brief manuscript: "Here is something which may prove instructive. It is—dear me—remarkably candid. Like the interviews we read in our Sunday newspapers. Personal daring, you know, is what makes a rattling good journalist." Without courage to glance at Matisse Revell as he began to read, Doctor Cotton had the impression that her face burned crimson:

"Most men are fools about dogs and dietetics, and all women are fools about love. A man is proud of his brains, but a woman never has enough to keep her from trying to conceal what she has. Any girl who succeeds socially must do it in spite of her intelligence.

"I was born highbrow in an age of whoopee, and so far I am nobody's weakness. If Petronius Arbiter and Marcus Aurelius came in for a chat, I should discuss manners and immorals without embarrassment. But I am awed and confused by the dumbest remarks of a campus cake eater. Any woman would sacrifice all the dead philosophers for one live sheik. This is why our geniuses have been unlucky in love.

"The dream of every woman is the stupid and pathetic dream of Bobby Shafto. Pretty Bobby Shafto! The silver buckles on his knee compensate for shortcomings in the cerebrum.

"All the education I have received only strengthens my belief in silver buckles. I see that life is a matter of grasping bright baubles while one is young, and playing with them before the spirit of play has been routed by too much knowledge. Any amount of learning is a dangerous thing—to women.

"My conception of the man I could love remains unshaken in spite of a lofty curriculum. He must be tall and broad-shouldered and handsome, preferably with dark wavy hair and brown eyes. If he is a marvelous dancer I don't care whether he has read Sterne—and I love Sterne—or can understand The Decline of the West, which preoccupies me at the present time. Let him look well in tweeds and especially well in dinner clothes; let him order me about and patronize my scholastic pretensions. Let him have a strong chin and well-shined shoes and a way with women, so that I shall always be afraid of losing him. Let him play jazz wonderfully on the piano and I won't care whether he can appreciate Wagner.

"Doesn't this sound as if it were written by the silliest flapper that ever wore printed chiffon? It does. And doesn't it prove that an education merely strengthens a woman's candor without diverting her foolish desires? It does."

"Trying to Upstage Me, are You, Nan?"

Upon the back of this paper Doctor Cotton had written one of his tiny red-inked comments: "It does, alas!"

After finishing, he looked up, aloofly scanning the delighted faces of his students. They loved it. The editor of The Lame Duck said "Hot stuff!" half aloud. Somebody ventured "No unity of thought," but the others groaned.

"You don't need unity if you have impertinence," said the fat junior at the end of the front row. "If a writer is impertinent nowadays he can get anything across."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" murmured Doctor Cotton thoughtfully. "Impunity, impertinence and emphasis, I suppose."

They laughed loudly. They thought old Doc Cotton was a swell guy. He let them write on any subject they wanted in any medium they chose—verse, prose or drama. His criticism was always slightly helpless, as if he were abashed by the crude vitality of this great Midwestern state university.

But while his students chuckled Hartley Cotton stared down at the theme with pain in his round mild blue eyes. He wondered if possibly his dislike of this paper came from the fact that his own hair was stiff and blond instead of dark and wavy, that he was not handsome or a good dancer, or admirable in dinner clothes; that he admired Sterne and understood—in part—The Decline of the West; that he couldn't play anything on the piano, worshiped Wagner and had a particularly inept way with women. Or was it because Matisse Revell had heard him reading her brazen paper and was now calmly looking out of the window without a vestige of the flush that had first risen to her cheeks?

Presently Hartley Cotton noticed something else that turned his anger to contempt. The heavily handsome youth in the back of the room corresponded exactly to Matisse Revell's conception of the man she could love. He fitted those gaudy specifications from the tips of his well-shined shoes to the wave in his dark hair. And as Cotton reflected he had a vague memory of the lad being a good jazz pianist.

It was somehow infamous. A girl like Matisse Revell admiring a young puppy of that type! Why, the fellow couldn't even learn a certain passage of excellent prose which the English 14 students had been asked to memorize. He had tried twice to repeat it and failed. Cotton was glad now that he had grown irritable and told this Julian Terrill or Merrill or whatever his confounded name was that he must memorize the paragraph or flunk the course. The fellow had blinked his heavy black eyelashes and said obstinately:

"But I don't see why any stuff like that is so important. I don't see why you got to know stuff like that to be a good journalist."

"It isn't stuff," Doctor Cotton had told him. "It is an example of excellent prose—a standard of measurement, if you will. Even a journalist may have standards, like any other artisan."

"Well, I don't see why it's so important," Julian Terrill muttered again.

"Think of it, then, as a requisite for passing the course," Doctor Cotton had said coldly, "and it may seem quite significant."

He was delighted now that he had been childish and impatient.

II

AS JULIAN TERRILL and Nan Dare walked away from the classroom he said abruptly, "Whaddidje want to write that stuff for anyhow?"

"What stuff?" asked Nan, jerking up her stockings absently.

"That stuff about the man I could love and all this and the other blah."

She stopped in the middle of the corridor, opened her little red mouth and emitted a scream of laughter.

Julian Terrill grasped her arm with thick, strong fingers. "Laughing at me, woman?"

"Oh, Julian, let go . . . Yes, of course I am. I never heard anything so funny."

"As which?"

"As you thinking I wrote that—that True Confession of a Wet Smack! Whatever made you think I did?"

"Well, it was all about me, wasn't it?"

"Why, you goofus bird!"

"Well, it was, wasn't it?"

"I never heard anything so conceited."

He glowered at her. "So you think I'm conceited."

"Imagining that you are the only man I could love!"

"Trying to upstage me, are you, Nan?"

"Oh, don't be an ass."

He dropped her arm and marched arrogantly in the other direction. She called after him: "Listen, Julian, I didn't mean ——" But he made no sign of hearing.

Her face flushed with anger, Nan left the building. She knew that Julian was stubborn and vain and hot-tempered, but the thought of losing him gave her a shivery sensation of panic.

The next Friday afternoon Julian ignored Nan as he entered the rhetoric class and walked straight up to the chair at Matisse Revell's side. Matisse was appalled. The color left her face and she began to make nervous little crosses and circles all over her neat notebook. Julian Terrill was not sensitive to moods. He leaned close, looking at her with bright brown eyes *half* veiled by curling black lashes.

"Well, how's your bootlegger?" he said conversationally.

Now what, thought Matisse, was the answer to that? It was a sheerly conventional greeting, of course, and the reply should be equally bold, unstudied and meaningless. She had once heard a girl say, "So's your old man," but she feared some hidden portent in the phrase. After a long pause, with head bent low over the notebook, Matisse ventured: "How is yours?"

"Swell," said Julian.

"Mine," said Matisse safely, "is swell too."

Matisse Revell was always chosen to wear Grecian robes in state-university pageants and yet she really wanted to flip across the campus in one of those little pleated plaid skirts cut circular and the length of a kilt. Her father was a bad painter—with a sober eye for mad colors—and a very good librarian. The undergraduates were amused by the sight of Chauncey Revell, very small, with a black ribbon on his eyeglass, tripping along the street with a look of aestheticism above his Vandyke. When Matisse walked at his side the picture was even funnier. She was so tall, so sulky; and she took long floating steps which often left the head librarian many paces behind. Her small head, with hair the color of old copper, would have pleased Greuze or Rossetti, but no campus artist had ever asked to draw it. She had often seen her own face looking out from medieval illuminations; passive pale ladies with lilies in their hands. But it is small consolation to be beautiful when the world is dancing with prettiness.

All the flippancies in her theme were painfully true. She had written the paper in the loneliness of a prim and quiet room when, outside, the streets were vitalized by young voices, laughter and the crude sweetness of a serenade. At the window she had watched five men gather by the house across the avenue, heard the soft whimper of guitars and banjos, and then the sudden eagerness of song, very loud and intent on harmony:

"I can do without the sun,
I can do without the moon,
But I can't do—do—
Without you!"

Her mind was contemptuous while her heart quivered. The warm wings of romance seemed to flutter past her window and she possessed no knowledge of how to beckon it inside. Half blinded by tears, Matisse returned to the desk and wrote bitterly, fiercely, about the man she could love, while the young voices chanted lovesick melodies to the moon.

III

JULIAN TERRILL leaned closer across the arm of Matisse Revell's chair. Under the bright arrogance of his eyes she felt herself growing more inept and awkward. She wanted desperately to feel at ease, to utter light, silly remarks, laughing casually, with provocative sidewise glances. But she knew her face was grave. Her mouth seemed to stiffen and her eyes to be incapable of flashing upward.

With his elbow against her notebook, Julian inquired in his cheerfully impudent voice: "Am I in your way?"

"As Byron told his wife—'Damnably!'" replied Matisse. She had meant to be very gay, but it was the wrong answer. He looked at her with an opaque stare. His fresh, cherubic lips parted in surprise.

"As who said which?"

"Byron. He—he said it to his wife, you know, when she asked if she were in his way."

He relaxed, uninterested. "Ah, what do you want to bring that up for?" he murmured in the genial catch phrase of vaudeville. "Byron was a big bum," he added, calmly didactic.

"You don't care for the Romanticists?"

"All big bums," he told her

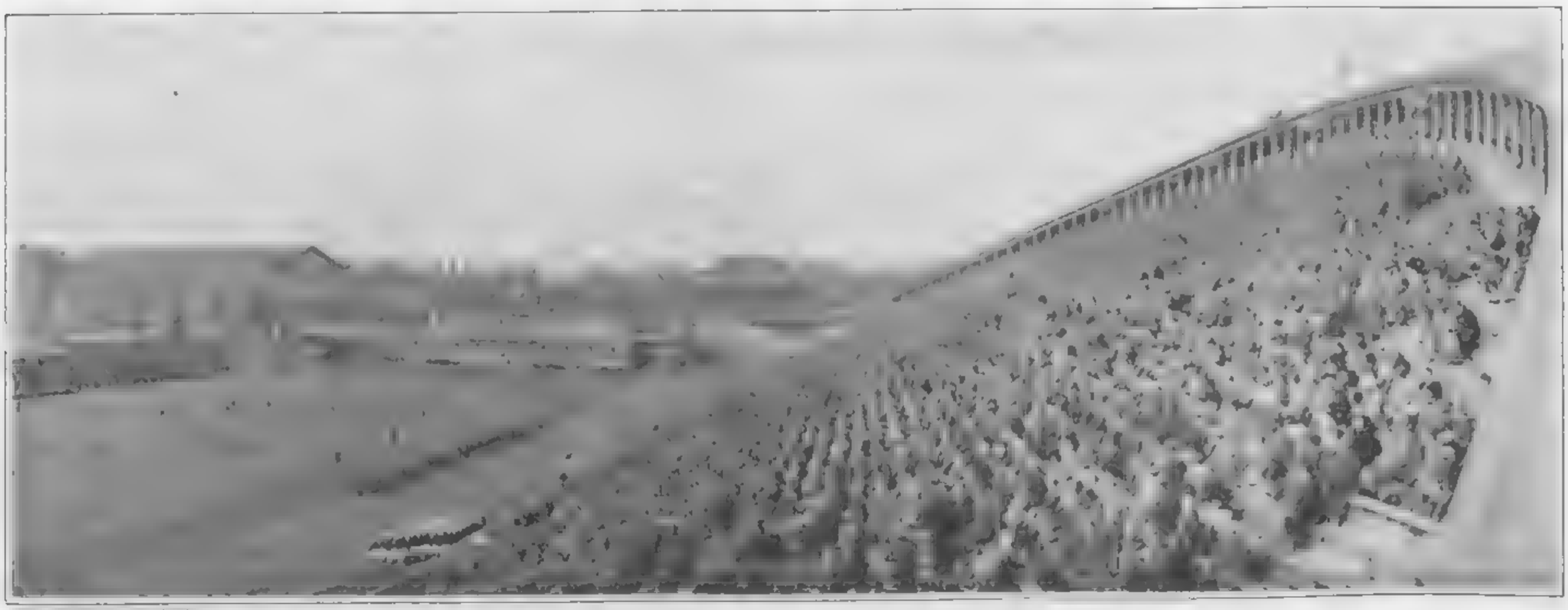
Matisse played with her fountain pen. She had a flush of supercilious resentment, and then, when she ventured to raise her eyes, a curious, wayward emotion evicted reason. He was such a good-looking boy and his hair waved back so charmingly. She wanted to put her cheek against his hard, strong shoulder, feeling the rough gray cloth, with its faint odor of talcum and tobacco smoke. She wanted, actually, to touch the back of his clipped sunburned neck and to be bullied because she was intelligent.

She was ashamed and yet proud of her swift feeling of self-destruction. All that had been carefully nurtured and trained in Matisse Revell was swept away, she thought, in this moment. Culture seemed unimportant before the fact of Julian Terrill's thin, aristocratic nose, his curving, boyish mouth, his arrogant eyes and slim, muscular body.

(Continued on Page 46)

She Began to Help Him With His Terrible Themes, Disguising Her Own Style So That Hartley Cotton Wouldn't Recognize It

FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS



The Cornell Football Field, Looking Across the Armory to the Campus

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

INTELLIGENCE concerning college undergraduates of today is brought to a wide-eyed public by means of three agencies: The movies, newspaper and magazine articles, and palpitating works of fiction. The first and the last agencies have fallen into definite ruts in their presentation of undergraduate customs and peculiarities. According to the movies, practically all undergraduate life centers around the athletic field, in which prominent athletes entertain their female friends and relatives in the middle of important contests. According to the palpitating works of fiction, practically all undergraduates are so deeply sunk in moral obliquity as to make the undergraduates of the late Sodom & Gomorrah University seem, by comparison, like the fair-haired little wards of a convent. The newspaper and magazine articles that deal with undergraduates are not so limited, however; and from them the public gathers the most remarkable assortment of information that has been known since the Knights of the Table Round returned to Camelot with detailed news concerning the activities of the dragons, sorcerers, giants and fairies with which the hinterland of Great Britain and Ireland was densely populated.

The Inevitable Conclusion

THIS information may start with a college president's declaration that one-third of all undergraduates are feeble-minded, and a bishop's opinion that morality among college students is not only on the wane but is preparing to join the great auk and the curly-haired mastodon. It may then go down—or up—through thoughts of other deep thinkers to the effect that undergraduates are no longer red-blooded, have no serious attitude toward life, are 99 per cent materialistic and are encouraged to break the laws. Finally, then, it may emerge into stimulating fields where more or less trained observers tell the world that more men students than women students faint on being vaccinated, that rich men's sons are a detriment to any educational institution, that college men carry an average of twenty-two cents in their garments, and that the average intelligence of freshmen is equivalent to that of a United States Army major.

One of the pronounced characteristics of the American people, theoretically, is its dislike of being hunked. Americans, it is fondly believed, are given to checking up, as the saying goes, on statements that are made to them, in order to discover their truth or falsity. This may be true, but after checking up at Cornell University on a number of statements made by eminent educators and thinkers concerning college undergraduates, I am forced to the conclusion that the large number of Americans who make them and the even larger numbers who complacently accept them are more credulous and deluded than those who think that the killing of a toad will bring rain on the morrow and that exposure to the moon's rays will result in lunacy.

The Terrace of Willard Straight Hall, on Which Undergraduates May Sit and Feast Their Eyes on the Changing Colors of the Distant Hills or Argue as to Whether You Get More Ideas From Professor Erf or From Professor Arf

Cornell University is strewn along the front edge of an extensive piece of high ground in Ithaca, New York; and its six thousand undergraduates look perpetually down, in their comings and goings, on a deep valley and a narrow blue lake that stretches off into infinity, and a distant wall of farm-checkerboarded hill slopes, across which move baby-cloud shadows and toy thundershowers and diminutive snow squalls in their respective seasons.

The campus on which the six thousand labor and disport themselves is set off at each end from the rest of the world by gorges—straight-walled gashes in the solid rock, so deep that from their bottoms the bridges across them seem like spider webs slung high in air; while from the bridges a person on the gorge floor, even the proudest professor or most self-satisfied senior, looks like a lethargic gnat.

Undergraduate Freedom

THUS the undergraduates are, in the words of their song, far above the busy humming of the bustling town, but not so far above it that they cannot reach it if the occasion or the urge arises. They are not, in other words, removed from temptation by their location. Nor are they, to any noticeable extent, restrained by rules or by supervision, unless they feel that they are restrained by the rule that automobiles cannot be parked on the campus between seven o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon, and that which stipulates that any undergraduate entitled to free tuition must claim said tuition at the treasurer's office and pay his university fees therewith, or be forthwith dropped from the university—be, in Cornell parlance, busted higher than a kite.

Barring these fairly moderate and painless restrictions, Cornell undergraduates can pretty well do as they please and go where they please in any manner that suits their convenience and pleasure. I assume that if an undergraduate, by way of a boyish prank, hurled a brick through the window of a peaceable Ithaca resident and then disturbed the slumbers of the undergraduate body or any considerable

portion of it with a series of wild screams, he might be haled before one or more of the university authorities and requested to explain his unconventional conduct.

Ordinarily, however, Cornell undergraduates are not cramped or hampered by paternalism of any sort. This, coupled with the fact that the university draws students from every known section of the world as well as from a number of unknown sections, that it is a coeducational institution and that the undergraduates come from all ranks of society, makes it an excellent experiment station for persons who wish to check up on the widely disseminated theory that modern undergraduates are either wilder than minks, more abnormal than left-handed baseball pitchers or more useless than the dewclaws on a lap dog.

It might be remarked in passing that not all of the misinformation on the subject of undergraduates is disseminated by stupid or malicious outsiders. Occasionally it is possible to pick up, among the undergraduates themselves, a bit of information that assays, to put it coarsely, 100 per cent boloney. This becomes peculiarly apparent, at Cornell, when the female section of the student body, known locally as coeds, is under discussion.

Old and Not-So-Revered Traditions

CORNELL, like Stanford and Dartmouth and Michigan and Yale and many other universities, both ancient and not so ancient, has a number of so-called traditions that aren't half so traditional as they are popularly supposed to be. It may be a tradition, for example, at Ugsworth College for the seniors to wear pink stockings and play egg-in-the-hat with tennis balls on Thursday afternoons, but if a couple of enlightened seniors suddenly decide that pink stockings do not suit their particular style of beauty they can put a shocking crimp in the egg-in-the-hat tradition in one week's time and practically force the undergraduate body to invent a new tradition.

There has been a tradition at Cornell for many years that freshmen shall wear small gray caps, but of late there have been ominous signs that Cornell freshmen do not care for the tradition and are thinking seriously of getting along without small gray caps. What has caused Cornell freshmen to take such a revolutionary stand is not definitely known to anyone, including the freshmen. They may have noted, or somebody may have called their attention to the fact, that the girl freshmen or freshwomen wear no freshmen caps. They may believe in equal rights for men. They may have wanted to revolt against something, as modern youth is supposed to do, and have known of nothing to revolt against except freshmen caps. They may have been egged on by a hat dealer. Nobody knows.

At any rate, it is possible to see how an entirely different tradition might arise if the three upper classes were determined that freshmen should be set apart from the rest of the undergraduate body by their headgear. It might overnight become traditional for seniors to wear blue derbies, for juniors to wear yellow fedoras and for sophomores to wear brown skull caps; thus leaving the freshmen nothing to wear except their slightly peculiar prep-school haircuts or their subnormal hometown hats.

The coed tradition at Cornell is one of the university's oldest traditions. Briefly stated, this tradition requires all male undergraduates to speak slightingly of coeds in tones in which aversion, despair, resentment, rage and superiority are either equally or unequally blended. Hearsay evidence accepted from Cornell undergraduates, without further investigation into the coed situation, would convince almost any listener that coeds, generally speaking, are scrawny young women of uncertain age with a penchant for wearing spectacles, blocking the sidewalks, abhorring frivolity, eschewing cosmetics and fashionable garments, behaving dumbly and discussing dreary subjects in the dullest possible manner. Further hearsay evidence assures the unwary stranger that male undergraduates have nothing whatever to do with coeds—nothing whatever. Call on them? Absolutely not! Invite them to dances? No—ho-ho! Have them over for a house party and take them to a game? Not in a million years!

There is something wrong somewhere in this undergraduate argument. A casual inspection of passing coeds, of whom there are eleven hundred in residence at Cornell, quickly reveals the fact that their average age seems to be about twenty, that in weight they run about eighteen to the long ton, and that in garb, complexion, carriage, size

(Continued on Page 50)

"Reared Against the Arch of Heaven Looks She Proudly Down." In Oval—The Cornell Women's Self-Government Council

Cornell Undergraduates on Registration Day

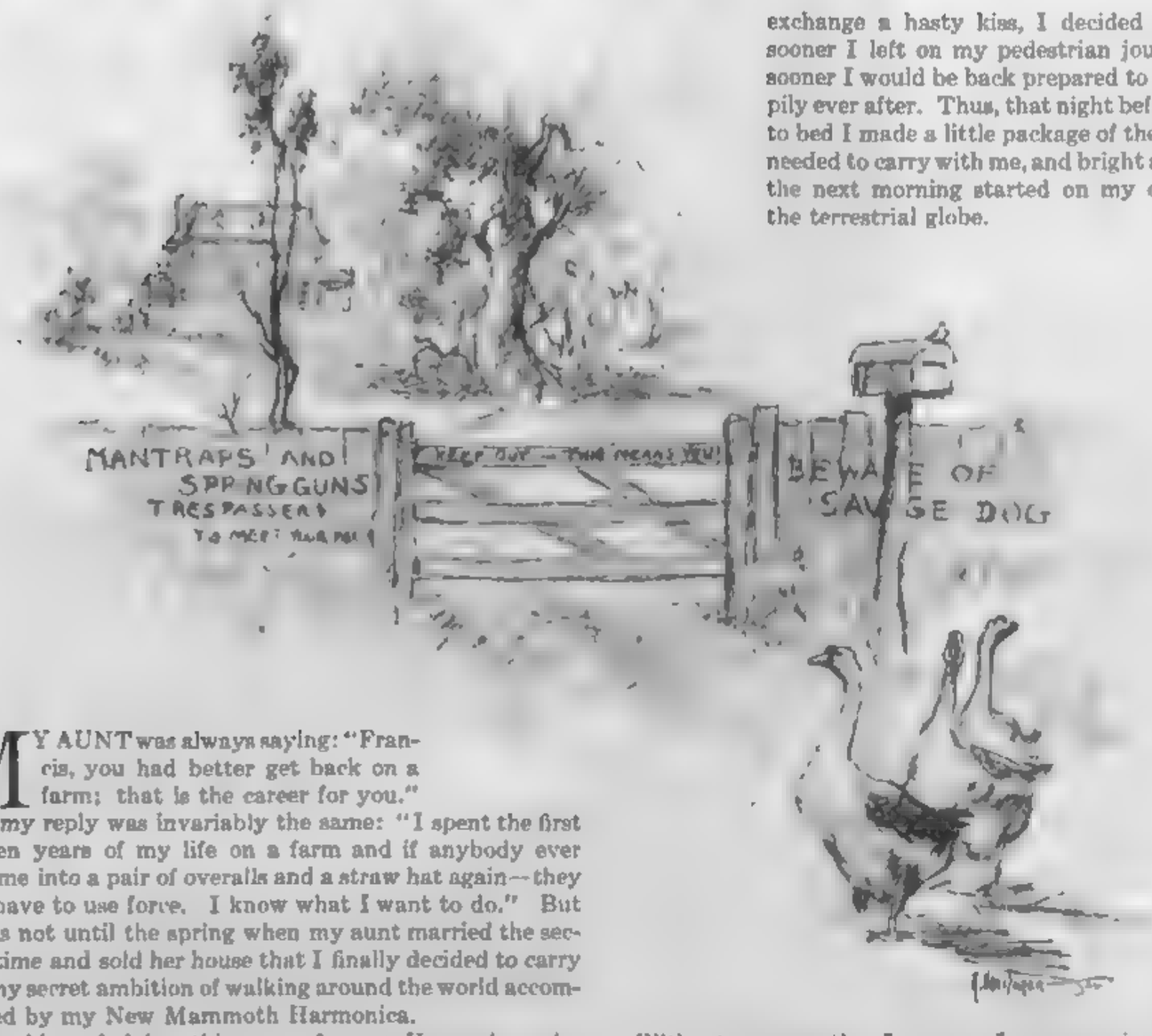
The Swimming Pool at the Bottom of Fall Creek Gorge

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY TROY, ITHACA, N. Y.

HARMONY

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



MY AUNT was always saying: "Francis, you had better get back on a farm; that is the career for you." And my reply was invariably the same: "I spent the first sixteen years of my life on a farm and if anybody ever gets me into a pair of overalls and a straw hat again—they will have to use force. I know what I want to do." But it was not until the spring when my aunt married the second time and sold her house that I finally decided to carry out my secret ambition of walking around the world accompanied by my New Mammoth Harmonica.

The idea of doing this came from a Hungarian who arrived in town selling picture post cards of himself which stated that he was making a tour of the globe on foot to gain a prize of $25,000 offered by the banks of Hungary. At first I thought I might follow the same plan till informed by Mr. Cole, the banker, that the financial institutions of the United States were practically not at all interested in pedestrian feats. Later I tried to sell the idea to the Hub Dry Goods Store and to a number of secret and other organizations, but heard on all sides it was a matter of indifference to anybody in town whether I walked around the world or not. In fact, the only encouragement I received, if it could be called encouragement, came from old Mr. Wheeler, the editor of the Evening News, who had caught rheumatism while protecting his country during the Spanish-American War at Jacksonville, Florida. After hearing my favorite melody, Listen to the Mocking Bird, played with vibrato and other artistic effects, Mr. Wheeler said, "Well, Francis, the News will give you fifty dollars if you will walk over into the middle of the Sahara Desert and spring that tune you have just been playing on an enraged lion."

"Suppose the lion doesn't like it?" I suggested.

"In that case it would prove that intelligence does not depend on education," was his reply in a dry voice.

I now saw that I could not count on the press.

But all this did not discourage me from my ambition to walk around the world with my harmonica, gratefully received in the peasant's hut or the king's palace, and from time to time playing myself to sleep under the silent and mysterious stars.

Aside from my natural desire to make this trip as soon as possible, I had another reason to urge me on. This was Lorna Etheridge, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Etheridge. She seemed to be showing signs of impatience, and once when I suggested putting off the start for another year she said "Why?"

"Suppose I take the road tomorrow," I asked one moonlit evening, when I had just finished rendering Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, "will you wait for me here?"

"How would you like me to wait, Francis; sitting down with my hands in my lap or leaning up against the old apple tree?" Then, when I did not answer this kidding remark she went on, "Anyhow you can be sure of one thing: If I am not here it will merely be because I am somewhere else. Keep the dust out of your harmonica, Francis, and any time you pass a broadcasting station drop in and blow me a letter."

That was the best I could get out of Lorna Etheridge; so, after playing her my favorite melody and trying to exchange a hasty kiss, I decided that the sooner I left on my pedestrian journey the sooner I would be back prepared to live happily ever after. Thus, that night before going to bed I made a little package of the things I needed to carry with me, and bright and early the next morning started on my circuit of the terrestrial globe.

Without exaggeration I can say I was surprised by the success which greeted my efforts as I slowly hitch-hiked toward the Pacific Coast. Though I never stopped longer than twenty-four hours in any one place, still, having been brought up on a farm and also being handy at changing tires and repairing punctures, and in addition always being pleased to render favorite selections on my New Mammoth Harmonica, I was gratified to find that I was not only paying all expenses but that in twenty-four days my original $50 had grown to $63.84. It looked as though the main problem of the trip was already solved. Not only did everybody seem to have favorite melodies which they particularly enjoyed, but on one occasion I even stopped an angry dog by taking out my harmonica and rendering America with vibrato and other artistic effects.

It was outside a village called Galesville that I dropped in for dinner with a farmer who was batching it. After I had played several airs which he called for by name he said with a laugh, "It is lucky for you I am not Barnet Flint."

"Who is Barnet Flint?" I asked.

"Barnet Flint is a rough, hard farmer six miles down the road who is off music now and forevermore. A few years ago Nate Berry tried to sell him a piano for his daughter Florence. Nate came in by the door and went out by the window, and if he had brought his piano with him it would have gone out by the window too. Any time anybody mentions music to Barnet there is a cyclone."

"What is the matter he doesn't like music?"

"Nobody knows. Probably he don't know himself. I don't believe he likes anything except maybe his daughter Florence. He is such a sour-apples he can't keep a hired man on his place."

"Well," I said with an easy laugh, "I am not selling pianos and I am not looking for a job either, and if I ever see Mr. Flint I will keep my harmonica in my pocket."

Probably I would have thought no more of the matter if I had not got my next lift from a sewing-machine salesman who said, "I can take you down to about a mile from Barnet Flint's place."

"Oh," I remarked, "I have heard of him."

"Pretty nearly everybody has. I was in the Old Gem Sample Room in 1916 when he threw young Marty Olsen through a closed door just because the boy had started to play Nita—Juanita on his accordion."

When this party turned up a lane to the right it looked as though I might have to begin pedestrianing again, because the first two cars that passed me went by as though I was the dirt under their tires, and for a minute it looked as though the third was going to do the same thing. In fact, it caused me a great surprise when I heard the squealing of the brakes.

It was an open car and the driver was alone—a man about six feet high, with heavy eyebrows and very broad shoulders.

"Well," he said after looking me carefully over, "where do you think you are going?"

"I don't think at all," I replied frankly; "I know I am on my way around the world."

At this his shoulders moved up and down while a catching sound came out of his throat, the same as from a pump. Though he did not look like it, I could make out he was laughing. "Oh," he said, after carrying on in this way for some time, "so he knows he is on his way around the world. That is good. That is rich. And how soon are you going to get around the world?"

"It depends," I remarked with caution, because I had now begun to suspect I was dealing with a dangerous lunatic. "But as I have no family attachments, that is where I am going. All I wanted of you was to find out the time—because this is a pedestrian trip and I walk all the way on foot. That is my system."

He laughed a little more in the same unpleasant way. "So he is going around the world on foot—that is his system. That is good. That is rich. Well, my boy, I have got a system of my own. I call it the Buckshot System." With these words he pulled from beside him a sawed-off shotgun that seemed to have a muzzle six inches across. "Yes, I call it the Buckshot System; and according to the

For the First Time I Began to Feel That Maybe He Had Not Been Such an Old Hypocrite After All

Buckshot System you are not going around the world at all."

As I did not wish to contradict a man I felt was crazy I merely made the remark, "Oh."

He went right on talking. "I am Flint by name and flint by nature, and you and me will never have any trouble as long as you do just what I say. So climb in, because there is always work on a farm and you look like a good worker and my last hired man has just hoofed it."

"I am sorry but I cannot accept the position you so kindly offer," was my contribution to the conversation.

"That is good. That is rich," he remarked pointing the sawed-off shotgun at my middle. "He is sorry but he can't accept the position I so kindly offer. If you mean you won't accept the wages, that is all right with me; but you have already accepted the position." He now looked me over very careful. "Yes, you will do, my boy, in all respects. And I may as well tell you now that I have decided to take you on permanent."

I was so startled all I could do was to ejaculate "What?"

"Yes, my boy, you are going to be permanent. My daughter has reached the marrying age so I am going to kill two birds with one stone. Hop into this car unless you want your liver regulated, because this afternoon you are going to be married. I hope Florence will take to you, though it don't make any difference to me whether she does or not. As for you and me we will get along all right—unless you are some kind of a musician."

II

I HAD already climbed in, but after he had finished cursing at the self-starter I took advantage of a moment's pause to explain I was already engaged to be married and expected to enter the state of matrimony as soon as I came back from my trip around the world.

At this remark he stopped the car and at first I thought he was going to let me out. But as a matter of fact the only reason he stopped the car was to laugh, which he did in a long, loud way while holding the muzzle of the gun pressed against my coat.

"That is good," he said after a few snorts which made you think he was choking to death. "That is good. That is rich. He is going to enter the state of matrimony as soon as he comes back from his trip around the world. Well, my boy, in about an hour you will find yourself married to an entirely different person; so think that over and keep on thinking it over."

I made one last effort to escape. As we passed a drug store I remarked, "I would kindly like to buy a picture post card for the purpose of advising the lady to whom I am engaged that I cannot marry her."

Mr. Flint's only response was to say as though to himself, "That is good. That is rich. Well, I will tell him that he can save his money and his liver at the same time by staying right where he is." And with this remark he stepped on the accelerator.

There was little or no more conversation exchanged between us. Running his machine with an absolute disregard for others, Mr. Flint continued along the highway at top speed before turning off into a side road that ended at a gate. On the top bar of this gate was painted in red letters: KEEP OUT—THIS MEANS YOU. On the fence at the right in the same kind of letters: BEWARE OF SAVAGE DOG. On the left: MANTRAPS AND SPRING GUNS—TRESPASSERS PREPARE TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

"And now, my boy," said Mr. Flint, "jump down and open the gate and don't make any comical attempts to escape unless you want the Buckshot System to fill you full of little liver pills."

As I was not desirous of medical supplies of any kind, I opened the gate in a careful manner and obeyed instructions by remaining on the inside after closing same.

We now drove about a hundred yards up a slope to a red brick house which had an additional fence on all four sides.

"Jump down," he said, "and if you have a pocket comb take it out and fix your hair because you are going to be introduced to your bride."

Up to this time I had supposed Mr. Flint was raving crazy, but as I got out of the car, somewhat assisted by the

Thus After Having Lost $3.60 I Was Not in Very Good Humor When I Started to Render My Favorite Melody, "Listen to the Mocking Bird"

business end of the shotgun, I was startled to see a girl's sweet face at the window over the front door.

The face was not like that of Lorna Etheridge, but it was all right just the same, and I began to feel better. If she was Flint by name anybody could see she was not flint by nature. So, taking out my pocket comb, I arranged my hair as well as possible and, still preceding the muzzle of the shotgun, entered the house.

"Now, my boy, go right up those stairs. . . . Now turn to your left. . . . Now open the door." I did so. "Florence, here is the young man who is going to marry you." With this Mr. Flint shoved me into the room and turned the key behind me.

I found myself looking at the young girl whose face I had seen through the window. She was dressed in white and seemed frightened. After a moment's mutual silence she said, "It is a very nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "and I am pleased to meet you."

It was surprising how these two simple remarks put us both at our ease so that in a few minutes we were talking like old friends.

"Miss Flint," I said, "I realize how you must feel at being thus forced into a marriage, as you might say, while perhaps your heart like my own is given to another."

"Yes," she said, "that is the awful fact. I may as well admit now I have never got over the shock I received last summer when I had a simply terrible case on a young man whose name I will not mention. At first my father had seemed pleased, but one dreadful night when he found out that the young man played the organ he took a horsewhip and chased him a mile and a half down the road. When the young man was able to walk again he took the first train for California, where he married a divorcee and has never come back. This broke my heart and it has remained permanently broken. I sometimes wonder how I have ever smiled since."

In a few touching words I told her about Lorna Etheridge waiting—waiting for one who would never return.

"I understand," she said in a subdued voice, "I understand. Perhaps in all the world there is nobody who could understand your situation as well as myself."

Venturing to take her hand I said, "Miss Flint, I will not conceal from you the fact that I am a desperate man, prepared to go to the last extremity to stand up for my own rights or the rights of others. I hope you will not take it as any reflection on yourself personally when I say I am thinking seriously of throwing myself out of the window rather than to allow your father to force on you a man you do not love."

As I said this I looked out to see Mr. Flint on the gravel walk below, the shotgun across his left arm. Observing me, he tapped the gun barrel and said with his lips, though not aloud, "Full of little liver pills."

Miss Flint caught hold of my two arms. "No," she said. "For my sake no."

I looked at her quivering lips and her eyes brimming with tears and automatically, I could hardly say why, pulled the harmonica from my pocket and raised it to an executive position. I mean by this a position from which I could execute the Last Rose of Summer.

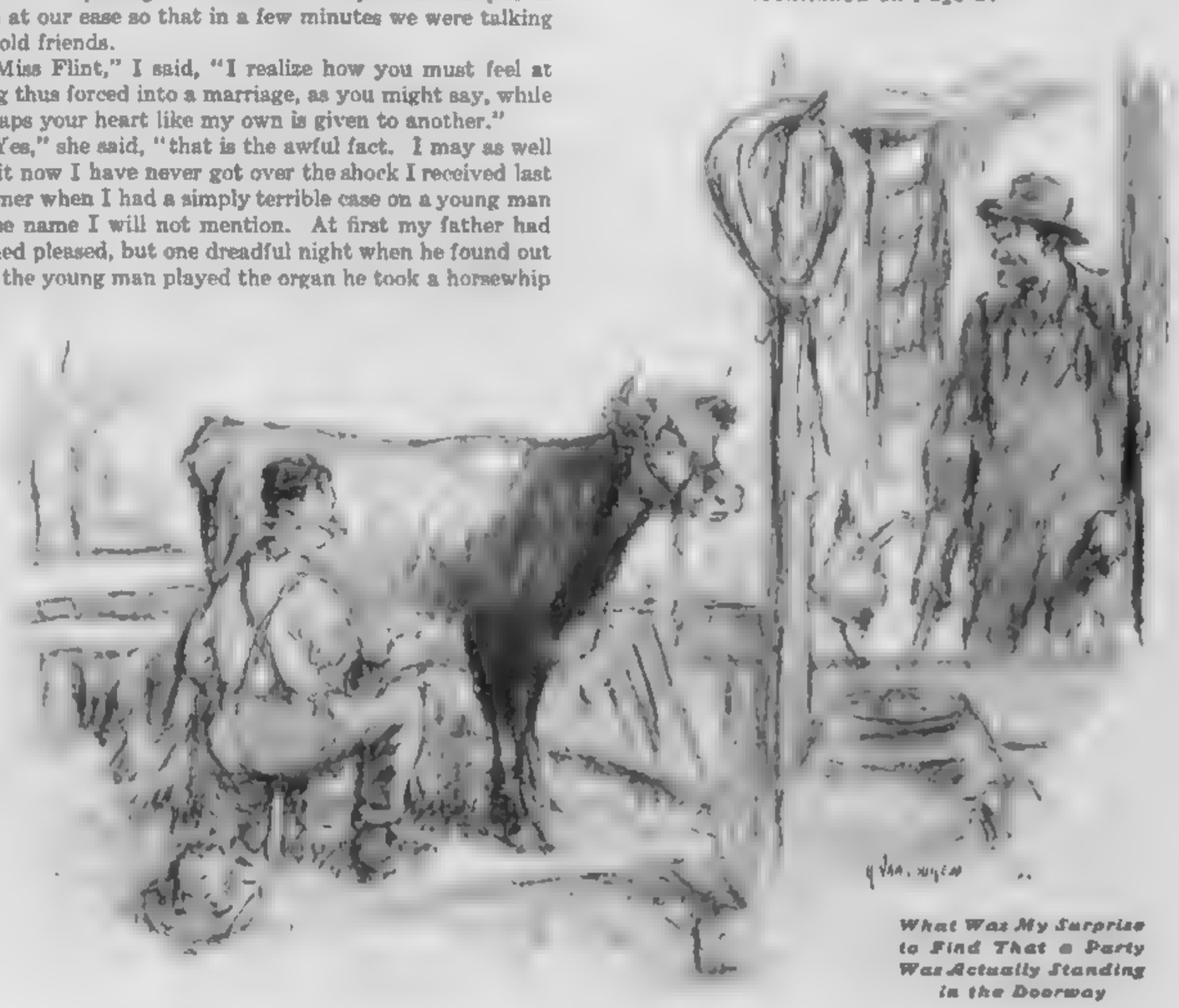
Before I could sound the first note Miss Flint, with a bound like a tiger, had snatched the instrument from my hands.

"Do you want pa to come up and blow your liver out as many a time he has said he would do if he ever found a musician on the premises? There was some tragedy in his life which I have never found out but which makes him hate music. It is the one thing that brings me joy and makes me feel that life is worth living yet never have I dared smuggle even the smallest musical instrument into the house because of pa's peculiar attitude."

"You really love music?" I asked, hardly believing my ears and thinking of the many unkind remarks which Lorna Etheridge had made about my tastes in this direction.

"Yes," she said passionately, "I love music, and that was the thing that most attracted me to this other young man who went to California. His only drawback was that he never wanted to play anywhere except inside a house or a church or something like that, and my life's ambition was to make music out in the open air. You may think I am a strange girl, but I am afraid some of my ancestors were gypsies, because, though I have never dared tell pa, there is nothing I would like better than to wander around the

(Continued on Page 84



What Was My Surprise to Find That a Party Was Actually Standing in the Doorway

ROBE DE STYLE

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Of Course, the First Time He Took Her Home at Half-Past Eleven From a Party That Was All Set for at Least Three More Hours, Fanny Thought It Was Only Funny

THAT'S what I mean," said Cuyler. "You see that girl?"

Mrs. Vetter followed his eyes more patiently than she had been following any of his arguments. She liked illustrations and observation far better than philosophy.

"What?" she asked. "Who?"

"There's a girl who stands out because she's a survival. The very young one who just came in. Once in a while you do still see a girl like that. Too young to be graceless. With a natural, unforced gayety that will be gone a year or two later. That girl is really enjoying herself now, but in a few years she'll either be pretending that she is or mocking at herself for fear that she might."

"But which girl?" inquired Mrs. Vetter, scanning the horizon of decorated panels at the other end of the room.

"The one with the pale blue dress and the pink sash, who looks like a child at a birthday party. She may not know how to dress, but she has what I call genuine beauty."

"Blue dress," repeated Mrs. Vetter, "pink sash? You don't mean Fanny Starr?"

"I don't know who she is. I don't know any of that younger crowd. The few people I still know around here are my own generation."

Mrs. Vetter looked at him and back at Fanny Starr. She smiled. The soft sash of pink satin with its enormous bow, the blue which must have been chosen from among a hundred unsuccessful blues, the fullness and length of the skirt and the virginally plain bodice, the way that girl could laugh like a child and lift her eyes and get old men like Martin Wells looking silly—it all invited comment. But she did not make any. Mrs. Vetter always said that there was no propaganda in her gossip.

"She looks like a picture," said Cuyler.

"Yes. It's a picture dress," answered Mrs. Vetter dryly; "what they call a *robe de style*."

Cuyler did not know whether that was agreement or not. He said that it had style enough for him. He often spoke in that manner of the deliberately plain man, the man with a chip on his shoulder, which he was inviting the sophistication of the world to knock off.

"Don't you want to meet Fanny Starr?"

"She won't want to waste any time on a man of my age."

"Let me see," considered Mrs. Vetter; "you're the same age as Dorothea Stone. I remember distinctly because of the fuss both your mothers made when you were born. Dorothea was thirty-seven last April. She's secretive about it, but I know."

"That's right."

"Well, Fanny won't consider that too hoary." She paused to beckon imperiously, and the girl in pink and blue made her way across the room to them.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Vetter, "this is Cuyler Morris. He's the one who gets on the first pages of the papers. He's been in China for years and now he's thirty-seven and came back here to put one foot in the grave. According to his talk, he thinks that's about the time one should. He doesn't believe in American women. He thinks they're hard and unnatural and not really happy, and too thin. And he's decided that you're the exception that proves the rule—unless you get spoiled when you grow up."

Fanny looked into the amused, satirical eyes of the old lady for a long second and then turned to smile enchantingly at Cuyler. He turned brick-red, which was not unbecoming.

"I thought I was being confidential," he said.

"Not with me," remarked Mrs. Vetter. "It can't be done. Well, I'm going to leave you to Fanny. She'll scare up some innocence and grace and heart-whole enjoyment for you." She patted Fanny's beautifully molded arm. "Very successful dress. You never looked better in your life."

Cuyler did not know what to say when they were left alone. But he was aware that this girl, contrary to the methods of most of the other women, was waiting for him to speak first. It occurred to him that she was shy and possibly even more embarrassed than he was, and that gave him confidence.

"Of course Mrs. Vetter exaggerates," he said. "All I meant was that I've been a little disillusioned since I came back. And when a man gets that way, you know, he's out of luck."

"Is he?" she asked in a tone that said he could tell her anything and she'd believe it. It made him feel wise and important and rather tender, which are three very pleasant ways for a man to feel. Most of the women whom he had met lately would have turned him off with a smart sentence or started up an argument or begun a flirtation. This girl, whose unblemished neck rose so beautifully above the plain, low line of her dress, had none of those tricks.

"You see," he began, "life's just opening up for you."

He talked on, and as he talked Fanny may have been reflecting on just how long life had been in that process of opening up for her. She listened. She knew approximately what Margot Jackson was saying at the moment to Ella Sterne. They were watching. But Fanny also knew that, if she listened sufficiently well, Cuyler would be loath to believe anything that might be told him later. He would remember the blue and the pink and the large bow and her attention to his words, and feel that she was being traduced.

Margot's exact words were: "Look at Fanny, skimming the cream off this occasion as usual."

"Who's that man?"

"It's Cuyler Morris, who's just come back from China. To stay for a year or more, I understand. His mother isn't well. You know, the Morris family who live out on Oak Street. That's the one. This man represented some big companies over there and Tom says he's rich. And still foot-loose. Really, China is the only place a man is safe. I haven't seen him with Fanny before."

"Fanny's been away. She's been out in California with Hallie Graves."

"That's right. So she has. I hear that the Graves row is still on. That's an ugly mess."

"Hallie went too far for once, I guess."

"Fanny sticks by her."

"Well, Fanny would. She's that kind. Besides, she has nothing to lose. She's been talked about herself as much as a person could be."

"Doesn't she keep her looks, though?"

"That dress is marvelous. It changes her whole style. But there are days when it seems to me that Fanny looks awfully hard. Of course, she's always beautifully turned out."

"She has plenty to look hard about. If there's anyone who hasn't any illusions left in the world, it must be Fanny Starr."

But Cuyler Morris, who had now taken Fanny into a reasonably quiet corner of the dining room and was seeing that she was plied with chicken salad and ice cream in the shape of a rose and plenty of cakes and plenty of nuts—Fanny, who never ate an extraneous morsel!—was saying that while it was bad for a man to lose his faith in things, it was worse for a woman. Because a woman was the citadel and the natural stronghold of faith, and Cuyler had words to prove it.

Fanny did the best she could with the food. Quite obviously, this man expected innocence to have appetite. After there was no more excuse for eating, he said, a little reluctantly:

"I suppose you're going to dance. They're dancing upstairs in the old ballroom."

"Don't you dance?"

"Well, I used to. Of course I'm not up to anything very fancy."

But all the same he felt that he wasn't so bad. He held his arm out stiffly, with hers athwart it, and swung her around a good deal, and the rakish, relaxed youths about the ballroom who danced by shifting their weight from one foot to the other, made plenty of remarks about detouring around that arm.

But Cuyler smiled triumphantly down at Fanny when he finally stopped bouncing her about.

"After all," he said, "I guess dancing's a thing you never forget."

"Like riding a bicycle," agreed Fanny.

Someone else took her off just then and Cuyler looked on. He didn't care much for the way the other fellow danced. There was no rhythm in it and they moved in too intricate a way. A dance should be a dance with melody in it. He caught a smile from her once or twice and seemed to still feel her within the curve of his arm. She used some fresh-smelling kind of perfume that stayed with him.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should be told a few things almost immediately. When he mentioned to a young married cousin that he had been dancing with the kids and spoke incidentally of Fanny Starr, she stared at him.

"Fanny Starr! You don't call her a kid, do you?"

"Well, from my standpoint ——" he began.

"She's as old as you are," said his cousin bluntly, "nearly anyhow."

"Don't be silly."

"But she is," answered his cousin, with that passionate insistence on statistics which comes to women in the matter of the ages of others. "I know. She had that trouble about her divorce the year Fred and I were married. It was all going on just at the time of my wedding. And we've been married seven years."

"Divorce?" asked Cuyler.

"You remember, don't you?"

"I've been in China ten years."

"That's right. It would have been while you were there. And Fanny didn't live here until she married Gilbert Starr. I didn't know him. He was a lot older than I was. But Fanny sued him for divorce and then he brought a counter suit. It was gay reading."

"I used to know Gilbert Starr. But I heard he was killed in some air accident."

"He was. Before they got a decision in the case," said his cousin. Her attention floated off to see what some of her friends were up to. "They certainly did things well tonight, didn't they? Wedding receptions are usually too terrible, but this one passed off prettily."

In the Little Room Which Adjoined Her Living Room She Turned On a Merciless Light and Looked at Her Face in the Mirror

Cuyler said that he had enjoyed himself very much. He said it absently and asked one more question:

"Mrs. Starr still lives here?"

"Fanny? Oh, yes. Here and there. She's asked about a lot. She needs to be, I suppose. I don't know what she lives on."

"Starr had money."

"Yes, but he took care that Fanny didn't get any of it. There was a rather pointed will. She had a little money, I think. And of course she does things. She worked in a bookshop for a while and sold etchings on commission—the sort of things you can pick up to do if you're awfully short. It's funny that she hasn't married again. She's so good-looking. But men are a lot more gun-shy than they used to be and maybe Fanny's not such a good shot."

His cousin's crisp, swift words rang in his ears after she had darted off after the group to which she was attached for the evening. She had the kind of voice Cuyler particularly disliked, out of which feeling seemed to have been drained until only the machinery of speaking was left. She was the kind of young woman who annoyed him, with her excessive, morbid thinness and her brittle ideas. But he was not thinking of that now. He was thinking that Fanny Starr, the girl with the tranquil eyes and lovely face, who looked like a schoolgirl at her first party, had been involved in a divorce case, in public scandal, was probably more than thirty years old, could not be ingenuous at all. Or was she? He remembered the eagerness of her attention to what he had said, how she had seemed to enjoy being with him. People were often misunderstood by those closest to them. And it was possible to pass through experience without scars. He thought of the simplicity of her manners, of her dress. Doing the best she could with what clothes she had, no doubt; and looking better than any of the rest of them at that.

But his cousin's revelations had been a shock. He did not know whether he wanted to see Fanny again or not. Because he was not sure, he did not go home at once, but lingered, telling solicitous dowagers about his mother's paralysis and receiving the opinions of dogmatic gentlemen on the politics of China. Then he saw Fanny in the hall, wrapped for departure, and deserted one elderly interlocutor to say good night to her.

"I've enjoyed meeting you. And our supper and dance," he told her.

Instantly she saw that someone had been talking to him about her. He was not so sure now of the kind of person she was. His glance was almost searching.

"I'll remember it," she said simply, "for a long while."

Her voice was as honest as a child's and he was a trifle ashamed of having listened to secondhand talk about her.

"I hope I'm going to see you again?" he asked.

She did not quibble about that. "Do you want to? Then come and have tea some day. I've a funny little apartment and my name's in the telephone book."

"May I?" *(Continued on Page 116)*

"Fanny," Said Mrs. Vetter, "This is Cuyler Morris. He's the One Who Gets On the First Pages of the Papers"

BUBBLES

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Rita Jumped to First Conclusions. Along With That, She Wrung Four Thousand Dollars Out of Him"

XIII

SAY, can you tie it!" It was Lent who spoke. His round face droll with wonder, the stout man lolled back on a chair in the inside offices, both thumbs in his armpits and a cigar rolled over in his jaws. "If you can tie it I'd like to know," he repeated.

"Tie what?" inquired Veith.

He still had lingered in the uptown branch. Nonplused by the recent disconcerting event, he had been still further annoyed by what followed it. Brent, at any rate, after a momentary stare at the girl's departing figure, had turned back to Veith. Then, as he'd caught the look of bewilderment, not to call it amazement, on Veith's face, a gleam had leaped into the fellow's eye and he had flung back his head and laughed. "Dumped," he'd ejaculated; then he had held out his hand. "Shake, old man! We're in the same boat together!" Veith, of course, had ignored the outstretched hand, and Brent, still laughing, had strolled out. However, Lent knew nothing of all that. It was another matter that excited his wonder.

"The way," he said, "your little girl friend gets away with murder." He leaned back on his chair, his feet instinctively seeking an easy altitude on the desk by which he sat; and, the cigar cocked in his mouth, Lent voiced himself definitely: "All right for you to grin, son. You can grin your head off for all of me; only what I'd like to know is how she does it, how she gets by with it the way she does too! She never loses, or, if she does, it's only a point or so. Nothing to cry about. She wins and she keeps on winning, and that's what I'd like to know. How? Do you know? If you do, spring it."

Veith shrugged. "Simple."

"Yeah?"

"Luck—bull luck."

And so it was. Luck. It was luck, though, of a sort that in more ways than one discounted the mere blunderings of hit-and-miss blind chance. In short, if Veith indeed had guessed the truth, he still had not guessed the full extent of it. In fact, familiar as he might be with the varied, often outlandish methods of stock-market dabblers, even he might have been amazed had he been present at a confab taking place at that precise moment not more than a few blocks distant from the brokerage office. If luck was the talisman, then in this case it would seem to have been reduced to a system.

The restaurant was in a side street. The place, in passing, was hardly the sort that Veith, say, would have chosen. It stood down the block off Broadway, the resort of neighborhood business men, who sought it in a daily round of doing business even while they ate—cloak-and-suit makers, furriers, out-of-town buyers, novelty men, jobbers, so forth and so on. Crowded, it also dinned with an uninterrupted hurly-burly—noise, hurry. One in search of quiet might, indeed, as well have lunched in a railroad yard. After she had ordered, Addie laid down the not-too-dainty menu and glanced across the table.

"Well, Jim?" she smiled.

"Well, what?" grumbled McCord.

The big man, his eyes drawn and his florid features seamed and less florid than of yore, looked about him murkily. He, too, had the choice been his, hardly would have selected the restaurant as a rendezvous. Addie Jessup, however, had done all the choosing.

"In here, Jim," she'd directed—it was after they'd left the uptown Subway station where she'd met him—and deaf to his protests—"Oh, I say! This place?"—she had led him inside. "We can talk in here, Jim; no one will know us or interrupt. Besides," she'd added, "I've got to get back soon to my broker's." McCord was grumbling as he lurched inside. He'd grumbled louder as he glanced at the bill of fare. Grumbling, he gave his order to the waiter. It still was to be seen, though, that it was less the restaurant than something else that stirred him. His face haggard and morose, one had the feeling that the once happy-go-lucky McCord was undergoing at the moment some species of inner torment calculated before long to break him down entirely.

Addie, though, did not appear to see it. She was in high feather, one would have thought, as she glanced across the table, her eyes twinkling.

"Well, it worked again, didn't it?" she remarked.

McCord's eyes blinked sulkily. "What worked? You mean what you telephoned?"

"Exactly. I bought at the opening and sold at a fraction from the top. What are you grumbling about? We made eleven points, didn't we?"

"We?"

"You know what I telephoned last night. You bought, too, didn't you? It was Neutro, I said."

His heavy eyes were evasive. "Well, and then what did you do?"

Addie twinkled again. "I pyramided!"

McCord gave a start. "You did what?"

"Pyramided."

To pyramid is to do exactly what she had done. That is, if you're long of the stock, a buyer, and the stock rises, you buy an additional stated amount at stated points in the rise. If short in the stock the converse is the case. McCord, however, knew well enough what "to pyramid" meant. Trust any plunger of his type to know! His look of wonder now was voluminous.

Risky, no doubt of that. Monkeying with dynamite. You can get wiped between breaths, you might say, pyramiding like that. But McCord's exclamation was not all due to that. He gave another.

"Look here!" he said sharply. "Was it in Neutro, too, you say, that you did it?"

She was a little startled. His face was flushed, his voice harsh. "Why not? Why, Jim, what's the trouble?"

Another growl came from him. "You bought? You didn't sell?"

"Sell? Of course not. What are you talking about? I telephoned you I was buying. I always buy, don't I?"

She did. Beginners always do. "How long ago was it you bought?" demanded McCord.

Addie told him. She had bought, then given the order to pyramid, just before she had left the uptown branch on her way to meet him.

"Good Lord!" McCord exclaimed again. "You bought Neutro, pyramided it, too, and then went off and left it.

A stock like that!" He drew in his breath. "Say, by any chance do you know what Neutro's been doing since you left?"

She gave her shoulders a tilt "I dunno—gone up, I suppose "

"You suppose?"

She nodded calmly. "Everything else has, practically I've won five out of my last six deals, haven't I?"

McCord gave another ejaculation. "Gad, I can't stand this!" he exploded.

Kicking back his chair, he rose. "You sit still," he ordered: "I've got to know!" Down the room near the street door was a telephone booth, and stamping along the aisle between the tables, he lumbered toward it. People looked up at him as he stamped by, his face scowling, his arms swinging at his sides. Then, when he reached the booth and found it already in use, it looked for an instant as if he might open the door and pluck away by the collar the man inside. Somehow, though, McCord managed to restrain himself and a minute or so later the man emerged, the booth was free.

A minute later McCord had done his telephoning.

Addie had her eyes on the booth. She saw McCord when he pushed open the door; she caught, too, at the same instant, the look on his face. It was moist, pallid. Slowly, his hot haste gone now, he trudged back to the table, his eyes sullen.

"Well?" she inquired.

It was not until he had pulled out his chair, then dropped on it heavily, that McCord spoke.

"You win," he said.

In short, turning on its tracks, Neutro once more had gone on up. Not only had it recovered the four points it had sagged, it was a good two points over the morning's high.

McCord spoke again, "Gad, if I could believe it!"

"Believe what, Jim?"

He glanced across the table, his haggard eyes bewildered. "Believe what you say—that it's luck, just that."

She smiled. "Why not?"

For a moment McCord peered at her doggedly. "Are you sure that's all it is? You're not being tipped off, are you?"

Addie studied him for a moment. She frowned. "Just what do you mean by that, Jim?"

McCord repeated what he had said, "You're sure no one is telling you what to play?"

Again she studied him briefly. "Who is there to tell me?" she inquired.

McCord's voice was dogged. "A lot of people." Evidently there was something of which he meant to make certain "Someone in that brokerage shop might do it—the place where you trade."

This time Addie laughed.

"They? Those other what-do-you-call-'ems dabblers?" She laughed again. "If I took a tip from them I'd be more than likely to play it the other way. They're like you, you know—wise. Or so they think," she added.

"Yes?"

"So do you, Jim—think you are."

"You'd copper me, too, would you?"

"Copper?"

"Just what you say—sell when I'd buy, buy when I sold," growled McCord, and Addie nodded.

"I did that just now, Jim."

"What!" he inquired. "You coppered me."

Addie shook her head. "Not you. It was one of the women. Like you, though, she's an old-timer."

Briefly, she told him about Mrs. Brock. McCord's face was a picture. In it was not just wonder, it was something more than that—gaping astonishment.

"It's just this," said Addie: "Mrs. Brock—the poor thing—was losing. She'd been losing, too, right along; so in a flash I made up my mind. It's all luck, anyway. If you have a streak of luck, you win. If you haven't it, you lose. At all events, as Mrs. Brock was losing every play she made, I figured, when she said to sell, that she was wrong again; so I took a chance and plunged—pyramided."

"And you won, too," muttered McCord. "Talk about luck!"

"Luck—nothing else. Yes," said Addie, "and I'll tell you something else. The minute I begin to believe it's anything else—for example, that I'm 'wise,' 'clever,' that I can 'read the tape,' as these other dabblers say—I know exactly what will happen to me "

"Yes?"

"Yes." In pantomime she showed him. Expressively two pink finger tips laid to her lips, she blew a kiss into the air. "Luck, Jim. That's what does it. I win because I'm lucky."

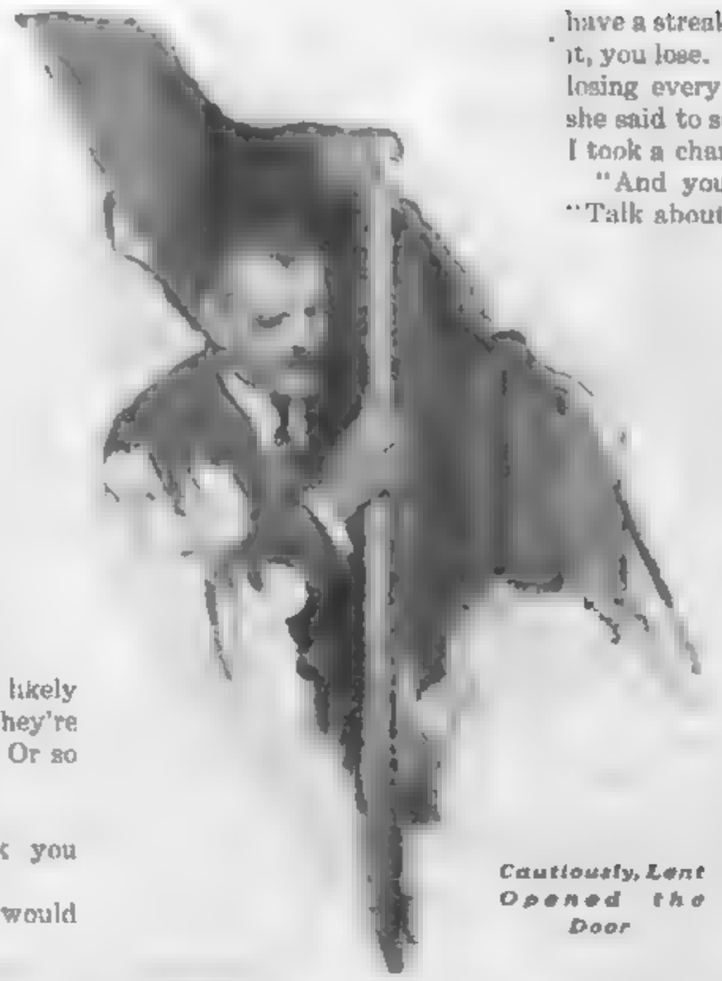
"Yes, but don't forget," replied McCord, "the luck may not last."

"No, I know that too," nodded Addie, and for a moment McCord was silent.

Then he spoke. "I wish I had!" said McCord.

The waiter was serving them. While the man hung about the table, in a helter-skelter hurry setting down the plates and food, she did not speak again. Nor did McCord She had guessed, of course, his plight. Rita—she and her doings were not his only trouble. Lately, in fact, it had been easy to divine that McCord's money affairs were neither so smooth nor so sunny as the surface glitter and show of the life he and Rita lived pretended. In fact, on the night when McCord had come to Addie with that money—the check for four thousand dollars—he had as good as admitted that much.

Continued on Page 108



Cautiously, Lest Opened the Door

It Stung—That. She Knew, Too, it Would. She Saw Him Start

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 2, 1929

Entangling Alliances

IT WAS remarked by a cynic, during the negotiations that resulted in the Treaty of Versailles, that international alliances were so deep-seated an obsession as to survive the horrors of war. The studies on war guilt have made it clear that laying the fire is more reprehensible than starting it. The fires of war are laid in alliances; scratching the match may be the act of a madman. Alliances make war inevitable; the immediate provocation is spectacular, but is really incidental. The spirit of Locarno and the world-wide movement to outlaw war rest upon the endeavor to prevent such offensive-defensive groupings of nations as make for warfare. Bethmann-Hollweg once said that as long as Great Britain remained outside of the two group alliances of Europe no general European war could occur, but the moment Great Britain entered either alliance war became inevitable.

These remarks are prompted by the amazing revival of talk of alliances in Europe since the breakdown of the Geneva conference on naval limitation. An impressive illustration is to be found in a recent issue of The Economist. This weekly is one of the most substantial and unemotional periodicals in Great Britain. In a long editorial devoted to the relations between Great Britain and the United States stand reflections and premonitions that are past understanding. The tone reminds one of the past century. The Economist apparently believes that Anglo-American relations have come to a dangerous pass. In the course of the editorial stands the following presentiment of the possible future development of alliances if amicable understanding between Great Britain and the United States is dissipated:

> If things were to take their traditional course, the Powers which were jointly victorious in the war of 1914–18 would proceed in due course to range themselves into two camps in order to become the protagonists in the war which the year 1945 or the year 1950 was to bring forth. In one scale the strongest of them—that is, the United States—would stand by herself; in the other scale the next strongest—that is, Great Britain—would seek to maintain the balance by embracing France in a new *entente;* and then, with France and Great Britain combined in the anti-American scale, the United States would eventually seek to right the balance on her side by taking to her bosom the opponents of France in Europe—that is, Italy and Germany. A fine end to Locarno! Thus Western Europe, as well as the overseas world, would be divided once more against itself; and next, Eastern Europe would be drawn into the arena—the Little Entente and Poland ranging themselves in the Anglo-French camp, Hungary and Bulgaria and Albania and Lithuania in the German-Italian-American camp. In fact, the whole world might become involved except the U. S. S. R., which would assist as *tertius gaudens* at the welcome spectacle of the final war of annihilation between the capitalist Powers!

Is this presension or drooling? Or is this merely an economist wakened from a nightmare of politics? Two things stand out: First, the wonder that such a statement should be printed at all in a responsible journal. The second is the ludicrous picture of the United States in an alliance with Bulgaria, Albania and Lithuania. Such distorted and grotesque speculations as this are sent broadcast every so often in Soviet propaganda. Perhaps the staid Economist is intentionally indulging in a grotesque distortion to clear the atmosphere. For ourselves, it suffices to say that the presentiment sounds as impossible to us as it would have sounded to the Father of our Country, who warned against entangling alliances.

It seems impossible to get it through the heads of many foreign journalists that America does not dream war, plan war or want war, least of all with the people of Great Britain.

Liberal for Political Reasons

OF THE several curious phenomena of the late election, two were difficult to appraise. Teachers in colleges and universities, both men and women, in a surprising manner disavowed the Republican candidate and supported the Democratic candidate on the basis of a declared liberalism. The proportion of men and women in academic walks taking this political stand for this reason was small, but they made up in vociferousness what they lacked in numbers. Of course not all the professors who did not sign manifestoes for Smith voted for Hoover; we take it that many voted the Democratic ticket for reasons of convictions on states' rights, the protective tariff, restriction of immigration and other objective issues more inherent in party history than in the platforms. The group called liberal by the included professors was a detached group. It was nowhere specified exactly what was implied by the term "liberalism," or by "progressive liberalism," another of the terms employed. Our curiosity has been satisfied and our misgivings allayed by reading an authoritative article on Confusion Among the Liberals, by Roland Hugins, in the American Mercury for December.

According to this discriminating appraisal, liberals are divided into four groups, scaling from right to left: The Efficiency Liberals, the Liberty Liberals, the Welfare Liberals, and the Labor Liberals. Naturally, the four groups overlap, despite the fact that the Liberty Liberals and the Welfare Liberals are inherently quite antagonistic. Though the author does not so state, we take it that the President-elect would be classed with the Efficiency Liberals, while Governor Smith would be classed with the Liberty Liberals. We question, however, whether the academic minds who manifestoed for Governor Smith did so for this reason. Mr. Hugins comments discerningly on the fondness of liberals for "squabbling among themselves" and of "the confusion of mind among liberals." Any suggestion that the progressive liberalism of which we heard much during the campaign was gustatory rather than sociological is, of course, too far fetched to be entertained.

Still less explicable was a protest against Herbert Hoover that was signed by one hundred and fifty-two Protestant teachers of theology, ministers, students in theological seminaries, and laymen who described themselves as leaders in liberal religion. Under the caption, Social Issues and the Election—a Protestant Plea, stood a series of indictments of the Republican Party. Among them was the following remarkable declaration aimed at Mr. Hoover:

> The economic policies of the Republican party, its candidate's acquiescence in them, and his own professed social philosophy are in direct conflict with repeated pronouncements of the churches on economic issues.

Right here we beg for information. First, what "social philosophy," what "economic issues" were referred to? An organization like a church must determine a policy either by referendum or by decision of an official convention on the basis of delegated authority. When did American churches ever hold referendums on economic issues and social philosophies? Which churches have publicly gone on record on economic issues? If not by referendum, when did American churches refer to chosen delegates, assembled in convocations, the determination and promulgation of decisions on economic issues and social philosophies? And which churches have so gone on public record? By whom were the issues joined, who prepared the briefs, pro and con, on the economic issues and social philosophies in question, and where are these briefs available to an inquiring public?

In short, we desire to know when, where, on what provocation, and in what manner the Protestant churches have declared "repeated pronouncements of the churches on economic issues." This is not a challenge; it is a request for information. We find the request the more reasonable, because we were not aware that economic issues lay within the purview of church activities. Nor was it our understanding that the American members of churches delegated to themselves, as church members, any function in the determination of economic issues.

It is not according to our information that schools of theology teach economics. We are frankly unconvinced that the rank and file of members of Protestant churches in the United States have ever done anything to justify the statements made in the political pleas quoted above. We are waiting to be shown.

Unrecognizable Russia

RUSSIA, next to India, is the world's greatest tragedy. It is interesting, therefore, to study and compare the observations and appraisals of open-minded Americans who have lately been up and down in the land and have had ample opportunity to see and hear, and to report without bias.

Such an observer is Mr. Bernard Edelhertz, publisher of The American Hebrew, who recently returned from a journey which carried him from Leningrad to the Black Sea and who wrote his impressions for The New York Times. Among the notabilities with whom Mr. Edelhertz made contacts was President Kalinin, ruler of Soviet Russia. Mr. Kalinin, after warning him against applying our own criteria of comfort and high standards of living when judging Russian conditions, is reported to have declared that an American ambition is that every family shall have a motor car, whereas in his country they wish merely to see that every man has a shirt.

This utterance is quite too near the truth to be set down as an idle epigram or as a casual attempt at smart phrasing. It is a terse and significant summing up of the comparative standards of civilization in the two countries; and the saddest part of it is that the high-vaulting ambition of America is likely to be virtually realized, while substantial Russian populations are still going about unshirted.

It is highly significant that the benefits attributed to Soviet rule are mainly theoretical and intangible, and bring the coveted shirt no nearer to the backs of hungry peasants shivering in burlap tunics. There may be advantages in leading a life of serfdom under the thumb of a Communist kommissar rather than under the oppression of a prefect of police; but they are academic rather than practical, and bring but small comfort to an empty stomach. The observations of Mr. Edelhertz confirm in the main what has been written by other travelers.

According to him, the squalor of the cities, the destitution of large populations, the wide spread of disease, official red tape, graft, and the suppression of all private initiative and personal liberty do not appear to have been substantially bettered. The plight of the homeless children is almost without a parallel in history. Religious persecution appears to be upon the wane, but atheistic propaganda continues with unabated vigor. The new tyranny seems to be quite as ruthless and rather less intelligent than the old. No commonly recognized moral or ethical code appears even to exist. More than one semibarbarous nation has been more wholesomely and happily governed than present-day Russia.

NO PAR

By WILL PAYNE

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE letterhead is that of a New England country bank. One paragraph in the letter reads:

I am conservative by nature and training, but I do not think this wild stock speculation is all to the bad. It is making the public more stock conscious. I might call it no-par-stock conscious. I was not brought up right. I was taught to save money. That is wrong. I ought to have been taught to save income. I was fifty years old before I finally got it through my head that $10,000 at 10 per cent is the same thing in every way as $20,000 at 5 per cent. In fact, we ought to rub out the $10,000 and $20,000 altogether and deal only with income. The stock market is educating more people to do that. It will make a difference in the way they look at a good many things.

Of course, nobody nowadays does save money. The miser that Balzac delighted to write about, who hoarded gold in dark, mysterious chests, could not have flourished very much in the United States, where gold never circulated extensively. Except for mere miserly hoarding, saved money is immediately spent. Say you have accumulated $1000 in the savings bank and invest it in a public-utility bond. You spend the $1000 for a bond, and the public-utility company immediately spends it in, say, building a power station. It is paid out for labor, bricks, dynamos—spent as irrevocably as though you had thrown it into the sea. You can never get it back from the workmen who received it as wages, or recover it by taking down the bricks and dynamos. That old money is gone for all time.

But the company has a plant that is capable of producing new wealth, earning an income. Out of the income it pays you fifty dollars a year, which you call interest on your bond. It may set aside out of yearly income a further sum called an amortization, or sinking, fund, which will finally amount to enough to pay back your $1000. But whether it does that or not, everything that you get back, or that anybody else gets back, on account of the $1000 which you originally handed over must come back out of the income of the plant. That is the only place it can come from. If the plant were shut down there might be some salvage, but if the whole industrial plant of the country permanently ceased to earn, the salvage would be negligible, and nearly all the capital invested in it would be gone just as though it had been thrown into the sea. Practically its value is simply its income. You spent your $1000 to buy an income of fifty dollars a year. You may sell the bond, but only to somebody like yourself who wants to buy an income of fifty dollars a year and steps into your shoes.

I happen to know a plant that was built about eight years ago to make a certain chemical product. It cost $250,000, but there was something fatally wrong with the process. It never earned a dollar and was finally abandoned. It is situated out of town on land of little value. Most of the equipment isn't worth moving. It is gradually falling to pieces. If it had cost ten times as much it would be just as worthless. No doubt it would be possible to pick out another plant, built at the same time at the same cost, that produced new wealth or earned an income. If the second plant steadily earns $50,000 a year it is worth $400,000 or $500,000. If it earns $100,000 a year it is worth something like double these sums. People will buy it at that price in order to get its income. The amount of money originally invested is immaterial, for that old money was spent and used up, once for all, in building the plant. This stock market is a flamboyant advertisement of the all-importance of income, and probably is getting many people into a different way of looking at some questions that are always bobbing up for public discussion.

Nearly all the stocks that have danced in the limelight of this record-smashing eighteen-month bull market are practically no-par stocks. The distinctive thing about a no-par stock is that it does not pretend to tell you the company owns tangible property of such and such a value, or of any value whatever. It simply offers you a share in the company's income. Some very active stocks do retain a nominal par value, but that is only a bookkeeping convenience, or fiction. Nobody pretends to set up any relation between the value of the stock and the value of the tangible property owned by the company. You do not hear the subject discussed. The stock is valued solely by earnings. In eighteen months a great but undetermined number of people have been buying these practically no-par stocks. A greater number have been hearing about them and to some extent thinking about them. That may seem an unimportant bit of Stock Exchange comment, but probably the banker is right in assigning a wider significance to it.

Not so many years ago stock-watering was one of the burning issues of the day. It was popularly supposed to be a sort of fraud, and various schemes to prevent it were gravely debated. The reason for that attitude was found in the teachings of classic political economy that profits in industry or business must tend to a certain normal level, for if one branch of industry or business proves exceptionally profitable, capital will flow into that branch until the rate of profit is brought down about to the average, while if another branch proves exceptionally unprofitable, capital will shun it until the rate of profit comes up to the average; therefore capital engaged in any sort of business can finally expect, and is fairly entitled to, a normal rate of profit,

(Continued on Page 123)

Profit is Not a Product of Money. It is a Product of Ideas, of Management

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

Proud Wife: "Bertie's Voice is So Much Better Than the Others"

The New Suit

FATHER: So this is the new suit!

MOTHER: This is the new suit.

SON: Aw, heck.

FATHER: Nice-looking suit.

MOTHER: Fits nicely.

FATHER: Good around the neck.

MOTHER: Good, sturdy material.

FATHER Snappy design. Bet it'll make a hit with the girls.

SON: Aw, heck.

FATHER: What'll Emily say when she sees it, hey?

SON: Aw, heck.

FATHER: How much did it cost?

MOTHER: I thought it was very good value. Splendid-wearing material.

FATHER: How much was it?

MOTHER: It has two pairs of pants. It ought to last a year for best and a year for everyday.

FATHER: All right all right. How much did you have to pay for it?

MOTHER: I had to go to the Men's Department. Boy is getting to be a man now, and he's too big for the Youth's

FATHER: Come on, out with it. How much did it cost?

MOTHER: Twenty-nine dollars ninety.

FATHER: Twenty-nine dollars ninety!

MOTHER: Mr. Dodd says woolens have all gone up. Of course I could have got shoddy ——

FATHER: Twenty-nine dollars ninety!

The Air-Mail, February 14th

MOTHER: It's cheaper in the long run to get good materials. You don't want your son going around

FATHER: Twenty-nine dollars ninety! When I was his age my father paid nine dollars for my suits. Twenty-nine

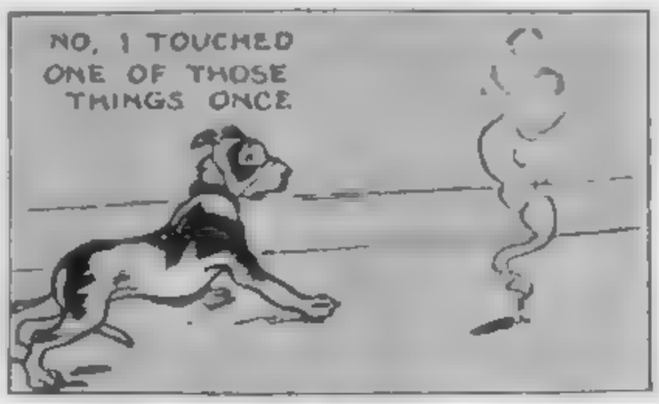
Continued on Page 89

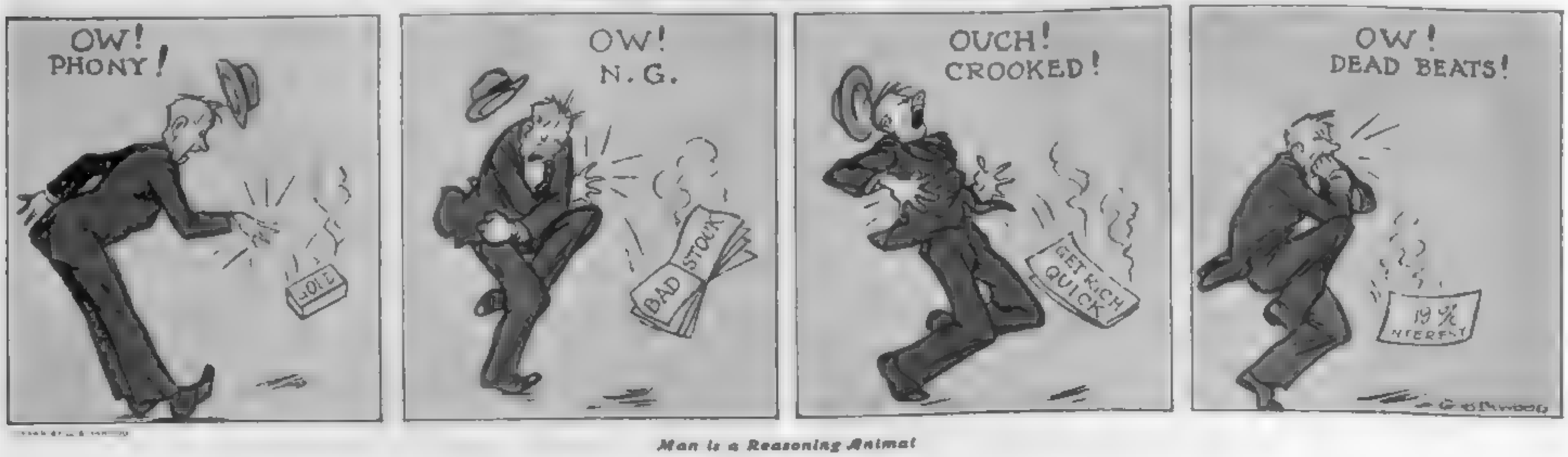
The Movie Stars are Talking Now

MARY ANN McCLEARY became lovely. Dawn O'Day;
Because she owned some ankles, she got heaps and heaps of pay.
But since the talkies came, she isn't worth ten cents a week;
It's plain 'twas in the Bow'ry that she first learned how to speak!

No amount of powder, and no amount of paint
Can cover up the damage if a lovely star says "ain't."
They're easy on the eyes, but not so easy on the ear;
The stars were sweet to look at, but they're terrible to hear!

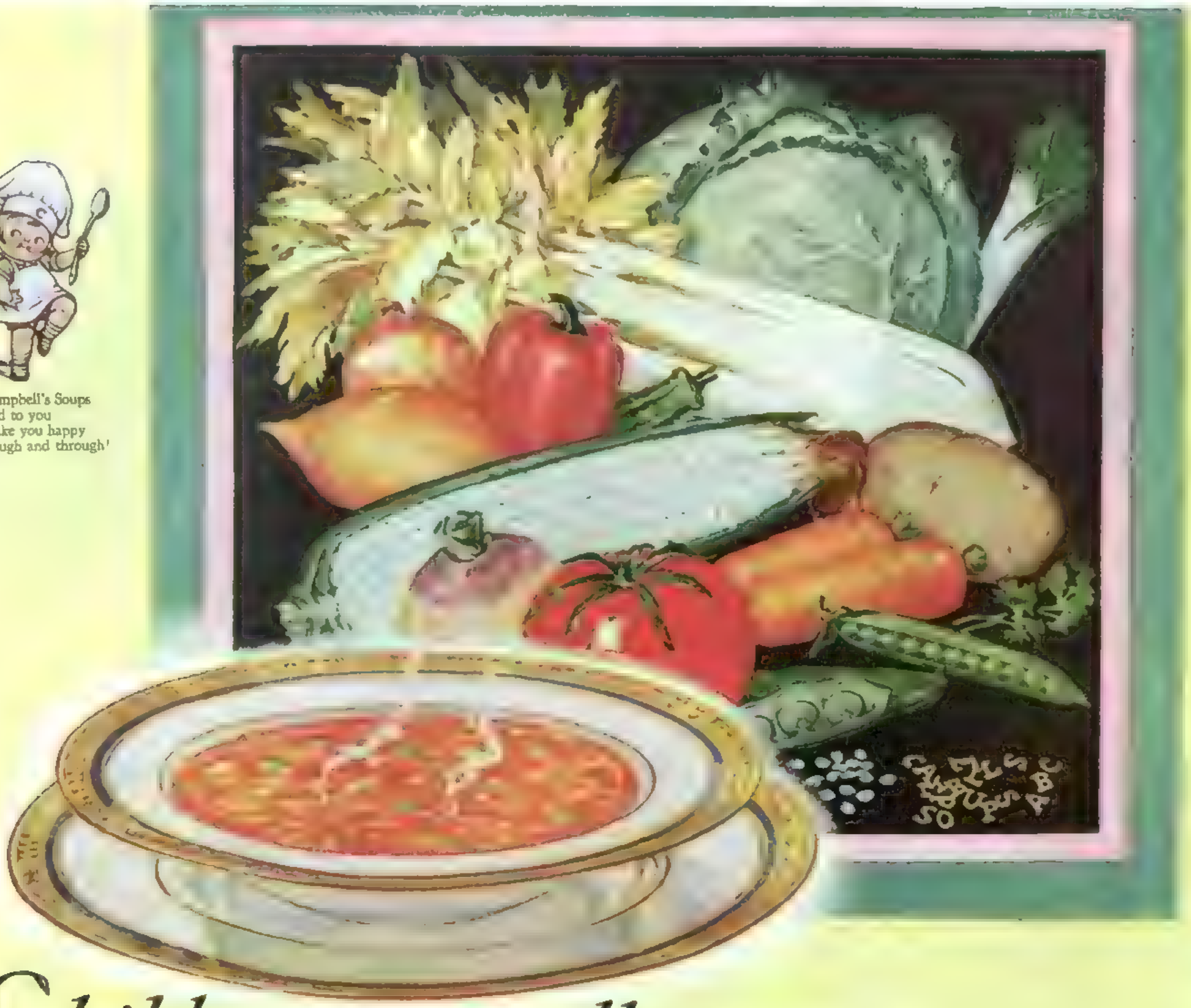
Mary Carolyn Davies.





Man is a Reasoning Animal

The Campbell's Soups
I send to you
Will make you happy
Through and through!



Children especially require healthful vegetable foods!

"Yes," you may very well say, "I know my children should eat plenty of vegetables, but I wish you could see the time I have getting them to do it! What one of them likes, the others don't. And every last one of them has one eye cocked on the dessert!"

* * * *

Just you try Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It'll be off the plates without your having to say a word! And all the while the children will be eating fifteen different vegetables in the one soup. They'll tell you they love it, and even come back for more.

There is a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so good for growing children. Not only does it contain all the best garden vegetables, but these are prepared in a way that insures giving their greatest benefit.

* * * *

As vegetables are often cooked, much of the valuable mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water and this is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Since Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so exceptionally rich in vegetables, you can see why it is so healthful, with the full vegetable strength saved in each plateful.

For the school children's luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines all the wholesome invigoration of a hot soup with a wonderful variety of vegetables that no other food supplies.

* * * *

You just add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Think of the great convenience of that! All Campbell's Soups are just as easy to prepare. Read the list of 21 different soups printed on the label and vary your menus with selections from them. 12 cents a can.

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HOOCH

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Won't Sign," the Alderman Mumbled. "I Won't Do It. I Got to Have Money"

XII

THE pallbearers at the funeral of Dopey Hiller—"for effect," as Zuroto pointed out—included Dutch Slenk and Jimmy Dausto. Alderman Swinnerton was prevailed upon to contribute five thousand dollars to the expenses of the funeral, and Paddy Flenger, in addition to his thousand, generously sent a magnificent floral offering which, however, bore no card.

The funeral was news. The front pages of the newspapers directed attention to its splendor. Ordinary people of the community read with bated breath. Here was something new. The word "gangster" was suddenly one of common usage. In a vague way the public accepted as fact the existence of organized crime. The district attorney sounded a warning which rang hollow because of its indefiniteness. In several pulpits preachers pointed out a new audacity on the part of marauders. Here and there politicians out of office orated upon the necessity of vigorous prosecution of criminals.

"We are doing everything in our power," the police commissioner stated. "It must be borne in mind that prohibition has changed the status of the criminal. We have armed our criminals with the power of money. The very enormity of the rum-running business necessitates on their part organization. Even if we catch the rum runner we cannot hold him. There are too many loopholes in the law. There are too many courts through which to drag a case. There is too much money with which to bribe public officials. We are doing our best under the circumstances."

Zuroto noted these things with a calm satisfaction. Flenger marked them with a heightened fear. Swinnerton remained confined to his room. Inspector Barr, in charge of the investigation of Hiller's murder, said nothing and looked wise.

A week after the funeral Flenger was breathing more easily. As nearly as he could see, nothing untoward had arisen. He had, however, learned a profound lesson. In the solitude of his own room he had weighed dispassionately the chances against him and those in his favor. His foxlike nature pointed out irrevocably that sooner or later he must lose. If it was not Zuroto who harassed him it would be someone else. If he killed Zuroto there would remain Poppolipis. If he killed Poppolipis there would appear someone else. This was inevitable. The stakes for which men gambled were so huge that there never would be a shortage of those willing to gamble.

There was just one thing for which Flenger waited. That was the title search on the breweries and the passing of the corporation papers, with the ensuing transfer, which would place in his hands the fortune in real estate which Swinnerton had amassed. Just as soon as that was achieved it was the captain's plan to resign from the police force and quietly disappear with the loot.

The one menace to this plan seemed to him to be Zuroto. It was unbelievable that the foreigner, possessed as he was of such damning knowledge, should be satisfied with a mere contribution toward the funeral of Dopey Hiller. Flenger was sure that there was something in Zuroto's mind; that sooner or later the man would disclose his purposes to the detriment of Flenger. The captain's hope was that Zuroto would delay sufficiently to permit him to consummate his scheme on the breweries. After that, he told himself, he was content to leave the field to Zuroto.

Thus it was that he continued much the same as he had before the killing of Hiller. He delivered his liquor to Dausto, Baer, Mitchell and Slenk. On the surface nothing was changed. If Slenk had become more quiet, perhaps a little less willing openly to discuss matters of the future, Flenger attributed it to the secret planning of the man to participate in the brewery profits. He was glad that Swinnerton was actually confined to his room. There was no better place for the man. So much for Flenger.

Zuroto, on the other hand, had plans of his own. Through Slenk and Swinnerton, he was possessed of every detail of the situation. It was because Zuroto told him to, that Swinnerton remained in his room. It was under Zuroto's direction that Swinnerton sent word to Flenger that he deemed it unwise for Paddy to call at the rooms to see him. Also it was under Zuroto's instructions that Swinnerton communicated with Flenger's attorney, explained his illness, and requested, in fact, demanded, that when the papers covering the transfer of the real estate were complete they be brought to him at his room.

Zuroto planned well. With the same Machiavellian cunning with which he had disintegrated the Flenger organization, he laid his plans for his own coronation as rum king. Poppolipis was a great help. The young man was endowed with the very sort of alert slyness which Zuroto needed. Too, he was absolutely fearless. He respected nothing that had to do with the rights of others. With his chief he laid and thoroughly rehearsed their plan.

"Mitchell and Baer," Poppolipis explained, "are the unknown quantities. We might be able to do business with Mitchell just as we did with Slenk. But I see no need of it. To approach him might scare him into trying tricks. He is more calm than Slenk. He thinks better. In no time he might start running booze on his own account, and that would mean competition for us."

"And Baer?" Zuroto queried. "What about him?"

Poppolipis shrugged. "We might as well look the facts in the face," he said. "There is no room for Mitchell, Baer or Flenger."

Zuroto laughed softly. "It is the truth. The funny thing about a murder charge is," he went on, "that it can't get any worse. You get just as much for bumping one man as you would an army."

"The thing to do," Poppolipis pointed out, "is to make them bump themselves. Through Slenk, we can arrange with Flenger, Mitchell and Baer to convoy some of their own trucks. It would be easy."

"It would indeed," Zuroto laughed pleasurably. "We could arrange for the three of them to be at the garage where Dutch has been storing his stuff. Then we could gang them, and who would be the wiser?"

"It should be done," Poppolipis said, "on the very day that Swinnerton gets the papers and is ready to transfer the breweries. Before Flenger knows what has happened, we will be the corporation he thought he was going to be. Before he gets a chance to find out what's happened" he paused a moment—"we'll meet him at Dutch's garage."

"That still leaves Swinnerton," Zuroto said speculatively.

"I have a little scheme for him too," Poppolipis smiled. "There's bound to be a pretty big noise after we bump those three."

"As long as you're on the subject," Zuroto interrupted, "Slenk himself does not fit any too well into my plans."

"Well" Poppolipis laughed—"what matter whether one or four—or fifty? As long as we are doing it."

"Tell me about Swinnerton," Zuroto suggested. "It looks like we're on the right track. If we can put them all out of the way at once, how can anybody get to us?"

"It's all or none," Poppolipis agreed. "I thought the best bet would be to have Swinnerton kill himself. Not

Continued on Page 28

In Chicago's smartest suburb, her dinners are *outstanding events..*

Cecilia Benner, celebrated "professional" cook of Lake Forest, Illinois. Among her many distinguished patrons are

MRS. PAUL WILDER
MRS. W. SCOTT LINN
MRS. TRACY BUCKINGHAM
MRS. HOWARD PEABODY
MRS. EDWARD HASLER
MRS. WILLIAM MITCHELL BLAIR
MRS. J. T. BOWEN, JR.
MRS. FARWELL WINSTON
MRS. EDWARD BIRMINGHAM
MRS. LESLIE WHEELER
MRS. CHARLES GLORE
MRS. W. E. CLOW, JR.

Cecilia Benner, famous *"professional"* cook to the fashionables of Lake Forest, *gives her recipe for a favorite entrée*

Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon *are delicious as an entrée or as a main dish for dinner or luncheon. Mrs. Benner here gives her recipe (above at right) simplified for a family of six.*

Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon

Wash 4 lbs. of spinach and boil 25 minutes in ½ pint water. Put through a strainer and chop very fine. Then add 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. cream, 1 tbsp grated onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Pack in individual molds. Place molds in a pan of water and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.) Turn out molds on a platter and wrap each with one or two strips of broiled Premium Bacon. Garnish with parsley and deviled eggs, cut in quarters

HOW many notable and charming dinners she has prepared in Lake Forest—this village of beautiful homes and princely estates!

For years Cecilia Benner has been the best known "professional" cook in Chicago's smartest suburb. Among her patrons are many of the noted families in the world of fashion.

On important occasions when the hosts wish to outdo themselves—for stately dinners or informal luncheons, it is Cecilia Benner who is called in. She plans the menu, decides what kind of food to buy, and cooks the main dishes herself.

One of her celebrated dishes

Among the many successful dishes which Mrs. Benner has served at brilliant dinners is the entrée described on this page. Velvety green spinach molds circled with dainty, golden-brown strips of bacon. So exquisite to look at—so delicious to taste!

When telling how to prepare this entrée, Mrs. Benner says: "For the correct mingling of flavors that means the success of this dish, I always use a particular kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Its unusual delicacy and mildness blend deliciously with other foods, and yet it is distinctive. I never could mistake any other brand for Premium. I always use it in all my cooking, whether in my own home or for entertainments."

In these words Mrs. Benner is only echoing the choice of wise housewives the country over. They know and appreciate the rare goodness of Premium, its special, savory mildness, its uniform proportioning of fat and lean. For the daily breakfast, or to serve in tempting combination dishes for lunch and dinner, they are careful to choose Premium.

Does your family know the rich, appetizing flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon? To them, as to the distinguished patrons of this famous cook, it will mean added pleasure at the table.

Swift & Company.

As an entrée for a formal dinner Mrs. Benner serves the Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon on rounds of toast and broiled tomato with thick cheese sauce. The dish is garnished with grenadine pears

Premium Bacon comes in 1 lb. and ½ lb cartons or in the whole slab. If you buy the slab, look for the name "Swift" branded in dots down the side

Swift's Premium Hams *and* Bacon

(Continued from Page 26)

suicide, understand, but something that he'd do by himself so that we wouldn't have to be near him when he got the bump."

"Have you thought it out?" Zuroto asked.

"Well," Poppolipis grinned, "you know that big green car of his? He used to drive it all over town. He never used a chauffeur. He'd rather drive that car than anything I know of."

Zuroto nodded.

"I thought we might have Gastroni fix up one of his little pills."

"You mean drop a bomb under this alderman when he's on the road?"

"Not exactly. It seems so easy to me," Poppolipis said. "The car is in a private garage back of his apartments. It would be a cinch to lay Gastroni's pill in on the motor and run a wire to the starting button. After that the alderman could take care of things himself!"

Zuroto gave the matter some consideration. His jet-black eyes danced. "Transfer the breweries and the distillery in the afternoon," he said slowly, as though rehearsing the plan; "treat Flenger, Mitchell, Baer and Slenk to a dose of machine gun ——"

"That's it," Poppolipis interrupted enthusiastically. "There's something dramatic about a machine gun. It's a lot better than just bumping a man with a rod. It sounds like armies. The noise and the bigness of it is important. We could use the ones that have been riding the trucks from over the line."

Zuroto nodded agreement. "Exactly! Then"—continuing his rehearsal of the plans—"just a telephone call to Swinnerton, telling him that Flenger has been in a jam and is shot up. It'd be easy to make the alderman believe that Flenger was apt to talk if he didn't get to him at once. That would take him out to his automobile. Then—pouf! Everybody dangerous to us is gone and there's nobody to talk!"

So it was that Zuroto was content to wait for the passing of the papers. More than content. He waited, in fact, as impatiently as Flenger, though his waiting was less sustained by a fool's paradise.

XIII

SWINNERTON was in pajamas. When Poppolipis entered his apartment he had difficulty in concealing his amazement at the changed appearance of the alderman. The erstwhile boss was emaciated. His popping eyes were lusterless. The once pink chins and florid cheeks had seared in the fires of fear. His skin was like a shroud abundantly draped over his features. His face gave the appearance of a semideflated balloon. The lips hung away from the teeth.

"You're looking better," Poppolipis managed to say.

Swinnerton tossed a hand in the direction of a whisky decanter.

"Have a drink," he mumbled. "The papers are here. I'm glad that Flenger ain't going to get them. I hate that fellow, Flenger. Can't stand a man that won't be on the level with his friends. You and Zuroto are different. You'll keep my name out of this thing."

Poppolipis helped himself to a drink, less because he wanted one than to cover his embarrassment at finding the alderman in such a condition.

"Sure," he said after clearing his throat, "you just got in with the wrong bunch, alderman. Just as soon as Flenger knows that you're in with us you can give him the air."

"He's a bad actor," Swinnerton whined. "He'd kill you, that fellow."

"Don't do any worrying about that," Poppolipis reassured him. "A fellow that'd cross a friend is bound to be yellow in the pinch."

"He ain't yellow. Not that man. He killed Dopey Hiller."

"Well, you quit worrying about him," Poppolipis said. "From now on you're in with us. That means you're safe."

"By the goda, I hope so," Swinnerton mumbled.

"How about those papers?" the younger man asked.

"They're here," Swinnerton nodded. "We got to make an appointment with the lawyer to take our oaths on the corporation stuff. But everything's here—the title and sale contract. It's all written up."

"Let me see it," Poppolipis said eagerly. He took the legal document, impressively wrapped in blue paper, stamped and sealed with the guaranty of the title-search company. He glanced over it carefully. Affixed to it was the contract to sell and to purchase. This instrument needed nothing but signatures. As he examined them a smile crept about his lips

Swinnerton was fingering the articles of incorporation along with a typewritten copy of by-laws. These Poppolipis ignored.

"We won't need any lawyers, Mr. Alderman," he explained, walking to a desk where he found pen and ink. He dipped the pen and carried it to the alderman. While the popping eyes of the politician blankly followed the gestures, Poppolipis spread out for signature the contract of sale.

"You sign right here," he said, tapping the paper with his manicured nail, the other hand pressing the pen upon Swinnerton.

"But we don't transfer till the corporation's complete," Swinnerton protested.

"Yes, we do. We transfer right now. You sign here. I sign under it. That leaves Mr. Flenger out in the cold."

"But we are not passing any checks, any money," Swinnerton mumbled.

"The contract admits payment in full," Poppolipis said impatiently. "Why bother with checks? Who's going to ask any questions? I paid you in cash, that's all."

Swinnerton was shaking his head negatively in an endeavor to protest.

"It's the only way to beat Flenger," Poppolipis said. "To the outsider, what happened is this: Just as you were ready to transfer to the corporation I stepped in and offered you a bigger price. You took it. Who wouldn't? Flenger couldn't go to court with any contract to sell to the corporation, because who could appear as officers of the corporation? You got to use sense, Swinnerton."

(Continued on Page 76)

As He Raised the Glass Toward His Lips Someone Tried the Side Door. All Three Men Whirled Sharply

BLAZING AIR TRAILS in South America. Lieut James Doolittle in a Mobiloil-lubricated Curtiss Hawk has been opening up air routes in Brazil. He was the first to fly over the dangerous, snow-capped Andes range.

AROUND THE WORLD with Mobiloil. Clairemore Stinnes, daughter of the late German industrialist, stops off at the Mobiloil sign in Damascus, Turkey, on her tour of the world.

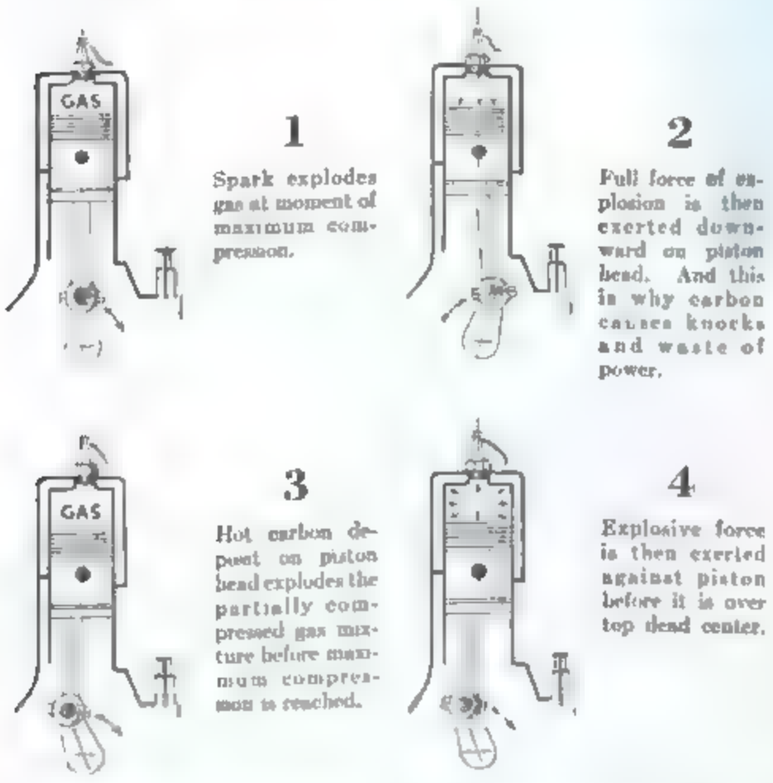
SHOOTING HIGH. Cannon Ball Baker, holder of the round-trip coast-to-coast stock car record, has now broken the up-Mt Washington and Lookout Mountain records, driving Mobiloil lubricated Franklin stock cars.

What causes carbon knocks?

⟨Anti-knock gasoline only *conceals* them⟩

When your engine knocks, you can drown out its cry of warning with anti-knock gasoline, but remember this:

Carbon deposit—*the cause of all the trouble*—is still there. And carbon is one of the dangers that speeds your engine on the way to noisy, feeble old age before its time.


GAS
1
Spark explodes gas at moment of maximum compression.
2
Full force of explosion is then exerted downward on piston head. And this is why carbon causes knocks and waste of power.
GAS
3
Hot carbon deposit on piston head explodes the partially compressed gas mixture before maximum compression is reached.
4
Explosive force is then exerted against piston before it is over top dead center.

Carbon collects when you use a lubricating oil poor in quality—or one not "fitted" to your engine. It works past the pistons excessively and burns, leaving a carbon deposit which "builds up."

Carbon on the piston heads may become so hot that it explodes the partially compressed gas before the piston reaches the top of its compression stroke, before the spark plug sparks.

For example, in a carbon-free engine, the ignition spark and the gas explosions are timed with the piston strokes.

Of course no oil can eliminate gas knock due to mechanical defects or misadjustment. But with Gargoyle Mobiloil in your crankcase the very small amount of oil which may work past the pistons burns cleanly in the combustion chambers, eliminating excessive carbon accumulations and preserving the engine power.

Mobiloil's exceptional freedom from carbon deposit is due to two things:

(1) The various grades of Mobiloil are "fitted" to the varying needs of different makes of engines.

(2) Mobiloil is made only from the highest quality crudes.

You are always sure with—

The World's Quality Oil

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this chart your guide

The winter recommendations specified on this chart should be followed from freezing (32° F.) to 0° F. Below 0° F use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Model T use "E")

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
Auburn, 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	..	..	A	Arc.	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chrysler 4-cyl.	..	..	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	..	..	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	..	..	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Ford Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	..	..	..	..
Model T	..	..	..	..	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	....	...
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	..	..
" other models	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72 90 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc.	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stearns Knight 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	..	..	..	..
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	..	..
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc

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Mobiloil

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It matters not how low the price—the beauty which price cannot procure is always the dominant attribute of every motor car which is equipped with Body by Fisher.

Furthermore, in every price division, Fisher brings within the range of every purse the same fine basic standards of construction which prevail in building the highest priced bodies—and endows those bodies with rare and unrivaled style, beauty and comfort.

That is the simple reason why, in every price division, the car which appeals most strongly to your desire for outstanding style, beauty and comfort is always fitted with Body by Fisher.

Of course, underlying public appreciation of grace of line, harmony of proportioning and unique skill in the use of colors, is the fact that everyone *knows* that a Fisher body is a better body in basic structure. This is only to be expected, for Fisher pioneered closed body building nearly twenty years ago—and continues to be the pioneer.

Fisher first created the closed body at reasonable prices twenty years ago—and in every price division today, Fisher is creating new, finer beauty, durability and body value in the brilliant cars which are listed herewith.

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SOME FACTS ABOUT DRY ENFORCEMENT—By Remsen Crawford

SAYING that prohibition cannot be enforced in the United States is about the same as saying that a democracy is powerless to enforce its own laws. Has the American mind been so dulled by pessimism: has the American spirit been so chilled by defeatism as to make this admission?

The majority of the people want prohibition to get a further and fairer trial. The platforms of both major parties attested the will of the nation in no mistakable terms. In every locality the voters knew pretty well the present conditions resulting from the operation of the law thus far knew its good results, knew its failures. In many local communities it was known, and still is fully known, that if the failures of the prohibition law are not checked in time the inevitable result can be nothing short of administrative *pro tanto* repeal. Clearly, then, the majority in this greatest of democracies has selected a government personnel to which it intrusts the responsibility of tracing these failures to their true causes, wherever that may lead, and making such changes in prohibition enforcement as will bring better results. What is the first step?

Customs Agents Unloading Torpedo-Shaped Booze Containers From a Captured Rum Boat at the Barge Office, New York City. The Torpedoes Were Equipped With Buoyant Appendages So as to Enable Them to Float Half Submerged

Optimism From All Sides

IF YOU ask a member of the Coast Guard he will say: "Put more picket boats on the Lakes." If you ask one of the numerous prosecuting attorneys, state or Federal, he will say: "Give us more jail sentences instead of fines for the offenders we convict." If you ask a customs agent he will say: "Our duties have been doubled; now double our men." If you ask the border patrol, Uncle Sam's baby in the armed forces, they will say: "Jump us from 800 to 3000 men and give us faster cars along the boundaries." If you ask the Department of Justice the answer will be: "Just a few more rulings from the Supreme Court like the ones lately handed down and bootleggers will go out of business, or be put out." If you ask Dr. J. M. Doran himself, commissioner of the prohibition bureau, he will say: "Give us an awakening public conscience, plus concurrent power of state and Federal forces, and there will be no more howling about nonenforcement." And if you ask a good many senators and representatives in Congress and a great many ordinary citizens who have given the matter more than ordinary and casual consideration, this is the answer you will get:

"Take prohibition enforcement out of the Treasury Department, where it has never belonged, and place it in the Department of Justice, where it does belong."

There is much in the official records to establish the correctness of each and every one of these answers. They are not divergent. The best thing about them is the note of optimism they bring from every branch of the Government that has anything to do with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. "It can be done" is the slogan of every service.

Whether the new Administration will urge the transfer of prohibition enforcement from its present allocation as a bureau of the Treasury Department may not have to "remain to be seen." There is an undercurrent of belief at Washington that Congress may not wait for any presidential urge, but may pass such a measure before March fourth. That there is too much lost motion in the present system has long been acknowledged in committee rooms and upon the floors of Senate and House. In fact, prohibition enforcement was still in its infancy away back in 1921—just one year old and then under the Wilson Administration—when Representative William R. Wood, of Indiana, a firm believer in the law, sounded the first alarm that a serious blunder had been made in placing it with the Treasury Department instead of the Department of Justice, which has to do exclusively with law enforcement. In a speech in the House of Representatives, January 10, 1921, Mr. Wood had this to say:

> In my opinion, and I think in the opinion of every man who is cognizant of the facts, we made a very great mistake when we lodged the responsibility for the enforcement of this act in the Department of Internal Revenue. It should have been in the Department of Justice, for it is a law-enforcement proposition. All that the Internal Revenue Bureau has to do with it is a mere bagatelle, almost negligible—the collection of the taxes that may be assessed and would be assessed or should be assessed upon liquor duly sold. It should be the duty of the Department of Justice to report this to the Treasury Department. Now, here is the result of this inconsistent proposition: The enforcement of the Volstead Act is a farce in every locality in this country. . . . I am a friend of this measure and I want to see it properly enforced, and my prime purpose in suggesting that it be transferred to the Department of Justice is that it may be enforced and that we can have some place where we can lodge the responsibility for its enforcement
>
> —Congressional Record, 66th Cong., 3d Sess., pp. 1224-26.

Lieutenant Commander L. V. Perkins, U. S. Coast Guard, Bringing a Rum Runner to a Halt

What to Do

NOTHING was done about it. Perhaps because the Harding Administration was about to take charge and it was thought best not to embarrass the new head of the Department of Justice, Harry M. Daugherty, with the transfer. But two years later, when a bill was up for making a separate bureau for prohibition, further light was thrown upon the blunder discovered in the outset by Representative Wood. This came from John F. Kramer, first commissioner of prohibition under Wilson. Before the House Judiciary Committee, of which Andrew J. Volstead himself was chairman, these utterances were made:

> MR. VOLSTEAD: I did my best to get a prison sentence, but I could not get it.
>
> MR. KRAMER: I would like to touch on one other thing. This may be touched very lightly, but the further you get this thing away from politics the better off you are. There is nothing that hurts so much in the enforcement of this law as politics. We know, and it is no reflection, that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is one of the chief political assets of a political party. That is not saying anything that we do not all know, and if some man has a fellow he wants appointed, he will go to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who has a vast appointing power.
>
> —Printed Reports House Judiciary Committee, Feb. 19, 1923.

But when asked the direct question if he thought it would be better to place prohibition enforcement under the Department of Justice, the original prohibition commissioner said "No." This may be explained by the fact that by this time Attorney-General Daugherty was under fire. Charges against him were laid that same year before this same committee. Anyhow, Mr. Kramer continued to lay bare the deterring difficulties that beset prohibition enforcement in its early stages, chained down as it was by the red tape of the Treasury Department. This, for instance:

> MR. KRAMER: You take the subject of seizing the breweries. We had some trouble with brewers making beverages. I could not seize the brewery, but it was absolutely important, when our men were there on the ground, that they should seize the

(Continued on Page 154)

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A marvelous car to ride in. Gloriously different to drive. Different in every phase of performance. In its wealth of power. In its breathless acceleration. In its soaring, pulse-stirring top speed.

★ ★ ★

And what a car mechanically! What a host of examples of fine motor car design. Typified by a big, smooth, silent engine. By a dynamically-balanced, counter-weighted crankshaft . . . exclusive patented rubber-cushioned engine mountings . . . Harmonic Balancer . . . G-M-R cylinder head . . . cross-flow radiator . . . accurately balanced "line of drive."

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It's easier than ever to handle . . . easier than ever to drive. With its improved type steering mechanism . . . its new, large diameter slender rim steering wheel . . . adjustable drivers' seats in all closed body types . . . dirt-and-weather-proof internal four-wheel brakes.

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Cracked walls or ceilings may unjustly suggest lack of self-respect, niggardliness, or even straitened finances.

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A TWOSOME IN TROUBLE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

AFTER all," remarked Sam, pulling on his right sock, "when you come right down and analyze it, what is there in life outside golf?"

"Nothing," I admitted.

"Take marriage."

"Pooh," I said. "Anyone can get married."

"Take business," Sam continued, hauling away at his other sock.

"You take it."

"Politics," he murmured and I merely sniffed.

We have both realized for many years that golf is the important thing in our affairs. To other people other items may have their significance, but to the truly understanding mind there is nothing beyond golf. Certain individuals, usually ladies, do not perceive this great truth, so we steer clear of them.

"Golf," I said earnestly, "is what makes the world go round. It makes weak people strong and strong ones stronger. It lengthens the span of human life, keeps countless thousands out of mischief, nations from war and mankind from reverting to barbarism. I certainly am glad I am a golfer."

"We are a land of golfers today," Sam pointed out. "Look what we do to the British every time they oppose us."

"And the Scotch. Personally I wish I could play a better game."

"Don't mention it," Sam pleaded. "Makes me feel sad. I see now that I began golf too late in life. My one great mistake—didn't start as a child." He sighed heavily, sitting there in the Blue Lake locker room amid his underwear.

Though I do wish heartily that I were a better golfer, and I am first-rate as it is, I have never mourned because fate kept me out of the championship class. Not so Sam Corliss. Sam actually yearned to be a champion. For several years he had hopes, blissful dreams of leading the world from tee to tee.

Sam is exactly thirty and I happen to be a few months younger. We are correctly regarded as the best two-man team in Cheltenham Village, where we reside, and have had our photograph in the Sunday papers, Sam leaning against me and pretending to scowl at a score card. I mean to say we are, as everyone knows, the legitimate local champions and have demonstrated our mettle in many a grueling joust. Sam shoots about seventy-five. I shoot close to seventy-six. Local observers expect these figures from us, and rarely do we disappoint our admirers in Cheltenham.

We realize now, of course, that we will never get any better as the years go wallowing on, and that we are sure to slip, little by little, crumbling before the remorseless advance of Time. The day will come, no doubt, when we both will be down in the disgraceful eighties, staggering along with the other duffers, but that time is not yet, thank heaven.

Sam is a fatalist about it. He knows now that he can never be a world's champion, like Walter Hagen, and have his picture taken shaking hands with the Prince of Wales. A man must shoot a seventy-two if he wishes to be a world's champion, and do it consistently and habitually. As stated, Sam is a seventy-five man, just three strokes away from world renown, and three strokes are not much in a boat race, but those three between seventy-five and seventy-two are the same as three million light years to a stargazer.

"Tell Her, Jerry," Sam Begged in a Hoarse Voice. "Tell Her All"

Passing thirty, a balanced man can no longer expect to conquer the gap, and so Sam has placed his hopes upon the shoulders of his son. Being unable to crack the American championship himself, Sam has already arranged for his son to do so, and the jolly part about this is that Sam has no son. He talks of this gifted offspring with the same calm assurance that marks him when he discusses his roadster, which is a very good roadster.

The idea is to start in training the lad at the age of four, hand him over to a Scotch pro named either Jock or Sandy, feed him with a niblick, wash him in locker rooms, carry him around in a golf bag, put a pair of golf pants on him and sick him on the world's best while he is still a mere puling youth. Sam has thought it all out, detail by detail.

"My son," he often assured me, either crocked or sober, "cannot help being the American champion, because we Corlisses have golf in our blood. Had I started early enough I should have been a champion myself."

"It will be a great joke on the United States," I said, "if you have a daughter."

"Don't be a fool," said Sam, who is testy about it.

There are perhaps two dozen golf courses in and about Cheltenham, which is a smart Westchester village of tree-lined avenues, handsome homes and eight-cylinder automobiles. The various clubs have their own champions and their own two-men teams, and for years Sam and I have been slapping them down with great regularity. To be sure, we have our off days. Sam, a perfect gentleman, goes and gets himself crocked on occasions, which utterly destroys his game the next day and saddens me.

"Why don't you stop this nonsense?" I demand, whenever he shows up at Blue Lake that way

"You don't know Kathryn," he always answers sadly, referring to a current flame, for although he blathers a good deal about his gifted son, he isn't even married yet.

"I do know Kathryn," I tell him.

"You don't know her as I know her."

He then moans in a hollow voice, to show me how he knows her, and on these codfish days, if we happen to face an important match, we go down to inglorious defeat. We lose huge sums of money. We lose silver mugs. Our club mates at Blue Lake call us unkind names and everything is dismal.

"I'm no good," Sam is prone to say on such days, "but you wait. My son, Sam, will show the world some golf. You wait."

"I do hope your son has more sense than you have," I tell him. "If not, they will have to keep golf clubs away from him, for he will only hit himself on the head."

The Kathryn Briggs referred to—Sam's Kathryn—resides in Cheltenham in a red brick mansion covered with ivy and one brick smaller than the high school. She is so rich that nobody ever mentions it. I heard the figures once and they're just plain silly. Kathryn has passed the first trembling flush, where the brook and river meet, but she is still blooming and enthusiastic, and one of her high enthusiasms is the movies. The house is full of photographs of California gentlemen making love with both hands.

Sam was spectacularly fond of her and paid official visits every Wednesday and Friday evening; a fact that was aging me before my time. Those Wednesday and Friday night love calls at the red brick house were slowly undermining my health and giving me a haggard mien. Ask me why. Good. Because like all fond lovers, Kathryn and Sam had their little tiffs, common, ordinary, lovers' quarrels, originating usually in the veriest trifles.

On fight evenings at the Briggs' home, Sam always left his lady, rode gloomily away in his car and got crocked, which is his only weakness, and the next day, either Thursday or Saturday, regular, standard, unvarying golf days at Blue Lake, he was certain to appear still partly crocked or else shaking like an aspen. One cannot play good golf when one's insides are all ready to roll over every time one bends over a putt. Suffering the agony as long as I could, I finally appealed to the maiden.

"Kathryn," I said, "will you do me a great favor?"

I have known her for years. She looked at me suspiciously, feeling sure Sam had put me up to something.

"Probably not. What is it?"

"Will you have Sam call on you Tuesday and Thursday nights instead of Wednesdays and Fridays?"

"A strange request," she said. "Why should I?"

I elucidated. I drew a pitiful portrait of Sam on Thursdays and Saturdays, with a money match facing us, or even a championship.

"How utterly absurd," she said, for she does not know that golf is the greatest thing in the world. "Certainly not. My evenings are taken and if Sam doesn't wish to call he knows what he can do."

By stating that her evenings were taken, Kathryn meant the movies. The man has to put her out nights, along with the theater cat. I swear, I believe she writes letters to the great lovers of the Pacific Coast and asks them if it is true they wear pink silk next to their skins.

Unable to achieve any change in Sam's courting schedule, I bade Kathryn adieu and our golf life staggered onward as before. Sometimes Sam would come through with his brilliant seventy-five, hitting the ball true and far. Other days he would totter about the pretty course, slapping little, puny shots and taking pills. It hurt me to see that a man who adored the great game could so profane it.

By mere chance, one of those happy accidents of life, I encountered Ramos Doloro, the moving-picture fellow. The meeting occurred in a New York hotel that specializes in movie trade, and I stared in admiration at Mr. Doloro and his shining black hair. He had a beautiful mustache, but not much chin.

I was instantly alert, for here was one of the he-men of the silent theater whom Kathryn Briggs had enshrined in her heart. Scattered about her home were half a dozen of his photographs and she had told Sam and me that Ramos was heaven's outstanding gift to the gentler sex. As I shook hands with him a little baby thought wiggled its toes at me.

"Mr. Doloro," I asked, "are you a married man?"

"No," he replied. "I have only my art."

"Do you play golf?"

"Very poorly."

"Would you care to play the finest course in America?" He replied that he would be delighted, seeing he needed exercise. "And," I added pleasantly, "meet a very lovely girl indeed—a warm admirer, by the way?"

At this his eyes lighted up and I gave him a few interesting facts about Kathryn Briggs, mentioning the photographs. He listened with the serene smile of a man accustomed to adulation and asked but one question.

"Has she any money?"

"Seven million," I replied, and I could feel him doing mental arithmetic.

Later in the day, which was neither Wednesday nor Friday, I communicated with Kathryn, saying I was having a gentleman to play golf and inquiring if I might bring him to her house for dinner.

"Who is he?"

"Ramos Doloro," I said in triumph.

"Oh," she said, her voice fluttering, "how delightful!"

She hung up in a glow of maidenly rapture and presumably commanded the cook to dash out and prepare a meal for a hero. At seven o'clock that evening we presented ourselves, the golf being over, and also being nothing to mention. Kathryn greeted us excitedly, wearing the flame-colored tulle that so startled Cheltenham. She looked lovely and I felt sorry for Sam and ashamed of myself.

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Ramos Doloro," I said, and in faltering tones Kathryn said she was charmed. Ramos announced that he was charmed. Before walking in to dinner I had a private word in Kathryn's ear.

"Funny thing," I whispered. "I always thought he was a married man. He isn't. Never been married. Isn't he the handsome dog?"

That meal was one of the gastronomic successes of the summer season, and I have never seen two people take to each other with such speed. When the roast duckling came on, it was plain to everyone that I was no more needed in the room than a heavy charge of mustard gas, and toward the coffee Ramos left his chair and sat beside Kathryn, the better to show her how he had scarred his thumb in a movie explosion. There being no more night work ahead of me, I excused myself with a laughing remark and wended my way, leaving love's young dream to grow feverish.

They must have enjoyed a memorable evening, and I take little credit for the romance. It was like lighting a tub of gasoline with four matches. At Doloro's hearty invitation Kathryn went into town next day to watch him make a personal appearance while hundreds of ladies applauded, and on Wednesday night, when Sam called to have his usual lover's spat, the maid informed him Miss Briggs was over in Newark, where a gentleman was doing a little personal appearing.

The courtship was swift. Kathryn wrote Sam a sweet letter, saying that a girl never truly knows her mind until the right man comes along and Sam immediately got crocked. Newspapers heard of the interesting affair and Ramos gave interviews, admitting his contemplated marriage with a Westchester heiress, but assuring the public he would return to his art after a honeymoon in Europe. The tabloids fell into their usual convulsions, and upon a summer's day Miss Kathryn Briggs bought her trousseau, packed her trunks and sailed for Italy with her new husband. It was one of the first weddings where you can hear the church bells ringing in the news reel.

Now that it is over, I admit it was a scurvy trick to play upon a boyhood pal, but after all, golf is golf and must be protected. I did what I did for Sam's good. It is true he went into an alcoholic decline, but emerged in time, as I knew he would.

"Sam," I said, "everything that happens is for the best. The day will come when you will be glad Kathryn married a film hero."

"Possibly," he said, looking haggard. That afternoon he stepped out and shot an eighty-five, which is fair going for a man whose life has been blasted.

Within a week from the day Kathryn Briggs sailed off with her he-man, Sam looked around sentimentally and began paying court to Alice Wimpenny, who lived with her father and mother and was quite young. The Wimpennys happened to be newcomers in Cheltenham and Sam met the daughter at a club dance, falling in love with her at once and before he knew her name.

"Jerry," he said, "I want you to meet this girl, because she's wonderful"

"No doubt," said I, praying she was the sort who would avoid battling with him, and thus help us in our fairway struggles.

"She has the bluest eyes," he continued in a rapture, "and she's delightfully young. You must come up with me."

He kept at it, and there being no escape, I went up to the Wimpenny home, sat on the Wimpenny sofa, studied Sam's new sweetheart, and saw at once that my partner would have to watch himself. The Wimpennys were select people who disapproved of the younger generation and its proneness to loose conduct. Old Man Wimpenny was president of the League Against Turpitude, which was fighting modern laxity in a serious way, and Mrs. Wimpenny said early in the evening that no good was going to come of practically anything.

I glanced at Sam, who has his moments of laxity, and was cheered with the reflection that this new sentimental alliance might keep him on the straight and narrow. Likewise, I beheld the blue-eyed Alice, who seemed quite wild about Sam and sat beside him, holding his hand and looking foolish.

It was not a jolly evening for me, and to make matters worse, Alice entertained us with the album. Usually I can escape from album showers. Sam began turning pages with the bogus enthusiasm of a fond swain looking at his lady love's relations.

"My sister Martha," explained Alice, pointing.

"Very interesting," said Sam, and I mumbled.

"This is Agnes," continued the maiden, snuggling up against Sam, and we moved slowly through the album, learning that Alice had seven sisters, all older and all married

"And not only that," said Alice, "but mother had seven sisters too. I have often wished for an uncle, instead of so many aunts."

I thought nothing of it at the time, and the evening wore to its natural close. Sam rode me home in his bounding roadster and was strangely silent until he reached my place

"Jerry," he said, "that was rather strange, wasn't it?"

"What?"

"About Alice. Odd that she should have seven sisters and no brothers."

"Come to think of it," I admitted.

"And her mother with seven sisters, too, and no brothers. I forgot to ask about her grandmother. Probably eight sisters."

He drove away in a meditative mood, clashing his gears, and next morning I departed from town to play in a mixed foursome down on Long Island. Returning on Friday evening, primed to step up Saturday at Willow Valley and take on Roy Howell and Paul Adams, two crack players, the first sight that greeted me in Cheltenham was my golfing partner of the morrow. He was in full evening

It Was Not a Jolly Evening for Me, and to Make Matters Worse, Alice Entertained Us With the Album

Continued on Page 93

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Designed upon nature's infallible laws of motion, the perfected ball bearing has proved itself invaluable to industry. *For nothing rolls like a ball*—and no ball rolls easier, truer and with less friction than a marvelously accurate sphere of highly polished steel.

Herein lies the reason for the unprecedented demand that has made New Departure the world's largest producers of anti-friction bearings for all industrial needs.

Wherever mechanisms revolve, the New Departure Ball Bearing has attained mastery over friction, wear and high upkeep expense. Makers of motor cars, airplanes, electric motors, electric household appliances, machine tools, farm machinery, mining machinery and many other devices that contribute to the world's progress—have proved conclusively that the New Departure Ball Bearing has the pre-eminent ability to give the utmost in service regardless of speeds and loads.

So universally is this fact accepted that it requires over 165,000 New Departure Ball Bearings daily to supply the demands of these manufacturers.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
The Largest Bearing Manufacturer in the World

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

By CASEY JONES

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

General Mitchell Welcomes Mr. Jones to an Air Show

NOW that news photographs are sent by wire, newspaper offices no longer call up Garden City 1580 and order an airplane every time a big story breaks. Because the facilities for wire transmission are available as yet only in the larger centers, we still pick up much business in flying photographs from the scene to New York for transmission from there, but this is merely a by-product of the business today.

In the dark years following the war, however, when we were trying to put airplanes to work for their living, the newspapers and news reels bought our bread and butter. The former began in the spring of 1919 to think up air stunts for dull days, always on the assumption that the front page was its own reward, and it needed two years to persuade them that we liked money. By then stunts had lost their novelty, but editors had discovered more useful ways of employing airplanes. From 1921 to 1925 every extraordinary news story that broke at a distance from New York set off an air race of cameramen and reporters.

"We" means, specifically, the Curtiss Flying Service and, generally, the other companies that blazed the trails of commercial flying. In 1910 the Curtiss Exhibition Company had been organized at Bath, New York, to do about anything with an airplane for which a customer might be willing to pay. That was the year that Glenn Curtiss won the New York World's $10,000 prize by flying down the Hudson from Albany in one day with two stops, the year that President Roosevelt went up at St. Louis in a Wright biplane with Archie Hoxsey, the year that Charles K. Hamilton flew to Philadelphia and back in one day.

Putting the Airplane to a New Use

UP TO the war the exhibition company had operated flying schools at Hammondsport, New York, Newport News and Miami, graduating such pioneers as Lincoln Beachey, Eugene Ely, Bud Mars and Bert Acosta. Mars had been a balloon parachute jumper; he is about the only pioneer stunter still living. Probably only Orville Wright, Mr. Curtiss, Charles F. Willard, General Foulois and J. A. D. MacCurdy antedate him in aviation.

The war had closed the exhibition company down. In 1919 John N. Willys, the Toledo motor car manufacturer, bought control of the Curtiss Company. In the following year it expended $2,000,000, including $200,000 in advertising, in an effort to commercialize the airplane, only to hit the ground in a flat spin in the general collapse of 1921, to be cast off by Mr. Willys and, with the rest of the industry, to live on its wits and the Army-Navy-air-mail dole for the next few years.

In this juncture I suggested a revival of the exhibition company and an experimental attempt at Roosevelt Field to do commercial flying. The suggestion was approved. We dug up a few old Jennies, several prewar, and opened a flying school and general-utility business, state and county fair stunting included.

The trade which became our mainstay developed by chance at Toledo on July 4, 1919, when two of our pilots who were delivering war surplus JN's from Louisville to Cleveland stopped at Toledo to see the Willard-Dempsey championship fight. Their presence inspired a newspaper to hire one to deliver fight pictures to Chicago, the other to Cleveland, that afternoon; the first use of planes for this purpose, I believe. After the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921 we dispatched four ships from West Side Park to Washington and mid-Western cities with news photographs and news reels, but it was the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, Montana, July 4, 1923, and the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New York two months later that were the high spots of this phase.

The Newspaper Enterprise Association paid us $16,500 for our services at the Shelby fight, the largest individual flying contract ever signed, and we flew pictures East, West and South to their members scattered over the country. That required arranging and the N. E. A. left the details to me. I first equipped a special ship with a gasoline capacity of 150 gallons for a nonstop flight from Shelby to Minneapolis, then flew it to Minneapolis, where I made my headquarters, and there turned it over to Ed Ballough, who went on to Shelby. In Minneapolis I contracted with the Curtiss Northwestern Company to fly the leg from Shelby to Minot, North Dakota, and from there to Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis, from where the pictures would be redistributed.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ADOLPH S. [illegible], SAN FRANCISCO

Archie Hoxsey About to Take Off at St. Louis in 1910 With T. R. as a Passenger

Air Lines

GOING on to Shelby, I found that any field in that high prairie region would serve for a landing, arranged for gas and oil, and continued to Spokane, where I hired Nick Namer, who was flying the Government forest patrol in Washington, to carry the pictures from Shelby to Spokane and the Northwest coast. At San Francisco I contracted with the Varney Company to pick up the photographs from Namer at Portland and fly them down the Coast. To insure another string to our westward kite, we hired a special train from Shelby to Salt Lake to connect there with the air mail. The region between Shelby and Utah is nasty flying country, but at Salt Lake I was able to induce Kenneth Unger to buy a ship and attempt the passage in the chance that, if he did get through, he would halve the time of the special train. Unger, who now is Travelair agent in New Jersey, was in my classes at Montclair Academy, where I was physical instructor before the war. He had joined the British air service and shot down twelve enemy planes.

We, therefore, had four ships at Shelby the afternoon of July Fourth—Namer's, Unger's, my special job with Ballough as pilot, and a Curtiss Northwestern plane. Four or five other companies had planes waiting and the competition promised to be warm. The fight was delayed several hours, costing us that much daylight, and the weather turned bad. One magneto went wrong on Ballough before he was well started. To put in a new one would require six hours, so he attempted to go on. Within two hours his spark plugs fouled and he was driven down, canceling the Minneapolis nonstop flight.

Of the dozen planes to start east, the only one to get through was the Curtiss Northwestern, which made Minot as scheduled. There we had equipped a dark room and had waiting an extra plane in the event anything went wrong with Ballough. The next morning, therefore, we were able to send the developed pictures south to Omaha and on, and east to Minneapolis by the extra plane. Waiting at Minneapolis was Ed Ronne who was to relay the pictures to Chicago. The ship from Minot came in at three P.M., a mechanic jumped into the cockpit and passed out the packages to Ronne.

"Are you sure everything is out?" I asked the mechanic, and when he answered yes, waved Ronne on. He ran into a bad storm at Madison, Wisconsin, was forced down and overtaken by dark, continuing to Chicago at the first break of dawn the next morning and relaying the pictures there at breakfast time to W. L. Smith.

(Continued on Page 41)

Where Bearing Protection Begins

Into the electric furnaces go the components which later flow out as Timken Steel, the basis of Timken Bearings.

TIMKEN PROTECTION BEGINS HERE—in the steel itself, so totally toughened against wear that it finds no equal for this service.

TIMKEN PROTECTION CONTINUES—in motor cars, buses, trucks and industrial machinery. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings provide for true-running gears, shafts and wheels—proof against premature wear.

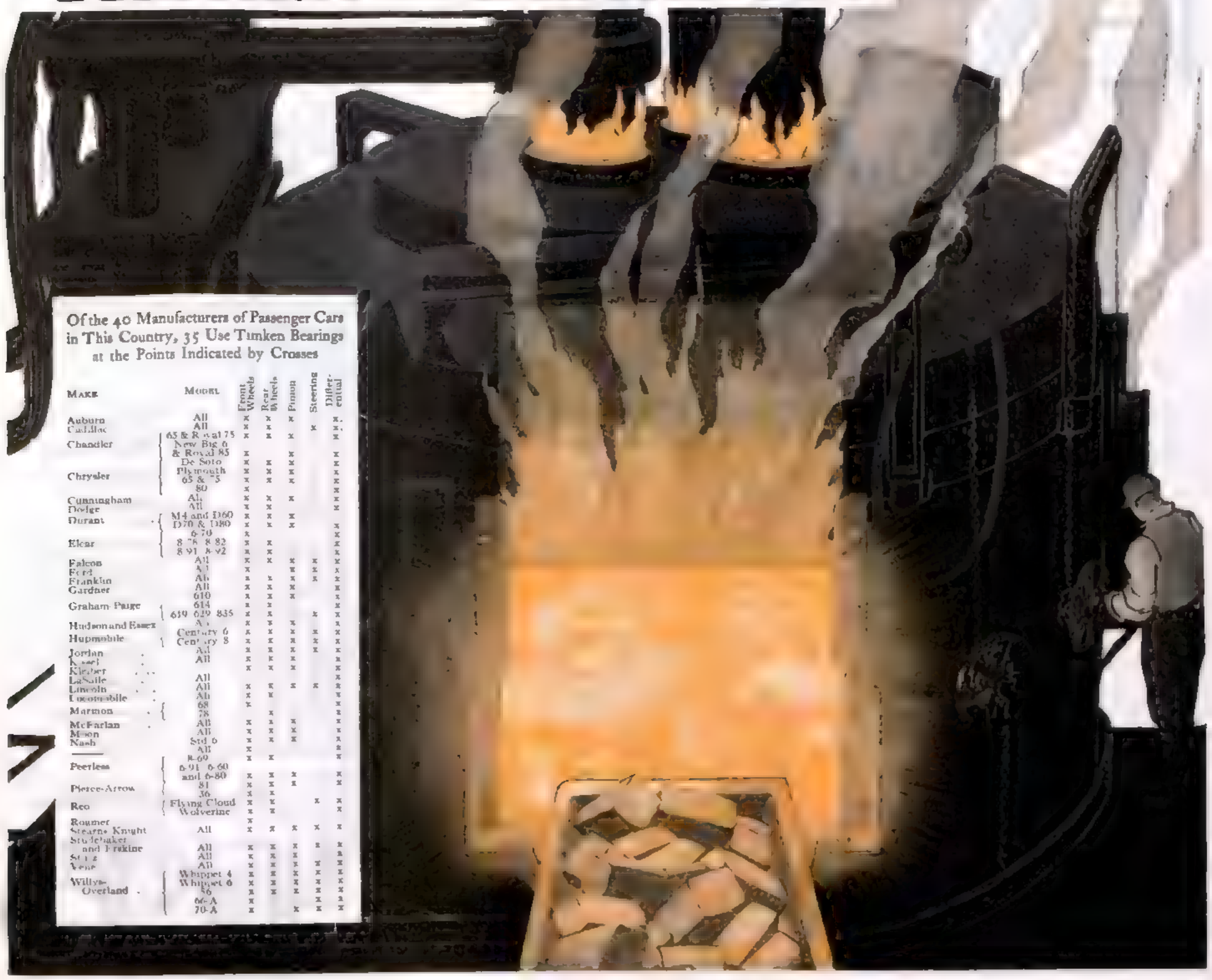
TIMKEN PROTECTION GOES FURTHER—Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* reduce friction; capably cope with thrust, shock and speed; and defy wear as miles and years go by.

To know these Timken advantages is worth while—to *get* them is worth money.

"Timken-Equipped" sums up the situation. It is a phrase alert engineers remember, live dealers stress and keen buyers use as a guide.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



Of the 40 Manufacturers of Passenger Cars in This Country, 35 Use Timken Bearings at the Points Indicated by Crosses

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	×	×	×	×	×
Cadillac	All	×	×	×		×
Chandler	65 & Royal 75	×	×	×		×
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	×				
Chrysler	De Soto	×	×	×		×
	Plymouth	×	×	×		×
	65 & 75	×	×	×		×
	80	×				×
Cunningham	All	×	×	×		×
Dodge	All	×	×			×
Durant	M4 and D60	×	×	×		×
	D70 & D80	×	×	×		×
	6-70	×				×
Elcar	8-78 8-82	×	×			×
	8-91 8-92	×	×			×
Falcon	All	×	×	×	×	×
Ford	All	×		×	×	×
Franklin	All	×	×	×	×	×
Gardner	All	×	×	×		×
Graham-Paige	610	×	×	×		×
	614	×	×			×
	619 629 835	×	×		×	×
Hudson and Essex	All	×	×	×		×
Hupmobile	Century 6	×	×	×	×	×
	Century 8	×	×	×	×	×
Jordan	All	×	×	×	×	×
Kissel	All	×	×	×		×
Kleiber		×	×	×		×
LaSalle	All					×
Lincoln	All	×	×	×	×	×
Locomobile	All	×	×			×
Marmon	68	×				×
	78		×			×
McFarlan	All	×	×	×		×
Moon	All	×	×	×		×
Nash	Std 6	×	×	×		×
	All	×				×
Peerless	8-69	×	×			×
	6-91 6-60 and 6-80	×	×	×		×
	81	×	×	×		×
Pierce-Arrow	36	×	×			
Reo	Flying Cloud	×	×		×	×
	Wolverine	×	×			×
Roamer		×				
Stearns-Knight	All	×	×	×	×	×
Studebaker and Erskine	All	×	×	×	×	×
Stutz	All	×	×	×		×
Velie	All	×	×	×	×	×
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	×	×	×	×	×
	Whippet 6	×	×	×	×	×
	56	×	×	×	×	×
	66-A	×			×	×
	70-A	×		×	×	×

ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

76 improvements—Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies—A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer; a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now it incorporates every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners. They include larger bodies, greater stability, big car advantages in appearance, comfort and performance.

You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price.

A million Super-Six owners who guided us to this achievement will be first to want to judge it. We are proud to present it to them—and to all motordom. Come inspect and drive it. Your endorsement will speak for the whole motoring world. And remember this price.

Seven Body Types

A BIG AND BETTER SIX

$695

and up—at Factory

(Continued from Page 38)

who flew east. A low-pressure area was moving east with our ships and dogged them all the way. Our time was slow as a result, but we beat everyone else by hours at that.

When Ronne took off from Minneapolis we rolled the Minot ship into the hangar to gas it, and there a mechanic noticed what appeared to be a kit of tools under the gas tank. It proved to be the Pathé news reel in a canvas bag. We had a further contract with Emmanuel Cohen of Pathé, now of Paramount, to carry his reels east, and every half hour from daybreak he had telephoned from Chicago to ask if the Minot ship was in.

"Fill her up and I'll take it on," I told them, and started without maps, helmet, goggles or any equipment. I needed none. The motor had been balking on the last stages of the trip from Minot, the pilot told me. I took off over a row of trees, to have the motor quit and I barely had height and momentum enough to coast back to the field.

There was no other ship on the field, but a train left Minneapolis at six P.M., due to reach Chicago at seven the next morning. I dashed into the city by car and tried to persuade some member of the train crew to deliver the package, but the railroads and the Pullman company have a strict rule against this and I was forced to appeal to the good nature of a Pullman passenger. Then I had to call Cohen—than which I never have faced a more disagreeable task -and break the news to him, softening it with a promise to hold Ronne's ship at Chicago until his news reels arrived. The train was not far behind Ronne into Chicago and he carried the films east, three hours behind Smith.

Meanwhile Namer, bound west, was halted by darkness and storms at Spokane, continuing to Portland the next morning. There Davidson, a Varney pilot, met him and took off for California. Near Eugene, Oregon, he was driven down in the mountains, hit the tree tops and washed out his ship. The pictures were on the street in San Francisco Friday, nevertheless. Unger, heading from Shelby for Salt Lake, was forced down by a storm in a little mountain valley from which he took off at dawn, but he had the gumption first to telephone Salt Lake and ask that the air mail be held for his arrival. Being one of them, the air-mail people agreed to wait one hour and he dropped down on the Salt Lake field with five minutes to spare. Even with this delay he beat the special train by hours. After relaying the San Francisco pictures, Unger went on to Los Angeles, which then had no direct air-mail line. With 100 miles yet to go, he was forced down on the desert, but landed on the Union Pacific right of way, flagged the first down-bound passenger train and continued by rail.

The Butler Knew His Cue

TWO months later W. L. Smith made one of the greatest flights in the records in carrying pictures of the Dempsey-Firpo fight for us. Smith, now Eastern manager for National Air Transport, is a veteran who dates back to the New York-Washington experimental air mail. In his first year on this route he cracked up ten ships, due to untested equipment and untrained ground organizations. Most pilots would have called it a lifetime after that, but not Smith.

No one knows the country and the weather between New York and Cleveland as he does, and it was he we chose to take off from Van Cortlandt Park at 12:30 midnight by the light of two pails of burning gasoline to wing the pictures of the bout in which the Bull of the Pampas knocked Dempsey clear out of the ring only to have the champion bounce back in again. Smith had no running lights or other illumination excepting an electric torch with which to glance at his instruments occasionally.

There were no flashing lights or radio beacons to mark the night mail's path in those days, but Smith made Cleveland at four A.M., was in Chicago at eight o'clock and Omaha at one in the afternoon. We had figured that, with luck, he might make Omaha by dark, and accordingly had ordered a special train to run westward from there all night, developing the plates on the train and relaying them by airplane again at Cheyenne in the early morning. The train was not ready, of course, and Smith could have flown on to Cheyenne by dark, except for physical exhaustion. Kenneth Unger was waiting for the special at Cheyenne and jumped the pictures to San Francisco, where they were on the streets Sunday afternoon, a little more than forty hours after the finish of the fight.

One of the first news-picture jobs that fell to me was the flying of a photographer to Princeton to take air photographs of a football game in the fall of 1919. It was a beautiful day and there were no air rules as yet prohibiting flying low over a crowd. One end of the Princeton stadium was open and we got our pictures by diving into it and charging through so low that spectators would dodge involuntarily.

The company had a customer in Princeton who was having motor trouble with his ship. I traded planes with him and started back to Long Island with the mechanic. It was nearly dark and we had had four forced landings when I reached Miller Field, Staten Island, then the Vanderbilt private polo field. Not daring to go farther, I landed. The field already was in use as an emergency landing and the proprietor had left word with his house servants to see that visiting flyers were extended the courtesies of the manor.

As the ship stopped rolling, a butler appeared from the house. "Mr. Vanderbilt's compliments," he greeted us, "and will you have steak or chicken?" No stage butler ever made a more graceful speech. We took both.

The inauguration of President Harding opened the 1921 season, the Times hiring us to carry a special edition to Washington that morning and to bring back the news photographs. Between then and the Dempsey-Carpentier fight on July second, we built up a considerable air photographic business, making maps of New York, Newark and Philadelphia; a survey of the Erie from Port Jervis to Deposit, N. Y., and a survey of a power line over the mountains from Easton, Pennsylvania, to the Lackawaxen River, where a hydroelectric plant since has been built. Air surveys not only are less laborious and more informative than the old method but they have the further decisive advantages of being run without the knowledge of landowners, who always, as by reflex action, have marked up their land at the sight of a rod and transit.

The two championship fights in 1923, together with the death of President Harding in San Francisco and his funeral, and the Japanese earthquake, photographs of which we rushed across the continent, combined to make it our biggest year until then. Business off the field fell away again in 1924 and our only long-distance performance of note was the flying of 1000 pounds of New York newspapers to Cleveland every morning during the Republican National Convention.

The only news event on which we ever made a complete failure was the funeral of President Wilson in February of that year. Contracts called for six ships to be sent to Washington. Three shoved off at two o'clock of the afternoon before in icy rain and sleet. The first was driven down three miles away with its breather solidly coated with ice. The two following ships turned back immediately to Curtiss Field and barely made it. The field crew worked all night installing heaters on all six planes against a take-off at four o'clock the morning of the funeral. The morning dawned with a fog so thick that we couldn't see across the field, and at ten A.M., the latest possible moment, it had not moderated. No ship left the field.

The death of Floyd Collins in a Kentucky cave, and the naval airship Shenandoah disaster in Ohio were the high points of 1925. The former gave me as bad a day as ever I put in. At eleven o'clock at night Pathé telephoned an order for a ship to start for Dayton at daybreak to pick up the Collins pictures there. Until three A.M. I telephoned continuously in an unavailing effort to locate one of our pilots. Then, without going to bed, I went to the field and took off an hour before daybreak in the 150-gallon ship I had rigged up for the Shelby-Minneapolis flight. Just before shoving off I noted that the ship lacked a compass and took one from another plane without having time to compensate it.

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Casey Jones Delivering Gene Tunney by Air at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for His First Dempsey Fight

Low Bridge

IT WAS a miserable morning about the first of February, with a ceiling of not more than 600 feet. I cut across Long Island to the sea and followed the shore line south, waiting for daybreak. Dawn came over Perth Amboy, but fog blocked me and I made up my mind to fly over the fog bank by compass bearing. After traveling one hour due west by compass the fog began to break and I came down through a hole expecting to find mountains below. Instead I saw a perfectly flat plain which told me that I must be far to the south of the course. Picking up a railroad, I flew down over several stations to read the names, but all were unfamiliar and not on my maps.

Pointing the ship due north by compass, I came to a great river in twenty minutes and failed to recognize it, but following it up for a while, I saw Wilmington, Delaware, looming out of the haze. The compass was ninety degrees off and had taken me on a long detour through southern New Jersey. Had the fog not broken I should have been out to sea in another half hour or so, as west by the needle actually was due south.

The sensible thing to do, apparently, was to head for the Pitcairn Field, north of Philadelphia, for gas and the weather report, so I continued up the river, ignorant of the fact that a great suspension bridge was in construction between Philadelphia and Camden. It loomed out of the fog so abruptly that I had to fly under it. Then I failed to find Pitcairn, where I never had been; the country was snow-covered and under snow one field looks much like another. So I turned back to Hadley Field, New Brunswick, to get the air-mail weather report and to telephone the office. I had flown four hours and four hundred miles and was fifty miles from my starting point.

The office reported that Collins still was in the cave, news that I regretted on more than humanitarian grounds. A Hadley Field mechanic had checked the compass and I set a course due westward. The visibility was extremely poor, but I made Harrisburg without straying. Fifty miles west of Pennsylvania's capital the weather grew so thick that I couldn't see the mountains, though I knew from the bumps in the air and from my flying time that they were at hand. The best move seemed to be to cut south to the Potomac and follow it through the Cumberland water gap, flying low. I oozed over the ridges, found the river,

but the nearer I got to the Appalachian divide the worse the weather grew. In rain and spits of snow I wandered up one valley and down another in search of a spot where I might slip over the summit.

Eventually I found the National Road and flew so low that I was able to read a highway sign proclaiming that it was fourteen miles to a department store in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, Uniontown was on the other side of the mountain and the cement highway vanished up the mountainside in the fog. Having flown all day and having had no sleep the night before, I picked out a field, not so easily discoverable in that region, and landed.

Technically, the landing was perfect, but a calf had been tethered in the field. As a stake, the calf's owner had driven a crowbar into the ground, leaving three feet of it protruding. I did not see it and was astonished at the crash and rending. The crowbar had nicked the spreader bar neatly, then bitten an oval hole about three feet by one in the laminated wood fuselage.

So I trudged to a telephone and called up the office again. Yes, Collins still was in the cave, but the rescuers expected to reach him that night. I suggested that I stop at Moundsville, West Virginia—a field on the Army airway below Wheeling—and that the relay ship meet me there instead of at Dayton. Then I found a blacksmith, described the hole to him and had him cut a piece of thin sheet iron to measure. An orange crate begged from a local store served to back up the sheet iron, and I went to bed in the local hotel.

The next morning dawned clear and very cold. By 9:30 the fuselage was patched. It was hog-butchering day at a neighboring farm, and hot water being plentiful there, I borrowed enough to fill the radiator, drained the night before, and the able-bodied citizens took turns in cranking the cold motor. A stout fellow, a former air-service mechanic, succeeded after everyone else had failed.

In Too Much of a Hurry

WHILE I was working on the ship I heard the motor of an airplane, and looking up, saw, or seemed to see, a flying boat calmly sailing over the mountains. The Leviathan on the upper Potomac would have been no more startling and I had about put it down to hallucination when I learned later that it was the first of the Loening Amphibians being ferried to Dayton by the Army. As its name implies, this ship is designed both for land and sea; the landing gear is retractable and probably was drawn up out of view at the time. I made Moundsville at 12:30 noon and an hour later the ship from the cave arrived with the photographs. With a strong tail wind to ride, I landed at West Side Park, Jersey City, before dark, and the news reels made the late shows that night.

When the Army round-the-world flyers reached Greenland in August, 1924, on the home stretch, Bob Dorman, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, flew there to meet them. He and the other reporters and photographers returned from the North by destroyer, and the round-the-world ships being forced down at Portland by fog, the destroyer reached Boston first. Here Dorman pulled a fast one on his rivals, leaving the destroyer in the harbor on a speed boat for which he had arranged by radio. I was waiting on shore to fly the pictures to New York.

The Army had assigned a fast pursuit ship to do the same thing, but due to Dorman's enterprise, we got half an hour's start on Lieutenant Moffat, the Army pilot, and in spite of the fact that he made a new record of one hour and twelve minutes between Boston and Garden City, we beat him in by a length. Garden City, however, yet is some miles from the newspaper offices and the trick is to get the pictures to Manhattan.

We stopped at the field only long enough to change to a slow plane and to blow up an inner tube in which Dorman inserted his plates in preparation for dropping them into the East River to be picked up by a waiting speed boat. I tried to persuade him to divide his plates as a precaution, sending half of them in by train, but, like Cæsar, he was ambitious. He dropped all into the river and all broke.

Better luck attended the dropping of a news reel in a suitcase tied to a parachute at the Kinegram studio in Long Island City once. I aimed at a vacant lot back of the studio; my marksmanship was perfect. An employe walked out the back door of the studio, held up his arms and the suitcase settled gently into them without having touched the ground. I also have dropped, successfully, pictures by parachute in cans packed with excelsior.

Early on the morning of the Shenandoah disaster in September, 1925, calls for ships to fly reporters and cameramen to the scene began to pour in, and by afternoon we had contracted to send eight of our ships and had sublet contracts for two additional planes. I planned to remain on the job at Garden City, but with no more pilots available, I was forced to start west at three P.M. with two men from the World. We were the last away and it was growing dark when we made Pittsburgh. We were to have flown to Moundsville, West Virginia, on the Army airway and within fifty miles of the scene of the airship wreck, but overtaken by dusk, the passengers voted unanimously to stop at Pittsburgh. If you know your Pittsburgh, you appreciate that it is not a city designed for casual droppings-in from the air. I never had landed there, but I groped in the dusk and got down safely. The next morning's sun disclosed that we had come down on virtually the only possible spot within miles and that had we rolled another thirty yards we should have pitched off into one of the principal streets.

As difficult a task as ever was given us was the funeral of President Coolidge's father in mid-March, 1926. There was three or four feet of snow in Vermont, none on Long Island; we couldn't land on wheels there and we couldn't take off on skis here. But at Albany there was snow on the field, though not enough to prevent landing on wheels, so we strapped skis on the three planes and routed them by way of Albany, where they changed landing gear, one in six minutes. On skis they landed on a small frozen lake near Plymouth.

All three flew back the same day with photographs of the arrival of the presidential party, returned to Plymouth and brought back the pictures of the burial. On the second trip it was snowing and the weather was so bad that one plane was forced down in the Connecticut River valley and on getting off again, had to follow the river to the Sound and land on Curtiss Field on skis in the mud. The pilot accomplished this feat without damage to the plane, since when it has been done several times, most recently by Bill Winston on his return from Three Rivers, Quebec, with photographs of the burning of a convent.

Before starting, Winston had telephoned the mayor of Three Rivers to ask if there was snow there. Merely a flurry, the mayor had replied, so Winston, freshly from his native Texas and never having seen snow, took off with the usual landing gear. What Three Rivers terms a flurry turned out to be two feet of snow and men were all afternoon in packing a runway from which he could take off on wheels in the morning. That night a blizzard blew up and left two feet of fresh snow on the runway before daybreak. Winston had to wait until we could ship him skis from Garden City. He was one of four pilots to reach Greenely Island that spring, and he did it with a motor of only 160 horse power against 200 or more horse power in the three other successful planes. His only map was a sheet of paper on which he had made a tracing from a school geography picked up in Eastern Quebec.

The most eerie experience I ever have known in the air came on a very cold, still and clear morning in January at 10,000 feet in taking pictures of a total eclipse of the sun. We sent up eight ships with reporters and cameramen, still and movie, and though we had no heat in the hangars, all got away on time. One was a flying boat on the crank of which it was necessary to put a rope and six men before the motor turned.

I had a Pathé photographer assigned to get pictures at 10,000 feet of the moving edge of the moon's shadow. It was a new experience to both, naturally. A moment before totality I chanced to look at him. His face had turned a sickly yellowish green.

"So!" I thought. "This is a pretty time for him to pick out to keel over."

At the same moment he glanced back, to see the same ghastly yellow-green mask on my face. For a passenger to pass out is the passenger's hard luck; for the pilot to pass out is hard luck for both, and he was terrified. The death's head look, of course, was the usual light effect of an eclipse on the human skin, as dawned upon each of us in time. I do well to remember even the last names of photographers and reporters whom I have hauled, but were publicity measured by courage, these anonymous workmen who, in the routine of their jobs, have to fly with almost anyone in any equipment at any time would be heroes of the front page.

For Delivering Eggs to Your Front Door

EVEN more startling and certainly more inspiring was the scene that followed closely. We were over the Polo Grounds, the city lying below in its usual crepuscular aspect, when, as if by magic, a million pin pricks of light broke out like an incandescent rash over Manhattan and the Bronx. These were the city's lights, which had been burning all the while, but which we could not see at our great altitude until the darkness became greatest. It was an effect more impressive than the eclipse itself, though that had its moments at two miles up.

We have had some odd orders for planes in our time. Several years ago a groom was kidnaped at the Grand Central Station by his ushers, leaving the bride to depart alone on the Twentieth Century Limited, which is not overtaken by other trains. When released, the groom, with a resourcefulness boding well for his married life, telephoned us and we caught the train at Syracuse for and with him. The inventor of an indestructible egg crate hired us to drop it from 500 feet to see what would happen. We have dusted gypsy moths in New England with poison. During the New York parade of the German-Irish flyers the late Merry Merrill took up a broadcaster from WOR who followed the procession from the air and broadcast a running report of it.

Back in the spring of 1919 we accomplished the first airplane delivery of goods ever made, for a Newark department store, landing in the street in front of a home in Mineola like any other delivery truck. About 1923 the bootlegging trade began to bespeak our services, not for the running of liquor, but for the spotting of ships. One of our stock jobs is that of creating artificial wind storms with propellers for the movies. D. W. Griffith rented twelve planes for a wind storm in the Royal Girl. We did the flying for George Arliss in the film version of the Green Goddess, but our biggest movie job took me to the Canadian Rockies in February, 1923, for the making of Unseeing Eyes, directed by E. H. Griffith. The stars were Lionel Barrymore and Seena Owen; I had flown Barrymore to Atlantic City many times, and when he heard there was flying to be done, he bespoke me as pilot.

Lake Windemere, the headwaters of the Columbia River, forty miles from Banff by air and 160 miles by rail, was the chosen locale, the frozen lake serving as a field. I doubled for both Barrymore and Miss Owen, according to necessity; impersonating Miss Owen, I hasten to add, only with my back. Each, however, had to do some pretended flying with me at the secondary controls.

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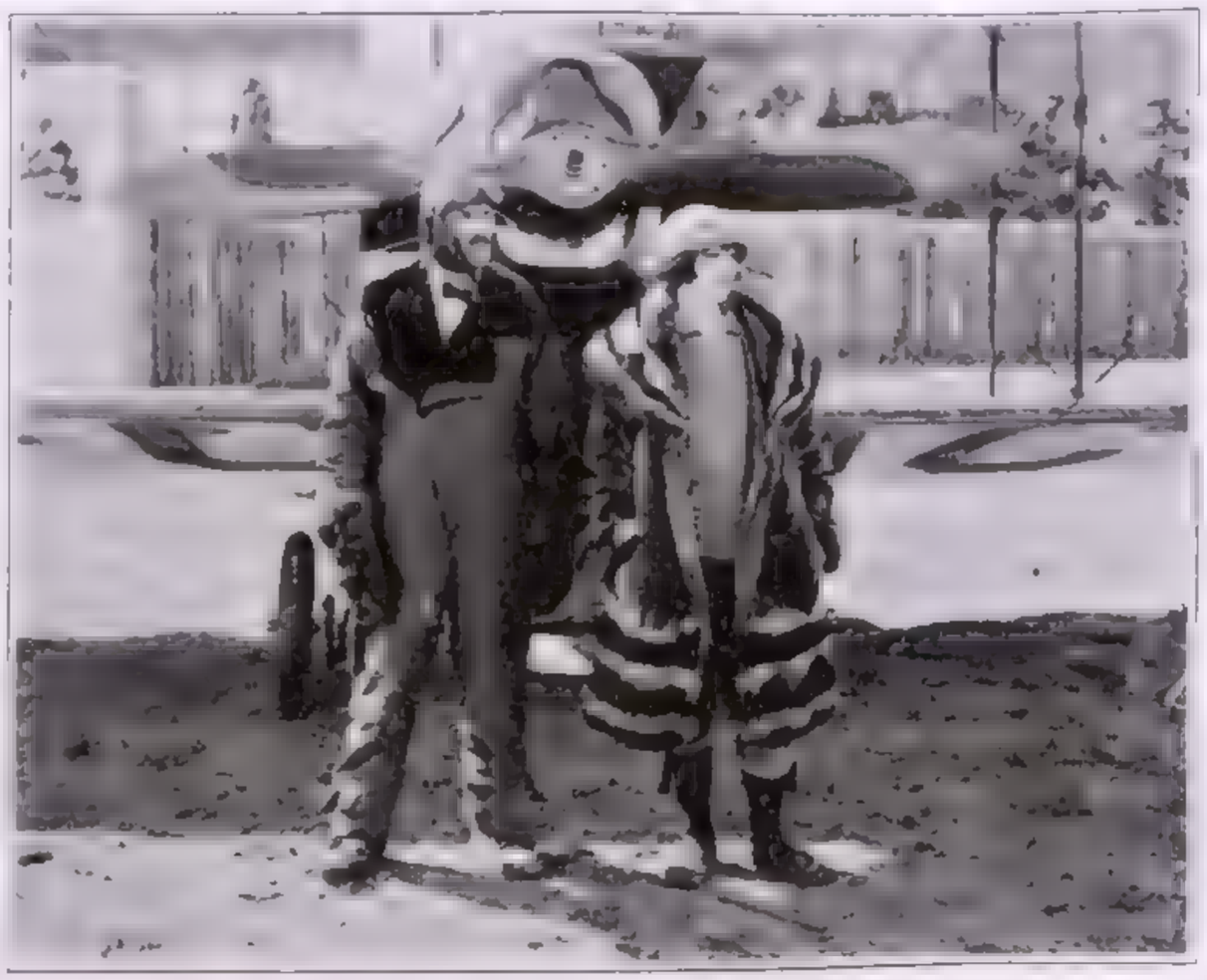

Seena Owen and Mr. Jones on Location in the Canadian Rockies

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Get an axe, Tom– we're froze fast!"

From Great Chebeague on Casco Bay it's a long eight-mile pull to Cliff Island. That December night when two husky Maine fishermen fetched Dr. Ryan on a hurry call from Tom Taber, the salt spray was turning to ice as it blew over the bow.

It took Tom ten minutes with an axe to dig the three men out of the boat, when they beached at Griffon's Cove. Their boots and oilskins had frozen to thwarts and bottom boards.

A few hours later Dr. Ryan told Tom "it was a boy," and Mrs. Taber was doing nicely.

"I like my neighbors"

"I like my neighbors," said the only physician in a hundred square miles of Arkansas hill country to us recently. "They keep me guessing, though. Will it be a much-needed night's rest—or a call from the other side of the county at two in the morning?"

No wonder the country doctor is loved and respected by the rugged, hard-working men among whom he lives. Twenty years ago his mare struggled along dirt roads, often fetlock-deep in mud; today his powerful car speeds over smooth concrete. But, as always, his kindly smile and familiar bag are signals of hope whenever the shadow of pain falls across a home.

Comforting, too, is the quiet sympathy in the voice of the doctor's wife over the telephone, "He's started —he'll be there soon!"

Experience plus modern medicines

Whether his practice takes him into quiet rural lanes or down crowded city streets, the family doctor of today brings to your aid not only the resources of modern medicine but also the resources of widely varied experience. Single-handed he meets emergencies of a thousand and one kinds.

And as the years pass he finds himself guarding the health of children whom he helped to bring into the world, as he guarded the health of their parents before them.

The vast resources and scientific equipment of the world's largest makers of medicines are dedicated to this end: To put at the disposal of physicians throughout the world medicines in which they can place absolute confidence. Physicians visiting the Parke-Davis laboratories are impressed with the pioneering work that is done here. New medicinal agents are constantly being evolved to keep pace with the growing needs of both general practitioners and specialists.

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Your physician will tell you that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is exceptionally rich in vitamins A and D. It is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

(Continued from Page 42)

Miss Owen never had been up, and to make matters the happier, as she was leaving New York her mother told her of a premonition that she, the daughter, would be killed in an airplane. She steeled herself to go through with it, but as one mounting the gallows, and the first morning I promised only to taxi her up and down the ice to accustom her to the plane. Seeing that she was enjoying this, I took off and was 300 feet in the air before she realized that she had parted with the earth. She waved me down peremptorily and was a bit indignant at my breach of faith, but over her scare. Before we finished the picture, flying bored her.

Aviation's Patron Saint

If there ever is an aeronautical museum a place should be reserved for Will Rogers' drawl and typewriter. He is, after Lindbergh, aviation's best press agent, and the industry owes him more than he is likely to collect. His wit, his extraordinary publicity resources and his genuine enthusiasm for flying entitle him to the nomination as patron saint of aviation or a hand-embroidered parachute or something.

I have been indebted to him individually ever since I first flew him from Philadelphia to New York several years ago. I had taken a New York business man on a quick jump to Philadelphia, where bad weather held us overnight. At the airport the next morning the field manager told me that Rogers was on his way from Washington on the air line then operated by the P. R. T. between Norfolk and Philadelphia, and anxious to fly on to New York. My passenger being agreeable, we waited. He was a large man and Rogers' displacement is not to be sneered at. When Will alighted from the luxurious P. R. T. cabin plane and climbed into the single front seat of my little Oriole alongside the New Yorker, it was a fit.

Coming away in a hurry, we were without a windshield, and Rogers, having ridden up in an inclosed plane, had neither goggles nor helmet to protect him from the windstream of the propeller.

He had breakfasted that morning at the White House, and his comment, when we had extricated him at Garden City with a bootjack, was that it was well that the Coolidges had served only fish hash or he would have been squeezed to death. The next time he rode with me he brought along his own helmet and goggles.

Bill Winston has flown Gene Tunney to another fight, presumably his last; meanwhile the story of Tunney's first flight from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia, where he took the heavyweight crown from Dempsey, never has been told. Wade Morton, automobile racing and test driver and a close friend of Tunney's, was driving from Scranton to New York in August of 1926 and stopped at Tunney's camp near Stroudsburg to see him. They went into town to dinner and on the way back to camp Tunney told Morton that he was thinking of flying to Philadelphia.

"You are in this high-speed game," Tunney said. "Who can I get to take me down? It will have to be a dead secret; if either Billy Gibson or Rickard should learn of it, they would throw a fit."

When Morton was back in New York he called me. A week or so later I drove to Stroudsburg to arrange the details. In the interval rumors of Tunney's intention had sifted out and this day the mayor of Stroudsburg and a delegation called to urge the challenger not to fly. As his hosts, they felt a certain responsibility for his safety, and an accident, they said, would reflect on the fair name of Stroudsburg.

As Billy Gibson was assuring the delegation that the rumor was absurd, Tunney and I were sitting on the stairs of the golf club fixing the details of the flight. The day before the bout I flew to Buckwood Inn at Shawnee on the Delaware, Morton with me. There happened to be a number of reporters at Curtiss Field, but as I frequently play golf at Shawnee, they suspected nothing.

A heavy fog lay over the Delaware Water Gap region the morning of the fight, which lifted a bit before noon, but not enough to uncover the mountain tops across the river. Morton had had a car sent from Philadelphia and it was supposed that he was to drive Tunney down. As they were about to start, the challenger called in the reporters and told them he had a surprise for them; as most had filed their news stories for the afternoon papers, there was a wild scramble for the telephones.

I was at the sixteenth hole and considering telephoning the Philadelphia Navy Yard for a weather report when a caddy ran up to report that Tunney was waiting to go to Philadelphia. At the hotel I found him surrounded by reporters, trainers and Gibson, and told him that the weather was forbidding and that I doubted the wisdom of his flying through.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"I have to go," I explained. "I am due to fly the pictures to New York after the fight."

"If you are going, I'll go too," he said.

It had been clearing gradually and I anticipated no real trouble in getting through, so I took off with Tunney and Morton. As we approached the Water Gap the fog drove us down to within 100 feet of the river. I had thought that the Delaware made two turns to the left in passing through the narrow gap in the mountains. I negotiated the first turn and was peering out the left side for the second bend when out of the fog loomed the mountainside. It was a bad moment in which I banked right quickly with very little room to spare. Memory having played me false, I was at sea, but glancing down I saw that the Lackawanna Railroad tracks were lined neatly with whitewashed stones, making an easy trail to follow through the Gap.

A Pilot Up in the Air

Until then I had taken the flight in my stride as a routine piece of business, but now I wished I could turn back, and I should have done so had I dared, but feared that I could not find my way back to Shawnee. The fog held me down to 400 feet and when I attempted to take the overland route I was lost the moment we left the river. Evidently I would have to follow the river all the way, an additional forty to fifty miles. As I looked down on the cement road crawling with cars bound for Philadelphia, the responsibility came home to me. If I had a forced landing and so much as sprained my passenger's wrist I had better buy steamer passage for the Port of Missing Men.

My nerves began to jump; I had taken on no extra gas and, being forced to follow the river, might run out; I remembered that the Lehigh River emptied into the Delaware at Easton and feared that I might stray up the Lehigh instead of continuing down the Delaware; I had no map; I heard strange noises in the motor; I was sure the oil pressure was dropping. In short, I was worried as I never have been before or since and as no other worried that day, possibly excepting Tex Rickard, who was reported to have paced the floor of the Bellevue-Stratford from the time we took off until we landed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Various accounts were printed of that flight. One story was that Tunney was ill and did not enjoy it. That is a mistake. It was I who was ill and did not enjoy it. In all our discussions Tunney never confided his reasons for making the trip by air, but I have my theories. I think he did it for three deliberated purposes. First, he had flown before and knew that it was comfortable, quick and calculated to take his mind off the fight. Secondly, it was good publicity. Thirdly, he believed it would have a psychological effect on Dempsey when he learned of it. One story is that it did have precisely the intended effect; another is that Dempsey's camp carefully kept the news from him until after the fight. I have no idea which is true.

An Effective Alarm Clock

The Quiet Birdmen, which now includes virtually every celebrated pilot in America and Europe in its membership, was named in irony by a newspaper reporter well before Lindbergh wore the Q. B. pin on his Paris flight and advertised us to the world.

The late Laddie D'Orsay, then editor of Aviation, founded the order about 1923. D'Orsay died in France a year or more ago from a minor air accident—in cranking a plane he was struck on the arm by a propeller and the wound became infected. Noting that pilots lacked a common rendezvous in New York and that they rarely gathered socially, he appointed a café in Greenwich Village as a weekly meeting place and drummed up attendance. It was a purely informal, nameless group of shop talkers with two to ten flyers present.

Harry Bruno and Dick Blythe, who operate a publicity office in New York specializing in aviation promotion, took hold of it as a work of love, organized dinners for visiting pilots of note, and now the membership exceeds 2000, with the rolls closed in the New York district. We meet every Tuesday night in a restaurant on Lexington Avenue with seldom fewer than fifty present. These meetings are apt to be noisy and convivial, and the first reporter to attend having remarked what a joy it was to assemble with these quiet birdmen, the jesting title stuck. D'Orsay was not a pilot and there are a few other non-flyers in the organization, all of whom joined early; today the membership is restricted to pilots.

At the more ceremonious of these air functions it is my custom to wear a four-alarm yellow-and-black-striped vest that once adorned a Detroit head waiter, and the lining of which, inside and out, now is filled with autographs in ink of famous flyers. The origin of this historical document, which I may some day refuse to give to the National Museum, is as follows:

Several years back Mayor Smith of Detroit came to New York to grace a baseball game between the Detroit and New York fire departments. He had a speaking engagement in Detroit on the following afternoon, while the New York department insisted on his remaining that night for a celebration they were giving the visiting firemen. Only by flying to Detroit the next morning could he keep both engagements; I was assigned to deliver him, starting at dawn.

I overslept and was awakened in unison with the neighborhood by the arrival of six chiefs' cars in front of my house, their gongs sounding as an augmented alarm clock. The six red cars escorted me to the field through a blanket-like fog. Waiting on the weather, we had breakfast and I telephoned Buffalo to ask about conditions there. Buffalo reported a ceiling, though a slight rain was falling; so at six o'clock, with an occasional hole showing in the fog, I strapped a parachute on the mayor, gave him the usual 1-2-3 count-and-pull instruction, put him in the front seat and shoved off.

No Place for a Laundry Mark

No more were we in motion than the mayor, who had not been to bed, went soundly to sleep. For two hours I saw nothing but the tops of the clouds and flew by compass. The first hole disclosed Lake Cayuga below and I came down under and made Buffalo at 9:30 A.M. As we landed, the mayor woke for the first time. In pride at having flown a compass course with such exactitude, I asked him if he knew where he was, expecting to have him guess Paterson or Port Jervis.

"Sure, we're in Buffalo," was his answer, "and you never would have made it if it hadn't been for me."

Having delivered the mayor in Detroit for lunch, he impulsively told me that the city was mine at any time I came there. That winter I was in Detroit for the opening of the Ford air-mail service and drove in from the Ford airport to a luncheon at the Detroit Athletic Club with the mayor, Eddie Rickenbacker driving, and an escort of motorcycle police. In passing, until you have ridden behind Eddie Rickenbacker you have not lived; the air holds no thrill comparable.

A portly negro head waiter bowed us into the dining room of the athletic club and as a jest I reminded the mayor of his promise and expressed a whim for the head waiter's transcendent waistcoat. He did not commit himself, but in the midst of the luncheon, the toastmaster, Harold Emmons, announced that they had with them a visiting pilot from New York who always wanted something. This time he coveted the vest of the head waiter. Emmons said that it was mine, but on the condition that I put it on forthwith and wear it during the remainder of the function. I met the terms.

For some time I had thought of making an autograph album of a flying suit. Instead, I substituted the vest and began that afternoon, February 15, 1926, in Paul Strasburg's cabin in Detroit, with the signature of Eddie Stinson. As probably the oldest and best-known commercial flyer of all, it was appropriate that he should lead the book. Lindbergh signed just after his return from Paris. The last signatures are those of Costes and Le Brix. By the time they had arrived on their world tour, the vest's lining, inside and back, was scrawled up like the walls of a telephone booth, and they were forced to ink their names on the inside of an inner pocket.

Mischief-Maker: "Go Ahead, Jimmy, They've Got Parachutes!"

PACKARD

Ability and achievement have ever won permanent place in those organizations consecrated to one high ideal

Packard men bear the imprint of the Packard organization. They are selected and schooled for but one quality of work and service. It shows, and it pays—both them and Packard.

From skilled machinist to designing engineer, Packard cars are produced by men who know and love fine things—men brought up in the interpretation and application of quality ideals.

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For a single standard of high quality is ever uppermost in the minds of the Packard management—and the Packard organization is the guardian of a priceless reputation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

FOOLS ABOUT LOVE

(Continued from Page 13)

She had once felt stirred by the candor of Dr. Hartley Cotton's blue gaze, but now, as he entered the classroom, he seemed shambling and awkward—a tiresome pedant wearing unpressed trousers. An odd expression crossed his face as he noted Julian Terrill sitting beside Matisse. Was there, she wondered, scorn in that glance, or merely satirical amusement?

In the back of the room Nan Dare was humming faintly to herself and looking out of the window. Nobody—not even Doctor Cotton—could have guessed that her pretty, mocking face concealed humiliation and rage.

"Suppose," said the Bostonian drawl from the desk, "that we listen to a bit of excellent prose this afternoon—just as a hors d'œuvre, so to speak? The bit you have all memorized. Mr. Terrill—ah, Merrill would you care to repeat that paragraph from Pater's Renaissance?"

"From the conclusion to the Renaissance," Matisse amended smartly.

"Quite," said Doctor Cotton. They exchanged an inimical stare.

Julian sank deeper into his chair, half closed his eyes and began to mumble rapidly: "'While all melts under our feet we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a left horizon—a left horizon ——'"

"'A lifted horizon.'"

"'A lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, funny dyes, funny colors ——'"

"'Strange dyes, strange colors!'"

Julian stopped with the numb look of a balky horse. In a whisper Matisse prompted him. She felt anxious, protective, and furious at Doctor Cotton.

"Ah, horse feathers!" said Julian in an undertone.

"You would rather repeat it yourself, Miss Revell?"

She recited the passage fluently, but without meaning or inflection.

IV

WHEN the class was over, Julian picked up Matisse Revell's books and said, "How's for hoisting a couple of sodas in to Patsy's?"

"Thanks awfully, but I—why, yes, I mean I'd love to, really." Two pink spots glowed in the white japonica of her cheeks. She was conscious of a petty triumph at seeing Nan Dare pretending to linger by the desk as if she must speak to Doctor Cotton. "But I mustn't be like this," Matisse told herself. "Not feline. It's so stupid; it's cheap." All her life she had been kind and without jealousy, yet she suspected shrewdly that only the women who succeed with men dare to be unkind to other women.

As they crossed the campus Julian suggested casually, "Dancing with me tonight?"

"Really, I don't mind." Her voice was steady, but her heart seemed to pitch forward in dizzy exultance. Self-pride began to unfold like a flower. "He must think I'm attractive," she pondered. "He thinks I'm gay and amusing, like other girls." She wanted to dazzle him that night and to see his eyes grow worshipful with an involuntary fascination. At nineteen Matisse Revell needed very much the assurance that she was valued for charm rather than intellect. Even as a child she had been precocious and leggy, so that nobody whispered "Isn't she a darling?" but only "Isn't she bright?"

She chose a taffeta gown of a crushed raspberry color with flounces on the slim hips shimmering in lacy silver, above that fruity magenta hue her skin became the amazing creamy white of oleander or magnolia, and even the copper glint of her hair seemed to catch the faint purple shadows. But she had achieved an exotic or subtle beauty beyond the comprehension of adolescence.

In the candlelight of Chauncey Revell's elegant little drawing-room Julian Terrill rose stiffly and said "Hello there!" in a slightly embarrassed tone; he glanced once at Matisse and began nervously searching the marquetry table for an ash tray. He wouldn't venture, it seemed, to throw his cigarette into the tiled fireplace.

"How are you?" said Matisse, offering cool white fingers.

Defiantly, perhaps valiantly, he rescued himself from youthful intimidation and became a confident, glib junior again.

"I'm worse," he said. "Shall we beat it?"

Out in his noisy roadster they were at ease. Dancing, they found a delightful rhythm together. Matisse, who had so hated dancing school and dancing in gymnasiums and faculty clubs, discovered the exaltation of moving in perfect coordination with a good-looking boy. When they stopped she smiled in rapture. "Wasn't it wonderful!"

"This orchestra," he said discontentedly, "is rotten."

"But it really doesn't matter when one floats along like that. You know Havelock Ellis says that dancing ——"

"Imagine playing Pickin' Cotton without a sax!"

Matisse saw that dancing well was so instinctive with Julian that he received no surprises, scarcely any sensations, from perfect rhythm. He was chiefly concerned with the technic of the orchestra and with the other people on the floor.

"There's Bardy," he would say. "Hi, Bardy! Got a monopoly on this corner, have you?" or "There's Marge. Hey, hey, Marge! Who's your weakness now?" Then, after a while he said in a different tone: "There's Nan Dare," and in sight of Nan his steps became more elaborate and he held Matisse closer, looking fervently into her unsuspecting face.

Saying good night to Matisse that evening, Julian suddenly leaned forward and kissed her throat. She was surprised and shaken, and she didn't know what to say. In the moment of silence she felt his arms, strong and tight; the rough cloth of his coat beneath her cheek; his mouth, warm and imperative against her lips.

"You mustn't," she whispered faintly. It was the first time Matisse had been kissed.

"Mustn't what?"

"You know—what you did."

"This?" He kissed her again.

"Yes." She laughed breathlessly.

"Or that?" He kissed her once more.

"Not this or that!"

He put very little kisses gently on the back of her neck.

"These?"

She found herself stroking his dark crisp hair as if he had been a small absurd boy. Afterward, in her room, Matisse stared at herself in the mirror with shining eyes and touched her lips and cheeks and throat with an incredulous hand.

When she saw Julian on the campus after this she felt startled and radiant. And every time he telephoned, Matisse found it difficult to speak calmly, trying not to cry, "Oh, Julian! I'm so glad it's you!" They danced together at least once a week and she began to help him with his terrible themes, disguising her own style so that Hartley Cotton wouldn't recognize it. That he was amiably stupid she knew in her rational thoughts, but that he was amusing and lovable dwelt as a superior conviction in her heart.

By his power to move her emotionally he derived importance as a human being. Until the Junior Prom, Matisse never doubted that Julian's feelings corresponded to her own.

She had been wondering what to wear, taking it for granted that he would ask her. He was so adorably casual! He would probably mention it at the very last moment, as if the biggest dance of the year were of no importance.

V

WHEN Matisse entered the Rhetoric 14 classroom on Friday afternoon she saw Julian Terrill sitting beside Nan Dare. They were laughing and whispering together as they had done at the first of the semester, hands touching, as if carelessly, on the arm of the chair, and warm eyes melting into warm eyes. Matisse spoke to them and Julian answered with an absent or uninterested smile.

Walking quietly to her seat, it seemed to Matisse that she had grown old and drab and hopeless, just in the minute when she saw his hand touching Nan's on the arm of the chair. A light flying palace of intricate dreams had melted as if it were fog, and Matisse found herself wondering how that glittering shelter could have vanished and why she was alone and cold. Now for the first time she said to herself desperately, "But I love him!" It seemed incredible that he could be in the same room, uncaring, when she had first discovered her love.

Her face must have appeared white with an undisguised misery, for through the blur of her heartsickness she was conscious of Hartley Cotton's mild, nearsighted blue gaze, and knew vaguely that there was something of compassion in his look, which lately had been so satirical.

Junior Prom was the next week-end. Matisse understood now that Julian was taking Nan. She thought with shame of the blue lace gown she had bought, of the silver slippers and expensive sapphire earrings.

That evening she hid the dress and slippers and earrings in the bottom of an oak chest. She did not cry. She sat at her desk afterward trying to write a paper for Monday's rhetoric class about Edgar Saltus, but she kept thinking she heard the rattle and bang of Julian's car outside, or it was his whistle she imagined, or sometimes the telephone ringing faintly downstairs. At last she scrawled on a blank sheet of paper: "I'm so sorry, but I simply cannot write a theme about Edgar Saltus or anything else tonight," and then she crept to bed. On Monday she handed the sheet of paper to Hartley Cotton and was again aware of the kind curiosity or compassion in his gentle eyes. He asked her to wait a moment after class.

"Miss Revell," he said abruptly, "I'm quite in a box and I wonder if you would help me out. They have asked me to chaperon this dance—the Junior Prom—and I may ask a young lady if I like." He frowned at the green class cards in his hand. "Of course if one doesn't care to dance, one may sit with the other pedagogues, but, you see, I do care to dance very much and I wondered if you'd go with me."

She thought for a moment. It would assuage her pride a little to be seen by Julian at the Junior Prom after all. And there were the blue lace dress, the silver slippers, waiting to be worn.

"Thank you," she said listlessly; "it's very nice of you, I'm sure."

"You will?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, of course."

"But I'm not a good dancer," he apologized. "It's only fair to warn you."

"I am," said Matisse, without smiling. "I'm good enough for both of us."

He shook hands with her then, for no reason at all except a kind of boyish enthusiasm.

VI

THE case-hardened chaperons sat with a look of wintry cheer upon their faces, discussing the weather, which was rainy, and watching the monotonous spectacle of four hundred couples whirling past while the orchestra conscientiously rendered Let's Misbehave. In spite of the program's proud boast, the governor of the state, the lieutenant governor, the president of the university and the dean of men were not present at the Junior Prom. Matisse and Hartley Cotton conversed with Professor Fannicott and the dean of women for some time. Matisse suspected that Doctor Cotton, unsure of his dancing, was delaying the moment when he would venture upon the floor. At last, hearing a waltz, his face brightened and he led her in a series of careful steps, holding her reverently, with a very grave look.

"Step, slide, together—that's it," he observed. "It doesn't go badly, does it?" At the end his face beamed. "You know, Miss Revell, you are really a wonderful dancer—wonderful!"

At first he was anxious and troubled during the fox trots, but his eagerness and sense of triumph grew as Matisse unobtrusively aided him in the more complicated rhythms. "I say, that was splendid!" he would cry delightedly. "Did you notice how I pranced in that last one? And the difficult turn I made! Are you having a good time, Miss Revell? I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much!"

Matisse found herself responding to his high spirits in spite of the dull pain which persisted in her heart. She saw Julian with Nan Dare and smiled at them proudly. Julian's glance was a bit sheepish perhaps, but Nan flung Matisse a look of careless superiority. Matisse was astonished by her own murderous desire to choke the adorable little figure in rose velvet. But she said "Isn't she pretty!" turning the knife deeper in her breast.

"Pooh!" cried Hartley Cotton with vehemence. "A common garden variety. She is only a bit of candytuft, while you are an orchid."

"Silly," murmured Matisse, but her hand tightened gratefully on his shoulder. His arm moved more closely about her waist and he began to sing with the orchestra "Thou swell, thou sweet, thou pretty" in a bold barytone.

Walking to the end of the gymnasium to see if the rain had stopped, they saw Julian Terrill running down the hall. He nearly collided with Cotton and leaned unsteadily against the wall. His face was flushed and his first words almost unintelligible.

"What is the matter?" Matisse cried in anxiety.

"Not going to two-time me," he muttered. "I won't be made a fool of. And I'm going to follow them and I'm going to bring her back."

"Is it Nan?" Matisse asked.

"Don't stop me," he said, pushing toward the door. "I'm going to get my car and I'm going to drive hell out of it."

Doctor Cotton touched his arm. "Come, I don't think you're in condition to do that."

"Whazza matter with my condition?" demanded Julian belligerently. "Whazza matter with it? You come along if you want to see how I can drive."

"Perhaps we'd better," whispered Matisse. It was difficult not to take Julian's head in her arms and whisper comforting things, stroking the dark wavy hair. She forgot the painful knowledge that he had only been nice in order to make Nan jealous. And Nan was revenging herself tonight. Julian was so young, so helpless against cruelty, and as unhappy now as Matisse had been all evening. She almost wanted to find Nan, but not quite.

Hartley Cotton followed reluctantly. They walked along the slippery street to Julian's car and, standing in the rain, tried vainly to dissuade him from driving it. When he got in, Matisse climbed in beside him.

"I've got to go with him," she told Hartley Cotton. "I've just got to."

He shrugged and found a place beside her. "Very well. Then I've got to go along with you. But I think we're being very foolish." As they skidded around a corner

(Continued on Page 49)

DR. L. F. R. KNUTHSEN

Eminent London Skin Specialist, says

"Yeast purifies and stimulates the intestines"

DR. L. F. R. KNUTHSEN

DR. L. F. R. KNUTHSEN—eminent British skin specialist; Fellow British Royal Society of Medicine; for 20 years physician to one of London's leading skin hospitals. He holds degrees from the Universities of Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

"IN DERMATOLOGY, *in which I specialize, I have been using yeast for years . . . Its simplicity, its purifying power, its ability to stimulate the intestinal movements—these, together with its Vitamin B content, make it therapeutically of great value . . . In my opinion, it should be used to an even greater extent than it is at present.*"

L. F. R. Knuthsen-Hon.

IN advocating yeast for health Dr. Knuthsen adds the weight of his specialized knowledge to the verdict of many famous doctors throughout the world.

This verdict is: If you keep the intestinal tract clean and active you have found the key to health and beauty. The best way to keep this tract clean is with fresh yeast.

All those who suffer from constipation and the bad skin, bad breath, colds, headaches, sore throat, and "nerves" which it causes, should follow Dr. Knuthsen's advice.

Thousands of men, women and children have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast and been benefited. In a recent survey throughout the United States half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Sold by all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time as it will keep in a cool dry place.

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Superior tire *quality* is a basic Goodyear principle—the whole world knows that.

But to yoke such quality with *low price*—that was a task well worthy of the best talent of the greatest rubber manufacturer!

Goodyear faced that challenge, and now Goodyear has successfully answered it—in the new Goodyear Pathfinder tire.

Any illustration we might print of this tire could do small justice to its massive and rugged construction, its deep-cut thick tread, its handsome strength.

Read, instead, the features which make the new Goodyear Pathfinder an *outstanding* tire in quality and value; and then remember that despite this quality and value it sells at a really *moderate* price:

1. A *balanced* tire, with all parts equally durable.

2. The powerful carcass is made of genuine Supertwist cord, with its matchless vitality and resistance to fatigue.

3. The heavy tread is wide, designed for slow, even wear, and it delivers exceptional traction and non-skid protection.

4. Tread materials embody the same principles of rubber toughening as distinguish the famed Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

5. Materials, workmanship, and inspection are to the strict Goodyear standard.

6. Available in both High Pressure and Balloon sizes.

Goodyear considers this new Pathfinder an economic triumph, and is proud to mark it with its name and seal.

Try it—and your home-town Goodyear Dealer's service—and see how much farther your tire money goes than ever before!

GOODYEAR

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 46)

he added, "And I do not enjoy fast driving."

"Don't drive so fast, Julian," Matisse coaxed.

"Don't bother me," he said impatiently. "I'm going to find Bardy, and when I find him I'm going to sock him. And when I bring Nan back I'm going to make her dance all the rest of the dances, and after tonight I'm never going to see her again."

"Will you let us out in the next block?" asked Cotton. "I don't care to see Miss Revell's life risked, even if you must lose your silly own."

"Oh, sign off!" said Julian, bringing the accelerator to the floor and hurtling into a country road while the little arrow wavered ominously between sixty-five and seventy.

Matisse was not frightened; the brandy of speed warmed her whole body. But she knew that Doctor Cotton was terrified. He sat, stiff and white, at her side without further protest, staring grimly at the damp black road with its pools of golden light flowing ahead like twin rivers.

"Can't I drive?" Julian demanded. "Can't I?"

"Quite," said Doctor Cotton.

They outraced the panting wind while the tires sang viciously on the wet asphalt. "Sharp S Curve," Matisse read aloud from a fleeting white sign; and that was the last thing she was sure about for several moments.

They decided afterward that the car had skidded out of Julian's uncertain control, lurching straight toward a ravine or gorge where the river wound parallel with the road. With the crashing of glass they plunged through the stout wooden barrier between two large trees and hung amazingly on the abrupt slope with the rear wheels gripping the edge. It was impossible to know what was holding the car—whether roots or the débris of the fence—but securely or insecurely, they perched on the edge of disaster like absurd puppets. The engine was dead and the lights were out.

Julian swore in half sobbing gasps, staring down at the glittering river below. Hartley Cotton took Matisse's hand and squeezed it with strong, cool fingers.

"Are you all right, dear?"

"I—I think so." Her heart was beating so violently that she thought it would loosen the car and start it downward. "Do you suppose we could get out?"

"Of course not. We don't know what's holding us. The thing is to be very quiet—very, very motionless. If we are perfectly still we may be rescued yet." His voice was as restrained as if they had been sitting in the classroom. And yet Matisse remembered how frightened he had been while speeding. She clasped his arm more tightly and sighed. "I guess I won't look below. It's rather awful, isn't it?"

"Look at me instead." Even through the darkness she could feel the comforting warmth of his blue eyes.

"I'm going to get out!" Julian's shoulder twitched nervously. "I can't sit here like this. Let me out, will you?"

"Sit still," said Doctor Cotton in a deadly tone.

"I can't!" The boy's voice was growing shrill with hysteria. "I'll go crazy. I can't stand it! Give me a cigarette then! I can't sit here like this—doing nothing!"

"You can't have a cigarette and you can't get out," said Hartley Cotton. "But I'll tell you what you can do, my boy—and that is to learn your paragraph from the Renaissance."

"From the conclusion to the Renaissance," said Matisse with a tremulous little laugh.

Doctor Cotton took both her hands and sheltered them tenderly between his own; he said:

"Repeat after me, please: 'While all melts under our feet we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.'"

Bullied by the quiet power of Cotton's voice, Julian stumbled obediently through the paragraph.

"'Not to discriminate every moment,'" continued Hartley Cotton, "'some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.'"

As the boy plowed dully, without comprehension, through the significant phrases which had flowed in Hartley Cotton's voice like some rare old wine, Matisse felt sudden pity and contempt. At no time would Julian's spirit be set free for a moment. Never would his senses be stirred by strange dyes or work of the artist's hands. He was incapable, even in this moment of danger and terror, of grasping the tragic dividing of forces. On this short day of frost and sun he was one of those who sleep before evening. Matisse was left looking at a dull cocoon, empty because the gossamer of illusion had vanished.

"Again," said Hartley Cotton.

Julian repeated it again.

"Once more," said the implacable voice.

And once more the passage was mumbled mechanically. For half an hour the repetition continued, until beyond question Julian could recite it forward or backward. And beyond question he still didn't know what it meant!

Matisse would never forget that half hour: The black river glistening below, the gnarled trees like gnomes bending beneath sinister burdens; the curious sensation at intervals of creeping slowly, very slowly, forward into the ravine; the smooth, caressing rhythm of Pater's prose, the comforting touch of Hartley Cotton's big hand.

VII

THEY shouted all together at the passing of a car and waited breathlessly until the astonished motorists appeared. It was a case, everybody agreed, for the fire department.

"We are, you see," said Hartley Cotton, "suddenly very important. If we had crashed, it would have been just another wreck; rescued, we achieve the final dignity of man."

What was, Matisse wondered, the final dignity of man? "Being saved by the fire department," said Doctor Cotton. "Nothing—no, nothing, is more distinguished." He sighed happily. "I have always wanted to put in a call for them. It will be wonderful."

"It won't be so wonderful," said Julian sulkily, "if we slide down before they come."

"You can die happily," Doctor Cotton told him. "You have learned your paragraph from the Renaissance."

It was wonderful after that, Matisse thought, with the fire department and hundreds of excited students yelling and waving flash lights and helping with guy ropes and unnecessary ladders. Fantastic to arrive back in the safe roadway among strange, staring faces, to answer incoherent questions and find oneself suddenly crying in nervous relief at being allowed to move again. Doctor Cotton led her aside to the shelter of a friendly old box elder. She could smell the rough wet bark and hear the slow, gentle pattering of rain from the leaves, while overhead the moon thrust its cheek shyly from behind a gray arbor of clouds.

Matisse could not stop crying. All the loneliness of her young, empty years seemed tearing at her throat, and she was desolate without knowing why, only that it had something to do with that sad curve of the moon's fresh cheek.

She discovered that her face was against Hartley Cotton's evening jacket and the silk lapel was growing very wet.

"Your hands are all cut," he said, kissing them, "and I love you. I love you for your mind."

"But I don't want to be loved for my mind!" Matisse sobbed miserably.

He lifted her chin with insistent fingers. That was all wrong, for when a woman is crying in earnest she must hide her face until powder is at hand. But then, Hartley Cotton knew nothing about women.

"Listen," he said in a fierce voice. "I had always thought I should marry an intellectual sort of girl—homely perhaps, but sensible and—deep, you know—without any silly impulses. And here I am wildly in love with you!"

"Sick of being intellectual," she choked, getting her face down to the refuge of his shoulder again.

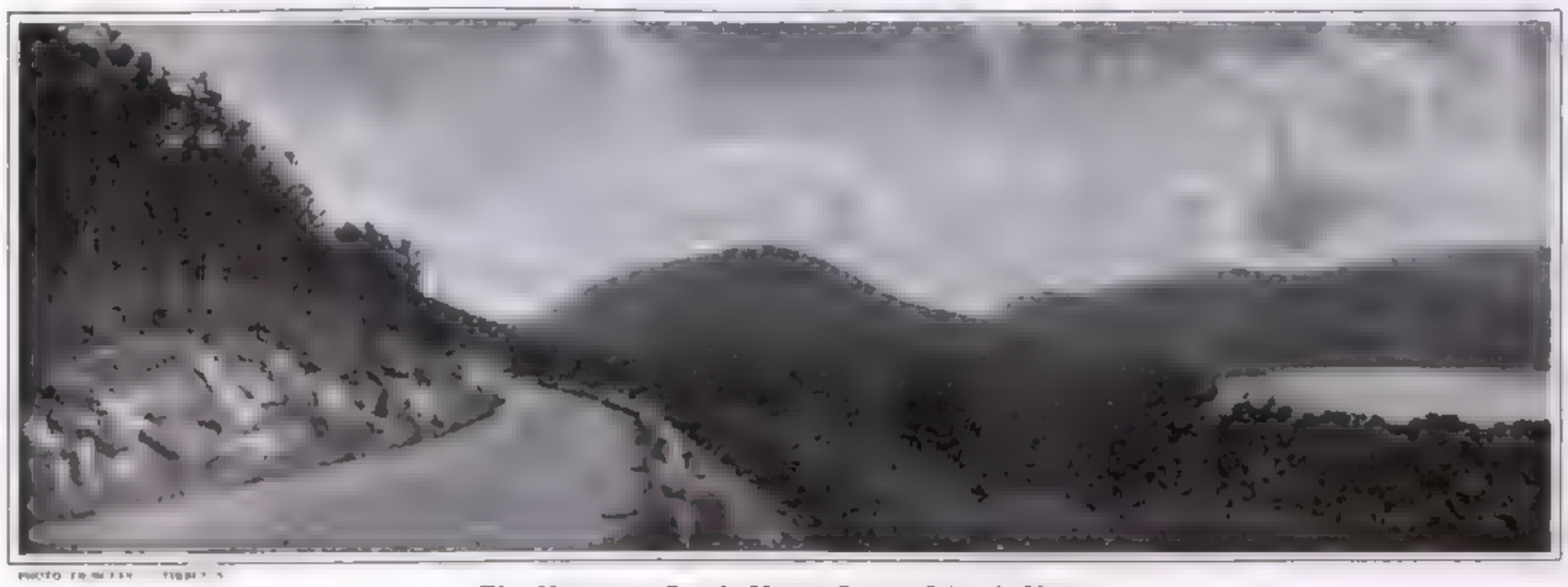
"Intellectual!" he cried, candidly startled. "I'm telling you that you are beautiful and you have the absurd mind of a kitten, but I love you nevertheless!"

"Why, I have not!" she protested indignantly.

"But of course you don't care for me. I am not broad-shouldered or handsome or a good dancer ——"

"Why, you are too!" she protested even more indignantly.

And Matisse Revell Cotton believes it to this day.



The Mountain Road, Mount Desert Island, Maine

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

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"SHOW BOAT" is deserving of all the praise I can give it, and I cordially recommend it to you as a picture you will like. You are all more or less familiar with Edna Ferber's supreme achievement in the story line, and now to see all her quaint characters in action, on the floating theatre along the Mississippi, will afford you an evening of rare entertainment. —C. L.

Alma Rubens as "Julie" in "Show Boat"

To quote a reviewer of note, "To the farmers and residents in small towns the *'Show Boat'* was romance incarnate—its annual visit was waited with impatience. With calliopes screaming, flags flying and bands tooting, the show boats used to fetch the old hokum melodramas to every river town, and these floating theatres wove out an Odyssey through the heart of America."

No ordinary cast could bring from these characters the humor and pathos written into them, hence Director Harry Pollard picked the cast with the greatest care, with LAURA LA PLANTE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, ALMA RUBENS, EMILY FITZROY and OTIS HARLAN to play the leading roles.

Mary Philbin in "The Man Who Laughs"

In Universal's artistic dramatization of Hugo's *"The Man Who Laughs,"* CONRAD VEIDT, MARY PHILBIN and OLGA BACLANOVA have added immeasurably to their records as pleasing stars. The picture is beautiful, thrilling, absorbing.

And the praise accorded *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* not only in the North but in all the States below the Mason and Dixon line, has been so enthusiastic and genuine that we feel we have made a greater picture than we thought.

The same thing may be said of the fine mystery play *"The Last Warning,"* which we have been frequently told is far superior to *"The Cat and the Canary"* which scored such a signal success.

Glenn Tryon in "Lonesome"

Write me a letter and tell me if you see Universal pictures. If you do not, and you don't know where they are shown, ask me for the information and I will guide you in your own neighborhood, no matter what city, town, village or hamlet.

Carl Laemmle, President

(Several Post readers have asked how I pronounce my name. It is pronounced as though spelled Lem-ly.)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS

(Continued from Page 15)

of feet and general deportment they do not differ noticeably from the young things encountered on Park Avenue, Commonwealth Avenue or any other resort of youth and beauty, not excluding the lobby of the Breakers Hotel or the bathing beach at Pebble Beach, California.

Not all of them, it must be admitted, come under the head of pippins, but there are large numbers who could, if they wished, so catch the interest and fix the attention of almost any young man in a small tin automobile that he would promptly run it through a fence or up on a sidewalk.

Further investigation reveals the fact that large numbers of automobiles are parked each night outside of Prudence Risley Hall—which is a highly decorative residential hall for women that rises, castlelike, from the sheer edge of a gorge and overlooks Cayuga's waters and the bustling town and all the rest of that greatly sung-about panorama—as well as outside of various sorority houses and other coeducational residential centers.

These automobiles do not belong to coeds, nor to their parents, nor to professors, nor yet to workmen engaged in making repairs or alterations in the residential centers. In short, they belong to male undergraduates; all of whom, when questioned separately, would probably declare peevishly that coeds are a terrible drawback to any institution, and especially to Cornell.

What is more, the person who casually passes Prudence Risley Hall or other coed residential centers at half-past ten or twelve o'clock on a pleasant evening will be amazed to see male undergraduates escorting young women as far as the front door, the side doors and all other doors with every appearance of keen interest and fascinated solicitude; and from the peculiar reluctance with which the male undergraduates release the coeds' hands when bidding them good night, and from the intensity with which they gaze yearningly into their eyes, it seems fairly clear that there is not, even at Cornell, a unanimous demand for the immediate abolition of all coeds.

A Real Coed Triumph

There are two or three fraternities at Cornell whose members go as far as to declare that they never call on coeds and under no circumstances invite them to their social functions. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that there was recently a coed at Cornell who was generally conceded, by male and female undergraduates alike, to be what is technically known as "the cat's" in the matter of looks. She was, as the saying goes, smooth. Bluntly, "she was there," with the accent falling strongly on the "there." Incidentally, this young woman put a severe crimp in the theory that activities that fall outside of studies are ruinous to a student's standing. She had more Greek letters after her name, including Phi Beta Kappa, than are written across the stern of a Piræus fishing smack, and she held enough class offices and belonged to enough committees to keep several girls screaming all over the place. She also applied herself industriously on Mondays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, to say nothing of Tuesdays and Wednesdays, with an occasional Thursday thrown in, to keeping dates with male undergraduates who, as has been intimated elsewhere, have no use for coeds—and to attending house parties, but after she had won a scholarship to a celebrated foreign university and had departed for Europe in a cloud of orchids and confectionery, it was discovered by the *cognoscenti* that she had become engaged to a member of one of the fraternities whose members have nothing whatever to do with coeds and never, under any circumstances, invite them to their social functions. Thus it can be seen that one may occasionally encounter a bit of the old hooey among the undergraduates themselves.

At the risk of infuriating all loyal Cornellians beyond endurance, I shall probably return to the subject of coeds from time to time; but at the moment I merely wish to make one or two additional statements. In close proximity to Prudence Risley Hall is rising what will be one of the most beautiful and best-equipped group of residential halls in the world. It is for coeds. The philanthropist who made these residential halls possible had no intention, according to sources of information that may or may not be reliable, of limiting his generosity to the women. After bending his ear to the flow of undergraduate opinion on the subject of coeds, however, he mildly observed that if that was the way the boys still functioned, he might as well spend his money on the girls. This he proceeded to do with vigor and determination. These residential halls, built in four units, will hold more than three hundred coeds; and the cost per student will be fifty-five hundred dollars, which insures the coeds of something rather snappy, not to say orgulous, in the line of living accommodations.

An Old Popular Pastime

It is, of course, a good old Cornell tradition to place the coeds on the griddle at any moment of the day and night, and administer what is regarded as a complete searing; yet it occurs to me, from the viewpoint of an unbiased observer, that Cornell undergraduates are overlooking, so to speak, a bet in not postponing their yearly anti-coed conversation until they have sent a few astute and observant representatives among the coeds to report accurately and comprehensively on their age, height, complexion, likes and dislikes, conformation and general pulchritude. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the almost imbecilic ignorance concerning coeds that is possessed or affected by Cornell undergraduates is slightly at variance with the atmosphere of tolerance and sophistication that is generally thought to hover far above Cayuga's waters.

Returning, however, to the original theme of our discourse, Cornell provides an excellent field for the study of undergraduate peculiarities; but the earnest statistician who wishes to make the peculiarities correspond with the regulation accusations against modern undergraduates is very apt—unless he cheats—to wind up in a doctor's office inquiring solicitously of the doctor what it is that gives him those dizzy spells. They do not, in short, correspond, any more than an Englishman's conception of Sioux City corresponds with Sioux City; and the person who tries to force them to correspond will only drive himself into a nervous frenzy.

It may be that those who do the accusing have some magic method of uncovering undergraduate traits that has not been vouchsafed to me, and then again it may not. It may be that their system of investigation is more efficacious than my own. That, of course, is quite possible. It also may be that they have permitted somebody to interpret the undergraduate to them—somebody who has permanently forgotten what it felt like to be twenty years old and how narrowly he himself, at some time or other during his undergraduate days, escaped disaster, jail, disgrace, expulsion and other catastrophes by the skin of his teeth.

At various universities I have encountered the kindly old professor or alumnus who wishes to be helpful in the nicest possible way, and does it by horning into a gathering of undergraduates and assisting in, not to say monopolizing, the answering of questions; and I am forced to state, in the interest of science, that if there is anything that will put a large, outsize, copper-riveted quietus on a cluster of undergraduates, it is a well-meaning old alumnus or professor who considers himself competent to answer questions for them.

It may be that I wrong the statisticians and those who cry bitter cries about the shortcomings of modern undergraduates, but I strongly suspect that many of their findings are based on what somebody tells them about undergraduates—somebody who talks a great deal and listens somewhat less frequently than humming birds are observed at the North Pole.

As I understand it, some of the accusations made against Cornell undergraduates, as well as against college and university undergraduates in general, are that they are different from what they were twenty years ago; they have no college spirit; they are inclined to be morbid and introspective; they are materialistic; they drink and discuss unpleasant things and are in revolt; their purposes in life are not serious, and they are becoming effeminate and do not discuss big national problems, and are not spontaneous in their pleasures, as were the undergraduates of 1908 and thereabouts, and so on and so forth.

In the good old days of 1908, if one may believe the statements of reputable Cornell alumni, the likeliest places in all Ithaca for a statistician—if there had been such things in those days, which there, fortunately, were not—to find and interview large gatherings of the then serious-minded undergraduates were: 1. Theodore Zink's; 2. The Senate; 3. The Dutch Kitchen; 4. The Office; 5. Matt Herson's; and 6, 7 and 8, other places whose names can't quite be remembered, but where there was or was not a mechanical player piano, and one could get an extra-large and very materialistic glass of beer for a nickel.

As near as I can gather from the conversation of serious-minded alumni, Zink's and the Senate and the other places, in spite of being located in the very middle of the busy humming of the bustling town, were restful retreats to which large numbers of the student body—everybody, in fact, who was anybody—repaired on Friday and Saturday afternoons or evenings, or both, and on occasional week-day nights as well, to sit around tables for a few hours of jolly, spontaneous fun. From time to time, it appears, the spontaneous fun makers sopped up a glass of beer, each fun maker having, at the moment of joining the party, chipped in a quarter or fifty cents, or even—when a lot of fun was contemplated—as much as a dollar. Dollar pots, as I understand it, were apt to cause a slight squawk; not because the undergraduates of that day were materialistic, of course, but because they thought a dollar was too much. Whether it could be said that those who squawked against dollar pots in 1908 were in revolt is something that I cannot answer, for Cornell alumni seldom care to pause for a sufficient length of time in their reminiscing to discuss any point except the deplorable drinking habits and the materialistic tendencies of modern undergraduates.

Magnified by the Mind's Eye

The alumni, however, make it fairly clear that the conversation at these gatherings did not dwell exclusively on big national problems; and I have somehow gathered the impression that a big national problem had about as much chance of getting anywhere at one of them as a big national problem would have had in getting anywhere at an undergraduate drinking party at Yale in 1701 or at Princeton in 1816 or at any other college at any other period in the history of the United States.

There was, unless I have grossly misunderstood the situation, a vast amount of more or less close harmony; and discussions were chiefly limited to such great, vital questions as whether those who were singing tenor were or were not sour, and why a certain number of songsters were congenitally unable to strike the right notes at the end of the second line of Sweet Adeline. Rough boys who hurled fragments of free lunch around the tables and were guilty of throwing glasses on the floor were not, unless I have been misinformed, viewed with any enthusiasm; and only occasionally did the young men comport themselves with enough violence to force the local theater management to ring down the curtain in the middle of a play or to get into serious difficulties with the Ithaca constabulary.

It seems to be the belief of the Cornell alumni with whom I have recently conferred that all Cornell undergraduates, from 1900 to 1910, spent a large part of their spare moments in this particular form of relaxation. This belief is open to question, since the average number of male undergraduates in attendance at Cornell at any one time between 1905 and 1910 was usually about four thousand, and since the normal capacity of all the Ithaca beer emporiums together was in the vicinity of four or five hundred. I have even been assured on good authority that alumni who never went downtown oftener than twice a term during their undergraduate days and never had more than two beers at any one time, will, after being out of college for twenty years, refer to their early deviltries in such wise as to lead the uninitiated to think that they slept under a table at Zink's at least three nights a week.

"Give My Regards to Davy"

Another error may be observed in a song that attained wide popularity in Ithaca a generation ago and has retained its popularity ever since. The song had to do with Mr. David Fletcher Hoy, the registrar of the university, and Prof. T. F. Crane, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Hoy had the unpleasant task of distributing notifications of scholastic failures, known to Cornellians as "bust notices." When an undergraduate is ejected from Cornell for low standing he is not flunked or failed or canned or tossed out or given the gate. He is busted; and Mr. Hoy, known locally as Davy, is the individual on whom those who are busted vent their spleen. The song urged all hearers to

Give my regards to Davy;
Remember me to Teefy Crane;
Tell all the pikers on the hill
That I'll be back again;
Warn them of how I busted—
By lapping up the high, highball.
We'll all have drinks at Theodore Zink's
When I get back next fall!

The number of high, highballs that were lapped up by Cornell undergraduates in the good old days, however, might reasonably be compared to the number of sea serpents that are yearly sighted by reliable observers. Cornell undergraduates of 1908 and thereabouts drank beer, and nothing but beer, when they drank, which was often enough, though not so often as they claim. Yet they doted on singing about lapping up the high, highball.

What, if any, is the answer to this peculiar condition? Maybe the statisticians can tell, or the people who think they know how and why civilization is decaying. It might help them to know certain reactions of Cornell's Dean of Women, Miss Louise Fitch, sister of the late George Fitch, prober into the minds of the undergraduates of Siwash College.

Before Miss Fitch took up deaning in a big, serious way, she had visited over one hundred American colleges. At all of them she had been assured that young men who matriculated at Cornell scarcely needed to bother to secure living accommodations, since most of the Cornell undergraduates, being in a state of maudlin intoxication most of the time, lived and slept quite happily and comfortably in the gutters of Ithaca. A large percentage, she was assured, did and always had done that very thing. She consequently regarded Cornell

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NATIONAL
MAZDA
How are you
Fixed for Lamps ?
Empty electric light sockets are idle servants. Mischievous servants, too.
They steal strength from your eyes, and rob your home of charm.
Get rid of them! Take home a blue carton of six National MAZDA
lamps . . . and make every socket a good servant of Light. . . .
NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS
MAZDA-the mark of a Research Service

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as the last place in the United States in which she cared to exercise her talents for deaning. When, however, she finally decided to move to Ithaca and give it a try she found that the gutters were singularly empty of intoxicated undergraduates. At first she thought this might be due to the season of the year, but as time went on and she continued to scrutinize the gutters carefully, she realized that they were permanently unoccupied—except for an occasional alumnus around reunion time. In the course of a year or so she awoke to the fact that there was about as much drinking at Cornell as at any other American university or college, but not enough to threaten the stability of the nation or the serenity of Cornell University or the peace of mind of anyone at all, unless his peace of mind is in a very fragile and unsettled condition.

Everything Under the Sun

At any rate, one cannot seek the undergraduate at Zink's today, or at the Senate, or at any of the other beer emporiums, for they have been replaced by enticing grocery stores with rubicund eggplants and succulent spinach piled in the windows, and stationery shops displaying stimulating-looking quart bottles of blue-black writing fluid and neat heaps of paper clips; all much more attractive and edifying than in the old days, when the same windows contained nothing but somnolent cats, stuffed animals, and flyspecked likenesses of sparsely clad young women on their knees staring raptly into ponds of Schlitz beer. Attractive, but not sufficiently attractive to lead undergraduates to forgather in the shops and sing passionately for four or five hours at a stretch while gnawing on a basketful of carrots or sipping a twenty-five-cent bottle of ink.

Today the most likely place in which to encounter large mixtures of Cornell undergraduates in their leisure moments is Willard Straight Hall, which is a commodious collegiate Gothic structure clinging to the middle of the front edge of the campus and looking down across the graystone tower and gables of the men's residential halls to the valley and the winding inlet and the blue waters of Cayuga Lake.

Willard Straight Hall, given to the university by the widow of a distinguished Cornell alumnus, is a glorified clubhouse containing lounging rooms for men, lounging rooms for women, high-ceilinged libraries, sleeping quarters for alumni, doting parents, celebrities and other visiting firemen, dining rooms for men, dining rooms for women, dining rooms for mixed gatherings, private dining rooms, cafeterias, soft-drink bars presided over by real bartenders who used to scrape the dollars from long ones a generation ago, committee rooms for various undergraduate organizations, offices for sundry undergraduate publications, a flagged terrace decorated with striped umbrellas and what not, on which undergraduates may sit and feast their eyes on the changing colors of the distant hills or argue as to whether you get more ideas from Professor Erf or from Professor Arf, and a highly decorative little theater for the presentation of undergraduate plays, which are mostly but not entirely gloomy, as well as for such other undergraduate functions as may fittingly be presented there.

Being a mixture of all the undergraduate strata, the habitués of Willard Straight Hall are eminently qualified to throw light on the question of the waning of college spirit among modern undergraduates. Unfortunately, when the investigator has cornered a cluster of undergraduates in the cafeteria and has filled his fountain pen and turned to a fresh sheet in his notebook, he discovers that there is a wide divergence of opinion on what constitutes college spirit. The following statistics have not, it is true, been certified and approved by the National Board of Statistic Collecting, but from what I have seen of statistics, in the Congressional Record and in statistical articles on undergraduate frivolities, I am inclined to think that my amateur statistics are superior in some respects to the professional brand. Out of those examined on the subject of college spirit, the following figures were arrived at:

Per cent who got a laugh out of the moss-covered remark: "I'd die for dear old Ugsworth"	100
Per cent who thought that college spirit entailed a willingness to die for a college	0
Per cent who expressed pronounced dislike for a rah-rah atmosphere or rah-rah actions as evidenced in college movies	100
Per cent who thought that college spirit was an inner urge to cheer athletic teams to victory	3
Per cent who thought it was poor college spirit to cheer a football team and ignore a soccer team	1
Per cent who had failed to attend soccer games and cheer for the team	93
Per cent who had failed to attend football games and cheer for the team	17
Per cent who couldn't see the use of getting up at five o'clock in the morning to welcome a football team back to Ithaca	97
Per cent who admitted they might change their minds if the football team won all its games	62
Per cent who thought that Cornell University was the finest university in the world	1
Per cent who weren't sure what they thought about it	88
Per cent who would have preferred to attend another university	0
Per cent who considered all other American universities lacking in one or more of the advantages peculiar to Cornell	100
Per cent who thought there was more college spirit at Cornell than at any other university	48
Per cent who were unable to be specific on the preceding point	48
Per cent who considered that they possessed college spirit	22
Per cent who thought they had it, but couldn't be sure until they found out what it was	64
Per cent who didn't think they had it	14
Per cent of preceding 14 per cent who thought the reason they didn't have it was because they wanted to get out of college and go to work	100
Per cent who thought that all our alumni could profitably define college spirit	100
Per cent who had an intimate acquaintanceship with more than two old alumni	0
Per cent who knew less or more about college spirit than undergraduates of 1908, 1898 and 1768	0

The Passing of the Rah-Rah Spirit

I have made several efforts to discover, from thoughtful alumni of various institutions of learning, what college spirit is, but I have made little or no progress. They go on the assumption that college spirit is something so thoroughly familiar to everyone that it needs no explaining.

"Why, dog-gone it," they say, "college spirit is—why, you know what it is! Sure! It's what you get out of a place—cheering and football and everything; and the fellows you know, and all! Why, say! I remember the time a bunch of us climbed up on Prof. Skup's barn at midnight to take off the weather vane and Eddie Grumble fell through the cupola and landed on the pig; and when Joe Mimble went in to get him he thought the pig was Eddie. Gee, I thought we'd die that night!"

"Quite so," you reply, "but what has that got to do with college spirit?"

"Well, that's what I'm trying to tell you," they say. "It's things like that that make college spirit!"

"Yes, but what is it?" you ask.

"That's what I've been telling you," they say, "and these young fellows nowadays don't know what it is!"

"Could you say," you ask, "that college spirit is the ability to learn to think, act and talk like a rational, judicial, tolerant, civilized and moderately cultured human being, and the decency to be grateful to the institution and to the associations that made it possible to learn these things? Would that be college spirit?"

"Oh, sure," they say "that and what I've been saying. My goodness, I remember the time that Bumps Hoddle stole the sign off the police station and a bunch of us had to lower him out of the window of the blurble-urble-urble-urble-urble."

It should be remarked in passing that Item No. 3 in the preceding set of statistics—that which has to do with undergraduate dislike of a rah-rah atmosphere or of rah-rah actions—is peculiar to present-day undergraduates, no matter what universities or colleges they attend. If undergraduates are to be believed, there is no more rah-rah spirit left in the world, except in the movies or in some distant university. Even the distant university, when examined, will be found to abhor the thought of rah-rahism. Consequently it is probably true that the old rah-rah spirit is dead everywhere, though it is also probably true that the police forces of the towns and cities adjacent to universities will, for several centuries to come, continue to refer malevolently to the members of all undergraduate bodies as "them rah-rah boys." This, however, is a minor detail, of no interest to statisticians or deep thinkers.

An Old Idea in Balloon Pants

The charge of materialism is brought against present-day undergraduates by so many eminent educators or publicists or thinkers, or whatever it is that they like to be called, that any investigator instinctively welcomes an opportunity to investigate the subject at any reputable university. It is obvious, from what one reads, that materialism is so plentiful that it must thrust itself into the investigator's face, greatly simplifying his labors and giving him plenty of time for light recreation and for brooding over other undergraduate shortcomings.

I am a trifle foggy about this business of materialism, owing to the somewhat messy verbiage of those who accuse modern undergraduates of it; but the thought at the bottom of the complaints seems to be that something is radically wrong because the senior class at every American university is not composed of 31 per cent William Shaksperes, 11 per cent Thomas A. Edisons, 9 per cent George Washingtons, 9 per cent Rufus Choates, 8 per cent Phillips Brookses, 6 per cent Percy Bysshe Shelleys, 6 per cent Clyde Fitches and the remainder equally divided among Alexander Hamiltons, Francis Parkmans, John Jays, James Russell Lowells and J. Pierpont Morgans. Another thought seems to be that American universities, unlike English universities, stifle the imaginative and creative spirit of their students. This may be perfectly true, though it is difficult for a layman to understand why—provided it is true—the American Who's Who and the English Who's Who should be so similar in size, and why the English sculptors and novelists and poets and architects and artists and explorers and philanthropists and inventors and playwrights and scientists and what not do not greatly outnumber the Americans of that ilk.

Another thing that I cannot get straight in my head is how these publicists, or deep thinkers, or whatever they are, propose to recognize geniuses while they are in the undergraduate, or cocoon, stage—it being a well-known fact that many geniuses, in their youth, appeared to be confirmed loafers or hopeless nit-wits—and whether they are qualified to recognize them anyway, and how it is that the materialism of the present day differs from or is more reprehensible than the materialism of 1908 or 1898, or of other more important periods of American development. Every publicist and thinker and statistician knows that the Revolutionary period in America was free from materialism; yet Edward E. Bourne, an astute and careful commentator, has a few pregnant remarks to make on the character of the New Englander of 1750 in his excellent history of the small Maine towns of Wells and Kennebunk. "Intellectual culture," he says, "was but little thought of. Physical, rather than moral, comfort and progress was the ruling motive. Everything tended to materialism." This was in 1750.

Probably I am not so bright as I should be, but I don't even know what the deep thinkers mean by materialism. Worse than that, I think they don't know what they mean by it. Is a poet a materialist because he tries to get money for his poems? Is an artist a materialist because he wants a nice bathroom in his house and nicks his clients five thousand dollars for a portrait? Is a clergyman a materialist when he accepts a call that will pay him a higher salary? Is a college professor an idealist when he accepts a flat rate of 10 per cent from a publisher for a textbook, or is he a sucker? And would he be a materialist if he insisted that his publisher pay him the regulation 15 or 20 per cent for all sales over thirty-five hundred?

Being thus partially in the dark, my researches among Cornell undergraduates may have been somewhat misdirected, but if the following statistics mean anything to the great body of tremblers before the onrush of materialism, they are welcome to them. Since I did not have several years in which to work, I failed to examine several thousand Cornell undergraduates, but those that were examined were taken haphazard from undergraduates in the college of arts and sciences, and not knowingly handpicked:

Per cent of those examined whose chief ambition was to make a large amount of money and get married immediately	18
Per cent who admitted that it would be pleasant to receive a large legacy, do no work whatever and spend the rest of their lives traveling	100
Per cent who later recanted and decided that if they received a large legacy they would travel for a year and then do something important, like excavating Pompeii	88
Per cent who, after a year of travel, would devote their fortunes to good deeds, like helping the poor, with only occasional trips to Asia or the Cameroons	10
Per cent who stuck to their original idea of just traveling	2
Per cent of those examined who, provided they couldn't receive a legacy, wanted to be authors	66
Per cent of those examined whose fathers controlled lucrative businesses in which they could have well-paid jobs immediately on graduating	52
Per cent of the above who claimed they didn't want the dog-goned jobs	79
Per cent who wanted to specialize in something somewhere and be instructors in a good university, preferably Cornell	21
Per cent who wanted to write poetry	1
Per cent of those wishing to be authors whose desire was actuated by a desire to earn a large amount of money	7
Per cent of those wishing to be authors whose desire was actuated by the thought that writing is an easy and comfortable way to earn a comfortable living	36
Per cent who thought they might have to work very hard for ten or fifteen years, and then not have too much money	6
Per cent of those wishing to be authors who thought they'd be successful authors at the end of ten or fifteen years	82
Per cent of those who could put up an argument without knowing much about their subject	96

A Charge That Kicks

Unfortunately nobody had thought of keeping authoritative statistics on the inner feelings and cosmic urges of undergraduates back in the undergraduate days of those glossy-browed gentlemen who are wringing their hands and annexing large amounts of publicity with short snappy interviews telling how the materialistic tendencies of the younger set are sending the world to hell in a hack, not to say in a coupé. I cannot recall, however, that American universities, twenty and thirty and forty years ago, were harboring an excessively high average of young men with a noticeable leaning toward literature or teaching as a lifework. In fact, I have reason to believe that undergraduates who had a desire to indulge in literary pursuits in those dear, dead days were apt to keep it dark, lest some of their rougher college pals should make game of them, or lest their parents should be too hurt and disgusted for words.

Nor can I, for that matter, recall any widespread craving to forsake the gas jets and tin bathtubs of civilization for the cruder comforts of log cabins or slum tenements; and it is my impression that a materialism team, recruited from the generation that is bemoaning materialism, would be sufficiently materialistic to lick the stuffing out of a materialism team recruited from the present generation of

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NOTED FOR THEIR
SERVICE
Inter Woven
Socks

Photographs by Man Ray, Paris

ALL the latest hair cuts emphasize the vogue for *naturalness*. The smartest coiffures are decidely the simplest. But this simplicity makes it more important than ever that your hair be well cared for and perfectly groomed. For these new hair cuts betray you at once if you are guilty of neglect. By the same token they show off lovely lustrous hair and bring out its true beauty wonderfully.

Smartly coiffured women find that regular treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the answer. Try it before your next shampoo. Part the hair and apply a very little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Work it in gently with the finger tips, using a gentle rotary motion. This relaxes any tightness and stimulates circulation, overcomes dryness and dandruff. Makes for a healthy condition.

Let the oil thoroughly penetrate. Then follow with your regular shampoo. If your hair is especially dry, or coming out badly, repeat this treatment between shampoos. Keep this up faithfully and you certainly will be rewarded for your effort with healthy hair.

1 *If you're inclined to be Junoesque, with chiselled features, this distinctive hair cut, straight back from the brow, will accentuate your type.*

2 *There's a frankly unstudied effect about this hair cut that is very appealing. Perfect for the youthful woman.*

3 *The part has moved over to the right side, you'll notice. Advised for those whose features need the softening effect of a wave.*

4 *A fortunate few are temperamentally suited to the sleek, sophisticated style. If you're one of them—let the men beware!*

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold in two convenient size bottles with special shaker top that makes it easy and economical to use.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

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undergraduates at Cornell University or any other institution of so-called higher learning.

It should be more or less interesting to the statisticians to know that the widely advertised revolt, in which undergraduates are supposed to be embedded to their ears, is not known as revolt at Cornell. As I understand it, it is known among Cornell undergraduates as "griping." "What gripes me," says the articulate Cornell undergraduate, as distinguished from the inarticulate undergraduate who, as far as is known, is never griped—"what gripes me is the way you have to stand around for three days to get registered, when the whole job could be done in an hour." That means that this particular undergraduate is in revolt against registration. He is griped, however; not revolted. The word "revolt" rather gripes him. So do flowery oratorical references to The Father of Our Country and Our Dear Old Alma Mater and other sentimentalities.

There is a vague idea among Cornell alumni and Cornell professors and other sentimentalists that when an undergraduate is seen—as he often is—resting his arms on the spider-web bridges over Cascadilla Gorge or Fall Creek Gorge, staring at the foam-flecked water in the rock-walled depths below, or when he sits motionless on a grassy knoll, brooding over the hazy valley and Cayuga's violent blue, he is communing with Nature; that his inner man is expanding and reveling in the beauty around him. This may frequently be true; and then again there may be times when it is merely thinking of something to gripe about. This thought, erroneous as it probably is, was put into my head by the suspicious quickness with which every Cornell undergraduate with whom I spoke produced a pet gripe—even though, as in one case, it was a gripe against griping. "What gripes me," declared this modern undergraduate, "is the continual griper. Seems as though griping was the favorite pastime at every college you go to. These continual gripers can find more things to find fault with in fifteen minutes than anyone else can find in a month. They gripe about coaches and they gripe about teams and they gripe about losing, and they do nothing about anything. What coaches and teams need is encouragement, not griping."

The Same Pose by Another Name

A number of Cornell undergraduates, selected at random, produced the following gripes and reasons therefor with practically no urging:

1. Gripe against drill. Cornell shouldn't be trying to defeat Mr. Kellogg's peace plan. It's out of date to ride horses, shoot guns and fight. There's time enough to think about such stuff when there's a war.

2. Gripe against those who gripe against drill. The purpose of military training is to teach men how to lead men. It is a good thing to teach students how to use guns, and the physical training is good.

3. Further gripe against drill. It takes too much time to change your clothes, and the physical training you get out of it is the bunk. How much physical training do you get out of walking around for half an hour?

4. A coed's gripe: The large size of the university, the very large classes, and the small amount of contact with professors. Also the high cost of instruction and the low grade of instructing.

5. The gripe against coeds. Coeducation is good at some universities, where the coeds are smooth, but at Cornell the percentage of smooth coeds is not sufficiently high to compensate for having them around. If men want to go around with coeds they ought to go to Vassar.

6. The gripe against those who gripe against coeds. Those who object to them ought to take a good look at themselves. They aren't so hot, as a rule.

7. The gripe against the bust system. It's bad to bust a man for his first failure and then to let him come back six months later. If a man busts he ought to be given a second try; and if he fails at the second attempt he should be busted forever.

8. The gripe against high tuition fees, which is making Cornell into a rich man's college.

9. The gripe against lack of vigor in cheering, and the bumness of cheer leaders. At other colleges the cheering is better and less mechanical.

10. The gripe against mediocre athletic events, which result in lack of interest; and the gripe against those who gripe against poor cheering: the argument being that the cheering is always all right provided that the athletic event is sufficiently interesting.

11. The gripe against the fraternity system. A national fraternity is a waste of money. Why support a national organization when a local fraternity is all that's necessary?

12. The gripe against the fraternity [illegible] which [illegible] up freshmen [illegible] they're at or what they're joining, and before those who take them have an opportunity to know them.

And so on.

These are gripes. They represent, as far as I can understand the matter, modern youth in revolt. It may be that these are new, vital, meaningful movements, but as I hark back to the good old days of 1900 and 1904 and 1908 and thereabouts, I seem to remember that each and every one of these big, vital movements or gripes was even then constantly under discussion. In those days, however, they had another name. In those days they were known by the coarse and inexcusable name of bellyaches. One great advantage possessed by this offensive word was the fact that a big serious-minded thinker or statistician or novelist could not turn out a powerful piece about Bellyaching Youth and have it snatched by palpitating publishers with loud cries of gratification. Nobody wanted to publish anything about Bellyaching Youth.

Youth in Revolt?

Youth in Revolt, however, is much different. The revolt and the bellyache are almost exactly the same, but the word "revolt" is more, as the saying goes, intriguing. Any writer can do a piece on the Revolt of Youth without going to the trouble of talking to more than two youths; and if it suggests or deals with a sufficient number of morbid subjects, there are—unless my observation has been faulty—any quantity of publishers who will jump at it.

I have heard and read a great deal on the subject of the tremendous increase, of late years, in morbidity and introspection among undergraduates. It may be that there is, as is claimed, a great deal of this at all universities, including Cornell, but for some unknown reason I have failed to encounter it. In addition to the Cornell varsity crew, football teams, baseball teams, track teams, basketball teams, wrestling teams, soccer teams, lacrosse teams, hockey teams, tennis teams and fencing teams, with their subsidiary teams and substitutes, there are sets of intramural teams, football, cross country, basketball, track, baseball and crew, for each college in the university—the colleges of agriculture, architecture, arts and sciences, civil engineering, law, mechanical engineering, and so on; and there are also interfraternity leagues and independent leagues in hockey, baseball, tennis and basketball. Young men have to be moderately healthy to yank shells through the waters of Cayuga Lake or step into a high fast one; and even moderately healthy young men are seldom sufficiently morbid for their morbidity to be observed with the naked eye. The graduate manager of athletics at Cornell, Mr. J. Romeyn Berry, recently obtained an opinion on this matter from Dr. Frank Sheehan, who has rubbed so many sore muscles on Cornell athletes and near athletes that they would, if unraveled and placed end to end, form a festoon completely around each one of the Aleutian Islands.

Said Doctor Sheehan: "Now if a student has anything busted, or is running a temperature, or has a pain that keeps on in the same place, you don't want to take no chances. See? You want to send him down to the medical office right off. But if he ain't got any of those things—just thinks himself and other little things is important—I just give him a scuttle of Epsom salts and a good swift kick. Then I send him on the field for a workout. He'll be all right in no time."

I have also heard a great deal from alumni and from deep thinkers on the subject of modern undergraduates at play. Their play, I gather, is not so jolly and

(Continued on Page 57)

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THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD has announced a plan for the progressive electrification of its main line from New York to Philadelphia.

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These improvements—bold in conception and large in execution—anticipate the day, possibly not more than 20 years hence, when the population of greater New York will be 30,000,000 and that of the nation not far short of 175,000,000.

They are the giant strides with which the Pennsylvania keeps step with the demands of the traveling public and with the growth of American business.

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REO FLYING CLOUD *THE MASTER* IS PRICED FROM $1595 TO $1895

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(Continued from Page 54)

spontaneous and red-blooded as was the play of undergraduates a generation ago. They do not, I am assured, have so good a time as undergraduates had a generation ago. Unfortunately I have been unable to find a schedule which shows the relative values of good times. If I correctly understand the arguments of the old alumni who advance these theories, good times of various sorts should be listed somewhat after the following manner:

Drinking twenty glasses of beer with thirty classmates and singing seven songs nineteen times	1.89
Drinking ten glasses of beer with two classmates and being a bit noisy	.85
Spending an evening at a football rally, cheering for several athletes, a few coaches and the dear old Alma Mater	.87
Going to a musical comedy and giving the girls the eye	.49
Going to a serious play and breaking up the show in the second act	.39
Sitting up all night before the freshman banquet and rubbing two freshmen in the mud	.93
Having a jolly game of hot-hand with the rest of the brothers	.39
Participating in the production of a serious one-act play	0
Going to New York in a sleeper with twenty classmates and keeping everyone awake until five A.M.	.75
Going to bed with a good book and reading for four hours	0.0013

Lacking any such list or schedule, however, I am unwilling to go on record to the effect that the undergraduate of today has a duller or less enjoyable time than the undergraduate of a generation ago. I have conferred with a number of Cornell undergraduates in an attempt to discover whether their lot is as stupid as the old alumni think; and I cannot find that it is.

A number of them seem to take pleasure in doing things that would have given most old alumni a slight attack of nausea—in attending exhibitions of paintings, for example, and staging one-act plays and attending lectures. Some of them write poetry or fool around with ceramics or dress-pattern designs and other unexpected diversions; and though the old alumni may not believe it, they have a grand time doing it.

They are Much the Same

They toil for their managerships and struggle for positions on the undergraduate publications with as much zeal, as far as I can see, as they ever displayed; and while I was engaged in investigating this particular subject in Ithaca in the autumn of 1928, a theaterful of undergraduates took umbrage at one of the acts in a vaudeville performance and hooted it off the stage in a manner that was strangely reminiscent of similar hootings in 1908 or thereabouts. When this occurred the manager of the theater became slightly pettish, after the manner of all theatrical managers in similar situations everywhere, and did then and there publicly accuse the undergraduates of being hoodlums and worse. At this the undergraduates, in a spirit of fretfulness, gave signs of being about to take the theater to pieces in the customary collegiate manner; and violence was narrowly averted.

I should like to oblige the old alumni, knowing how annoyed they become when they are crossed in any way, but regard for the truth compels me to state that there is very little difference between the Cornell undergraduate of 1928 and 1908, except that the present one may be a trifle more mature and a little better dressed and a little better looking than the undergraduate of a generation ago.

I have heard it said that he is more sophisticated. Maybe he is. He would never admit it if he weren't; for to seem unsophisticated is not considered a desirable trait by many of the undergraduates with whom I have come in contact. There have been times, however, when I have not been positive about his sophistication.

I sat, by chance, in a meeting of the board of editors of a Cornell publication. During the meeting there was some discussion of a proposed article on companionate marriage. As far as I could gather, this article had been proposed at a preceding meeting as a circulation getter. At the meeting which I attended there was indignant denial that it was to be run to gain circulation. Evidently it was thought to be not quite nice for a magazine to admit publicly, or in the presence of an outsider, that it wished to gain circulation. It was, therefore, decided that the article should be run, but not as a circulation getter. There was then a question as to whether the article should be a comprehensive discussion of companionate marriage or merely an explanation of companionate marriage. This was where my confidence in the sophistication of modern undergraduates began to wabble; for it was generally admitted by the board that most undergraduates had only the sketchiest idea of what companionate marriage was. In fact, it seemed to me that several members of the board were themselves rather hazy on the subject; though I was probably wrong in this.

The Dowager's Delight

At any rate, it was deemed inadvisable to construct the article in the form of a discussion, for fear that those who read it might be left floundering around beyond their depths; and it was the consensus of opinion that the article should merely explain companionate marriage. It occurred to me at the time that there are a number of so-called modern subjects, like companionate marriage and escapes and biologic urges, that should only be discussed and explained in the undergraduate manner—only, that is to say, by persons who have the vaguest of ideas concerning them. In this way they ought to mean more to the general public than they would if they were discussed by persons thoroughly familiar with them, if I make myself clear.

When I speak of sophistication, I am speaking, of course, of male undergraduates. I am not at all sure of my ground in the matter of coeds. I have come in contact with a number of modern coeds at various institutions; and many of them have been able, not to say willing or eager, to discuss excessively delicate subjects with the utmost freedom, as long as the discussion remains on a scientific or dispassionate basis. If there is anything that many modern coeds will not talk about I don't know what it is. I am quite unable to state, however, that they are infinitely more sophisticated than their mothers, or than the preceding generation of coeds; because I have no way of knowing how much their mothers knew. I have a strong suspicion, however, that their mothers knew a great deal more than they admit to knowing; and it seems quite obvious that a great many dowagers who stand deliciously aghast at the conversation and the crimes that are laid at the door of the younger generation are ever ready to listen to the conversations and to repeat them at every opportunity. I might even go so far as to hint that if opportunities do not present themselves, they make their own opportunities. It takes a high grade of statistician to worry the inner meaning out of this state of affairs.

It is worth noting that if undergraduates have, as the older generation frequently intimate, become softer and less red-blooded and less amenable to discipline, and so on, than the undergraduates of an earlier day, their decadence seems to have escaped the notice of America's leading executives. As I recall the situation a generation ago, a university graduate went out and hunted for a job, and grabbed the first one that came along. Nowadays some eighty corporations send representatives to Ithaca each spring to comb over the senior class, particularly the engineers, and offer positions to them. Some corporations send committees of four or five or six men who remain in Ithaca for a week, interviewing seniors and investigating their qualifications. Since the representatives come back for more each year, I gather that Cornell undergraduates not only are not totally devoid of red blood but that they may even have as much as the classmates of the men who never failed to pull the Cornell shells to victory in the piping days of Old Man Courtney.

It is, I have discovered, a gross insult to an old alumnus to intimate that undergraduates of today are in any way superior to what he was. I am, therefore, treading on dangerous ground. Yet I am obliged to report that Cornell, in determining to keep the numbers of its students between five thousand and fifty-five hundred, has adopted a selective system of admission that would have caused the average old alumnus to gag slightly if he had come in contact with it during his undergraduate days. When two thousand apply for admission to the college of arts and sciences nowadays, five hundred are admitted. Under the old system a hundred students used to be busted from the college of arts and sciences in a single term. Now a matter of fifteen are busted. Higher-grade students, in other words, are selected. They study more—not much more, probably; and not enough to hurt anyone unless his mind and his constitution are peculiarly messy; but at any rate, they study more. More of them come from homes where the parents were college bred, and so are able to talk rationally and intelligently. I must persist in thinking that they seem a little better, a little older, a little less damp behind the ears.

They seem, on the whole, a little happier than they did in the old days when, as I understand it, more than half the student body lived in somewhat cheesy boarding houses, and about a third of the student body lived in fraternity houses which seemed, in that distant day, to be the very apex of sybaritic luxury. Nowadays the boarding houses are being replaced by desirable dormitories, and the nonfraternity man is frequently better off, as far as neighbors, privacy and living quarters go, than the brothers in the mystic bonds of Delta Tomato Cuff or Phi Lambda Peanut; especially if the Delta Tomato Cuff house or the Phi Lambda Peanut house was built, as many of them were, back in the days before the boys thought of hanging their fraternity pins on watch chains, like Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Suffering Alumni

Occasionally an old alumnus advocates abolishing the snobbish and discontent-inspiring fraternities, and moving the despised coeds to a separate establishment of their own—a little job that might be accomplished for fifty million dollars, provided it was feasible. Such gentlemen, however, are not thoroughly familiar with the situation. If they were, they would find 25 per cent of the Cornell coeds attending fulltime house parties at Cornell fraternities and 50 per cent of them dating with undergraduates; and they would find large numbers of upperclassmen in fraternities making determined efforts to get out of their fraternity houses and secure rooms in the university residential halls. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the old alumni may soon begin to squawk because the university residential halls are strangling the good old fraternities, and that the undergraduates may have to start a rebellion against the old grads, lest they have the coeds taken away from them.

Universities, it seems to me, have much in common with, let us say, the works of the late William Shakspere. Unworthy critics, whose investigations are conducted with a sly and cunning purpose, can always find cause in them for secret titterings, for sanctimonious finger pointings, for excited whisperings, for prunish and prismatic offense. Normal persons find beauty and freshness and youth and humor and every imaginable thing under the sun, including a great reservoir of wisdom on which the world can draw forever. That goes for Cornell.

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HE GOT ANNOYED

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

GENERAL Victorino Sebastian Rodriguez was no longer glowering so fiercely. He sat at his table in the big room of the Sociedad Comercio de San Fernando, which had become the G. H. Q. of his revolution, and pouted with disappointment and anger. His cheeks puffed out at intervals, exposing fat, red lips and making the ends of his ragged mustache move like the antennæ of a perplexed insect. His forehead was creased in a vertical line of worry which mounted from between his small eyes to the roots of his black hair.

Alan Riley, a good-looking young man of about thirty, dressed in immaculate whites, sat impassively before him, his Indianlike countenance unmoved by any flash of enthusiasm for General Rodriguez's schemes. When he had been ordered, practically under arrest, to report at headquarters, Rodriguez had tried bulldozing; now the general, baffled by Riley's calm, imperturbable refusal, was beginning to wheedle.

"Just one little flight," he begged, and held up a grimy, ink-stained forefinger. Rodriguez was not a man to take the handling of a pen lightly; he often explained that he was much more accustomed to handling a gun. The forefinger stood erect a foot from Alan Riley's nose. "Just one little flight. I will see that you are protected and that you are amply repaid."

Alan's head shook. "Don Victorino, you are making promises that you can't fulfill." It was a remark which, at other times, would have brought forth a bellow of wounded pride, but Rodriguez, intent upon his purpose, let it pass. Alan continued: "You say that I will be amply repaid, but how about the seventy thousand dollars' worth of contracts that my company has here? If this revolution fails, do you think that Gandarios is going to let us go on with our work? He'll see us fry! Besides," he added after a pause, "the Balopa Peninsula isn't the entire republic. The peninsula is revolting, but part of my work is in the rest of the country."

The general brushed aside such arguments as unworthy. "With you helping us we cannot fail!" he asserted emphatically. "And your little seventy thousand dollars will mean nothing. Señor Riley, you will be a rich man! Rich! I do not forget those who help me!"

Riley said to himself: "No, you bla'guard, you shoot 'em!" Aloud: "It's impossible, my friend."

They had been "my friending" each other for nearly thirty minutes. Alan Riley rose.

"My duty," he said, "is to my company. Your revolution is no affair of mine. You may seize my aeroplanes if you please. If you can find another pilot who will fly them, that's your good luck and I can't do anything about it. But it's not my fault that you started your revolution off half-cocked. Why should I fly along the coast trying to find a lost shipload of ammunition?"

General Rodriguez's fist banged down upon the table. "You know entirely too much, my young friend!" he stormed. "I warn you!" Alan Riley shrugged. "There are ways of dealing with people who fail to keep their mouths shut!"

The younger man nodded and said nothing. After all, he reflected, there was no reason why Don Victorino shouldn't clap him into the spig jail, and Central American jails have a way of being uncomfortable. For that matter, there was no reason why that unpleasant *ley de fuego* shouldn't be invoked. Virtue is cool solace when one is lying by the roadside, drilled through in a dozen places. And the undisprovable story that one was shot while trying to escape is poor comfort for one's friends.

"I understand what you mean, general," said Alan, meeting the heady, unblinking stare of the other's eyes.

"Just Keep My Name Out of It," He Cautioned. "I Don't Want Those Planes of Mine Burnt Out of Spite"

"But sit down, *amigo*," insisted the officer. "Let us go into this more deeply. There is no reason, I suppose, why you shouldn't take a passenger for a flight in your plane. A friend—Don Emilio, for example. A friend who is not in uniform. There is no reason why you should not fly along the coast. Surely you are not responsible for what his eyes see."

"You are wasting your time," interrupted Alan. He rose again, took up his sun helmet.

Don Victorino's eyes became more piglike than ever and his expression hardened. "We may find it necessary to persuade you," he said.

Alan smiled and bowed faintly. "But I am sure," he said suavely, "that we may depend upon you not to do anything that might embarrass the future republic of Balopa."

Rodriguez's cheeks puffed again and his open hand smacked the table in exasperation. "But don't try my patience too far," he warned. "I am a soldier, not a diplomat. You, too, have been a soldier, Señor Riley. You know what it is to be in command of men. Why should I consider your safety, your comfort, your life, even, when the lives of my men may depend upon your willingness to do just one little thing? Just one little flight!"

They had gone around in a circle again, for at least the fifth time. "Just one little flight"—which, for Alan, would surely bring about the confiscation of his two planes and banishment proceedings when the Gandarios government came to restore order. The contracts for aerial surveys would go to some other company. Rodriguez was as preposterous as his own little tin-pot revolution; an unkempt, vicious little wolf of a man, calling himself a soldier. Shades of the Great War! A soldier!

Alan took his leave and went down the crowded stairs, half expecting to be arrested on Rodriguez's shouted orders before he reached the bottom. Some of the general's aides stared at him curiously, as though they were trying to divine from his expression what had passed between him and Rodriguez. He realized as he went down that he had become of overwhelming importance in the campaign to free Balopa Peninsula from—according to the proclamations about town—the "tyrannical government which has cruelly humbled us for so many intolerable years."

Stores along the dusty, sun-baked street were closed and, except for the plaza, the town was deserted. On the plaza, under decrepit palm trees, the regimental band tooted spasmodically, and Rodriguez's orators harangued the public and painted word pictures of a governmental paradise upon earth. Alan walked along slowly toward Ling Fo's hotel, wondering what, if anything, Rodriguez would have nerve enough to try.

He heard his name called and glanced up, surprised, to discover that a girl, sitting in a dilapidated hack, was beckoning to him from the other side of the narrow street. She was a very pretty girl, blond and slim, dressed in white and wearing a broad-brimmed hat of soft straw from which a red scarf trailed over one shoulder. He stepped back while a scavenger sow, with four squealing little porkers trailing her, grunted past. Overhead a monkey and a parrot argued obscenely from two windows.

"I am Julia Shaw," explained the girl, smiling, as he approached. "My father is Olin Shaw who has the Biyobi Mine. I was just at Ling Fo's asking for you and they said you'd gone this way, so I came after you. I have a very great favor to ask."

"Please do," he said, recovering a little from his surprise at seeing such a girl in dirty San Fernando. She had the air of being on her way from some yachting party to a country club.

"Father and I," she said, "came down from the mine in our boat last night and the engineer disappeared this morning. We can't get the engine started. I'm afraid he did something to it, probably on Rodriguez's orders. And father wondered if your mechanic could look it over for us."

"I've left my mechanic out with the planes," he said. "But I'll look at the engine myself. I'm fairly good at engines."

"That's very kind of you!" she exclaimed. She moved over and gestured for him to get in beside her. "It might be very embarrassing if we couldn't get out of San Fernando. Though I don't think that Rodriguez is likely to hinder us." She paused and added abruptly: "Still you never can tell about these revolutions."

"You speak as though you're used to them," said Alan.

The corners of her mouth went up in a smile and she answered simply: "I've lived here all my life, except when

(Continued on Page 61)

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UCC

(Continued from Page 59)

I was north at school. One grows accustomed to such things. Is there any news in town?"

"Not much. I've just been talking with Rodriguez. He's pretty worried. His ammunition hasn't come and he doesn't know what line to meet the Gandarios troops on. Of course if the ammunition doesn't come at all, there'll be no fighting and Rodriguez had better do a nose dive into the mud flats."

"That's interesting!" she said quickly. "I wish you'd tell dad about that."

"How do you people stand? Neutral?"

She hesitated for a moment and then said: "As neutral as we can be considering the fact that we'll be properly ruined if Rodriguez wins. We'll be done for! He doesn't like us."

"Why not?"

She hesitated again and laughed. "To tell the truth—and wartime's no time for being coy—Don Victorino had some rather romantic ideas about me when he came here to take command of the troops. Dad told him to clear out and Don Victorino's feelings were hurt." She wrinkled her nose and smiled delightfully. "I think he rather fancied being married to the Biyobi Mine."

"You doubt the purity of Don Victorino's motives?"

"Now and then," the girl replied. "So, you see, in a way I helped bring on the revolution. I caused an expansion of ego in him. Of course if he had married the Biyobi Mine he would have been sitting on top of the world politically. He'd have been an important fellow in Puerto Durango."

"Wouldn't he just!"

"This was the only other way he could achieve importance," she explained. "It isn't enough for a man like Rodriguez to own a pair of shoes and to be able to write his name. Ah, no!"

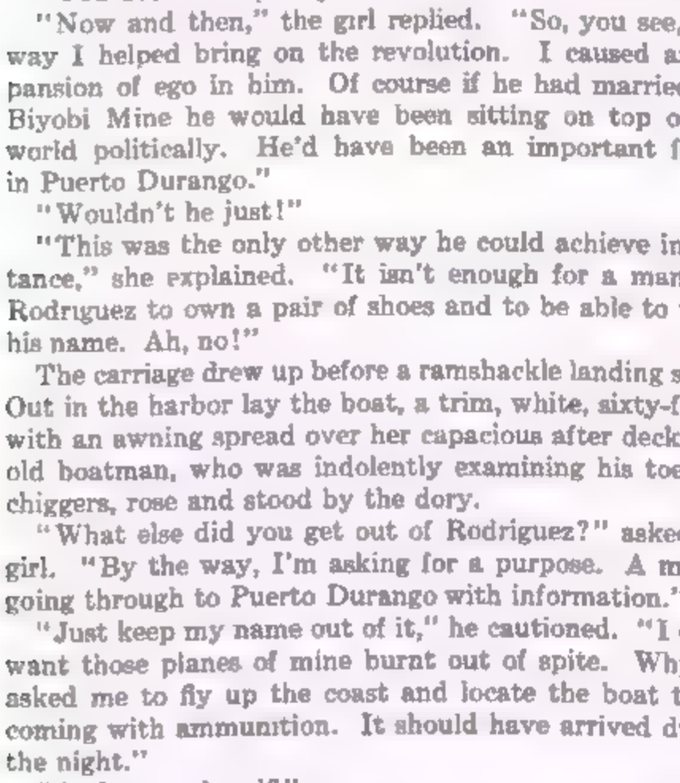
The carriage drew up before a ramshackle landing stage. Out in the harbor lay the boat, a trim, white, sixty-footer with an awning spread over her capacious after deck. An old boatman, who was indolently examining his toes for chiggers, rose and stood by the dory.

"What else did you get out of Rodriguez?" asked the girl. "By the way, I'm asking for a purpose. A man is going through to Puerto Durango with information."

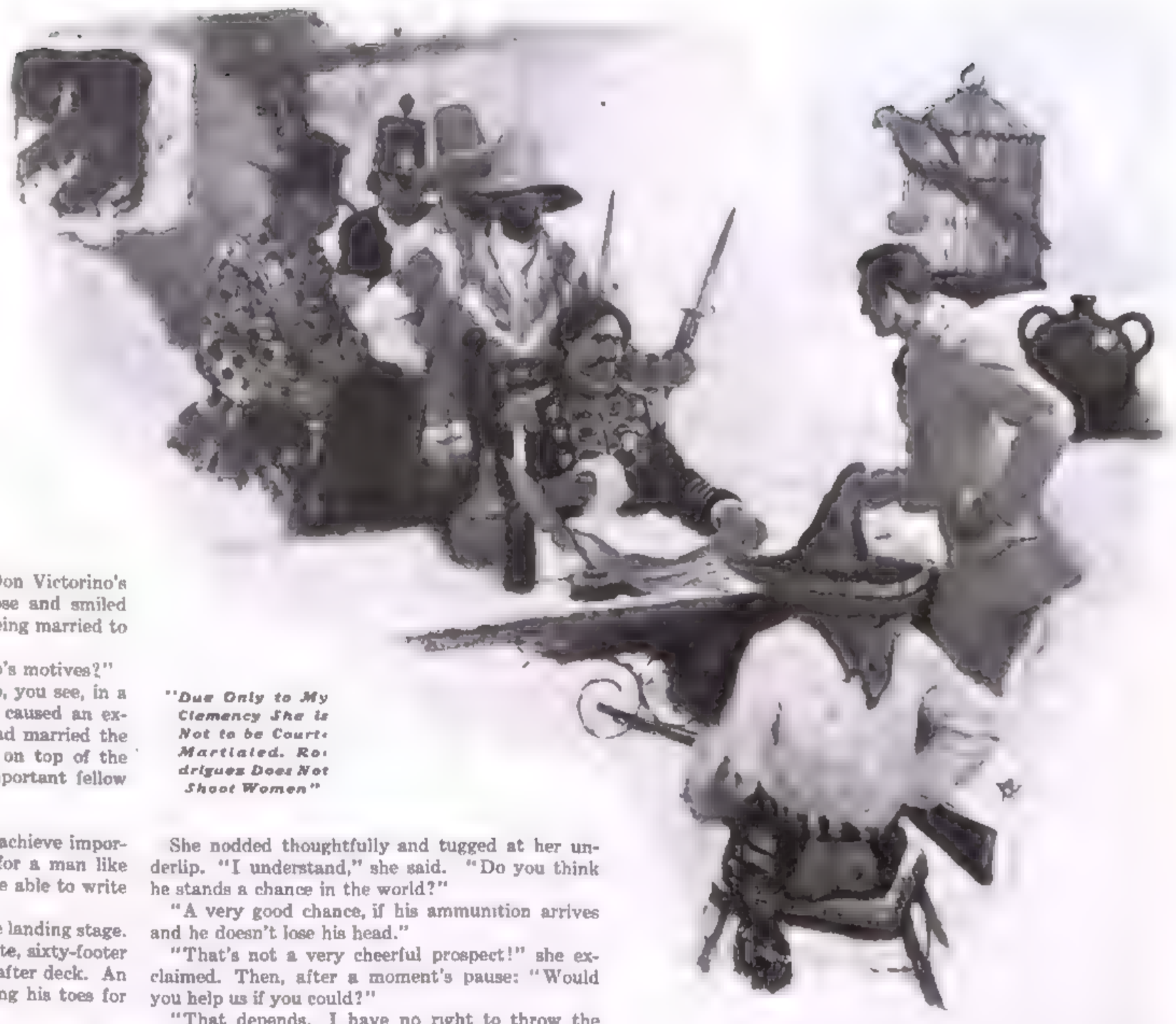
"Just keep my name out of it," he cautioned. "I don't want those planes of mine burnt out of spite. Why, he asked me to fly up the coast and locate the boat that's coming with ammunition. It should have arrived during the night."

"And you refused?"

"Of course. The troops are out to meet the Gandarios forces and they think that ammunition is coming up in the rear. Rodriguez is enough of a soldier to know that his men will have to fall back. If he could locate his ammunition and know exactly when he can count upon it, he could tell where his most favorable point for a battle would be. As it is now, he's in the dark. He doesn't know what to do."



They Circled and Headed Back for the Boat



"Due Only to My Clemency She Is Not to be Court-Martialed. Rodriguez Does Not Shoot Women"

She nodded thoughtfully and tugged at her underlip. "I understand," she said. "Do you think he stands a chance in the world?"

"A very good chance, if his ammunition arrives and he doesn't lose his head."

"That's not a very cheerful prospect!" she exclaimed. Then, after a moment's pause: "Would you help us if you could?"

"That depends. I have no right to throw the company I'm with into a mess. It's largely my company, but others have money in it. As an individual I'd help you, yes." He added: "It certainly isn't going to be to my advantage if Rodriguez gets away with this."

"Nor to the advantage of any foreigner who has money invested in the country," she replied. "He has these poor simpletons believing that the peninsula is going to be a Utopia—no taxes, no work and free bullfights every Sunday. Have your aeroplanes been seized?"

"Not yet. He threatened to do it and I told him to go ahead. That killed his enthusiasm."

"They took fifty cases of dad's dynamite last night before we got here. They made *bombas* of them."

"So we have your father to thank for the noise." *Bombas* had been exploding most of the night in celebration of the revolution.

She smiled grimly and nodded. "Dad swears beautifully every time one of them goes off."

They went aboard the boat. It was immaculate, shining. Julia followed him to the engine room, where he began an examination. "Ignition," he said finally. The trouble was easily traced to the timer box; he opened and found a part missing. The engineer had effectively put the boat out of commission.

"Probably on Rodriguez's orders," commented Alan. "It's a game that two can play. You'd better let me put a witch's curse on the magneto. That'll keep Rodriguez from taking the boat."

She nodded in agreement and stood watching him while he removed a magneto part, which he buried deeply in a can of yellow cup grease.

An explosion—another *bomba*—made the air tremble and she smiled at the thought of Olin Shaw swearing beautifully. "We'd better go over to the warehouse and tell dad what you've done to the engine. You can explain better than I can, and I'd like to have you meet him."

The rowboat took them to the warehouse, a big, almost windowless shed with a corrugated metal roof. Olin Shaw stood on the landing, waiting for them and sucking a dry pipe. He was a big man, muscular, with a sharply cut tanned face. Tanned in the sense that leather is tanned. And he looked as tough as leather. His helmet was pushed back, showing curly gray hair. His eyes were a cold pale blue, all the colder because he was angry. Another *bomba* exploded appropriately, just as they came alongside.

"Hear the jackasses!" he said, without the formality of introduction. "Rodriguez has been giving a speech, promising the multitude to confiscate all the property held by foreigners. The state is going to work the Biyobi Mine instead of having taxes."

"Dad, this is Alan Riley."

The two men shook hands and Alan told what he had done to the engine.

"If I catch that engineer," said Olin Shaw, "I'll kick the spigotty pants off him."

Julia, as they were talking, gave an exclamation and pointed out across the water. A rowboat had put out from shore with six or eight men aboard, heading unmistakably for the Shaws' cruiser. Several rifles glinted in the sunlight.

"We just got there in time," Alan said.

Shaw growled: "They'll be around here pretty soon for more dynamite. Let 'em try and take it!"

"Got much of it left?"

"Hundred cases or so and thirty cans of black powder."

"If they had any sense they'd use the dynamite to blow up the road when they retreat."

"There isn't any real road," said Shaw. "Just a system of fairly open trails. But they could do some damage."

They watched the men board the boat and disappear below.

"No danger of them going for a boat ride," remarked Alan. "I have to be dusting along. I'll be at Ling Fo's in an hour, if anything turns up. I'd better not come back here. It'd be a little too obvious that we've got our heads together."

"I hate this waiting!" exclaimed Julia. "I wish we could do something!"

Alan nodded. "One of my chief recollections about the late war was the waiting—waiting until we could do the something that counted. It doesn't pay to be too impetuous."

"That sounds," she said, looking at him narrowly, "as though you have an idea, some sort of plan."

"No, none in particular. We'll see what turns up."

The revolution to free Balopa Peninsula had broken out suddenly—too suddenly for the peace of mind of those most deeply involved in the conspiracy. Rodriguez had decided

(Continued on Page 127)

Busy factories create payrolls, and payrolls create markets. Here, factories are busy and their low production costs insure continuous operation.

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PIEDMONT CAROLINAS' workmen are *earning*, which insures their ability to buy. They *do* buy, and here is the evidence.

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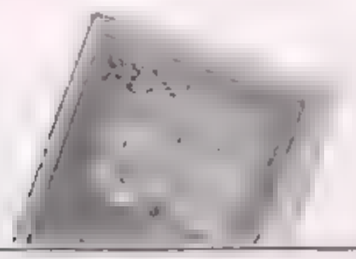
If you make your goods in this low-cost, high-production area, you can market them more easily—not only in Piedmont Carolinas, but throughout the whole nation. Proof? The book shown below gives it.



For this book of facts, address Industrial Dept., Room 523, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

THE ETCHEONDA

(Continued from Page 7)

"That depends upon the *fêtes*," was the amused response. "Our guests might not be too flattered. . . . Do you feel that Manuelo will be able to rise to the elegance of this setting? He is no *cordon bleu*."

"*Ah, Dieu*, surely you do not imagine that on such an occasion I should leave all to the laziness of Manuelo? But certainly not, Monsieur Tubal! It is I myself who prepare the menu."

"Now that is something I will not have!" exclaimed the other sharply, amusement gone from his voice. "That you redden your charming little face over my kitchen fire preparing delicacies for chance guests of the road—it is not suitable! They must take us as they find us, and welcome. But you shall not exhaust yourself in their service, or in mine."

"Exhaust myself!" Bette's laugh was as merrily contagious as a child's. "One would suppose my 'charming little face' a stranger to kitchen fires! As for what is suitable—is anything more suitable for a woman than to prepare good viands for hungry men to eat? But perhaps"—her face clouded "you have doubts of me as *cuisinière* ——"

"*Mignonnette!*" He caught her small brown hand in his and kissed it reproachfully.

"You see," she said confidentially, quite mollified, "it is most important that these guests be well entertained—so well that they will wish to linger."

He agreed, rather mystified, that the entertaining of guests was always important. "But why these in particular?"

She lowered her voice so that Frederica, above, had some difficulty in eavesdropping. "*Regardez donc!* One has discovered something. Of those young gentlemen, he whom they call the Monsieur Pooch is the cadet of a great American publishing house; and if our books, monsieur, should be made to find favor in the Americas—*voilà tout!*" She bunched her fingers together and threw an ecstatic kiss into the air. "In the Americas, one has heard, they pay money even for literature."

It was Etcheverray's turn to burst out laughing; the listener above got the impression that he rarely laughed so, except in his present company.

"What it is to be of the *tempérament pratique!* The fault will not be yours, my dear little neighbor, if I do not yet achieve fame and even fortune out of those books of mine—pardon—of ours."

Bette nodded seriously. "But naturally, monsieur; one does one's possible."

At that moment a voice, a palpably American voice, called from some inner region: "Say, ma'mselle! Better come here quick! Something's boiling over."

"*Ah, peste*, the sauce of onions! You see," dimpled the girl over her shoulder as she hastened away, "I do not lack for assistance in my so arduous labors of the *cuisine*. It is the Lulu one who minds for me the pot! . . . Coming, monsieur, coming!" She disappeared.

"Lulu! My word!" thought the listener above, less complacent. "Little Butter Lulu making himself useful? I'd better get into action here," and she descended from her tower in some haste.

It was for several of them a memorable occasion—that modest feast out under the stars, with candles flickering in delicious airs from a near-by pine forest, and presently a May moon silvering the fragrant dark. The whisper of unseen waters made the only sound that broke the wide stillness about them, together with their own voices, hushed a little by the beautiful presence of the night.

At the head of the table sat a man once known as one of the most charming hosts in Europe, exercising those duties of hospitality which are to people of his blood a sacred rite; and presently young America forgot its own importance and was content to look and listen, feeling newly at ease with life. Now and again Bette, divested of apron and sooty smudge, rose quietly to attend their wants, and always the Comte des Luynes rose with her and stood beside her chair until she was seated again, manifestly to Bette's discomfiture; so that presently she gave over entirely to Manuelo's rather casual but interested ministrations. The meal was simple as only art is simple; the mellowed wine, to these connoisseurs of cocktails, highballs, Pernods, and the like, so mild-appearing as to be almost drink for babes; yet presently a pleasant heady warmth eased away their adolescent awkwardness, and soon the boys were making their host chuckle with droll dry Americanisms, while Frederica pushed aside a candlestick the better to keep an eye upon Lulu; who, all unaware of it, was watching in turn Bette Urruty, his candid gray gaze warm and eager.

"Why, he's got it!" Frederica told herself incredulously.

She jumped to her feet suddenly, suggesting that Monsieur Etcheverray exhibit the charms of his château, to which the moon appeared kinder than the light of day.

"You have a ghost here, I suppose?"

"Ah, naturally, mademoiselle, we have our ghosts. And they will be, no doubt, most happy to receive you. I think," he added, smiling a little, "that ghosts are often very lonely folk."

"Who isn't?" muttered the girl under her breath, and caught his look upon her of surprised curiosity. She seemed to him very young to have learned that.

The place, he explained, was an old *maison forte* rather than a true château. "Built, according to command, 'with a tower to the height of the lance of a mounted horseman,' and a *salle des gardes* sufficiently large for men at arms to muster in time of need; which is called in our tongue '*l'Ey Kahatcia*,' and has given its name to our house. But nowadays old l'Ey Kahatcia, like its master, has, as you observe, fallen somewhat into disrepair."

"Easy enough to restore, sir," said Pat eagerly, out of his architectural ambitions. "Look at Carcassonne."

"Possibly. But to what end," shrugged the Comte des Luynes; "seeing that it has outlived its usefulness?"

Frederica got the impression that he was speaking of himself rather than of his house, and wondered why. The man was not old; despite his slight scholar's stoop and the distinguished touch of gray at his temples, the figure was lithe and active, the fine eyes keen and clear, the smile subtly magnetic. Yet he gave the effect of having deliberately stepped aside from life, of looking on at it from some distance. She recalled his phrase: "Ghosts are often very lonely folk."

In the darkness her shoulder came into accidental contact with that of Lulu, and did not move away. But since he failed to take proper advantage of the opportunity, she slipped a hand into the pocket of Pooch on the other side, who proved more appreciative. He had earned his sobriquet by a certain doglike gratitude for small cousinly favors received. The pair retired into the narrow embrasure of a window seat to listen to their host, who, with some urging, had begun to tell stories in keeping with the shadowy, vaulted place—medieval romances of the region, those stirring unforgotten tragedies which haunt all legend as inevitably as the minor note persists in the music of ancient peoples.

Bette listened as raptly as if she had not thrilled all her life to this low, thoughtful voice recounting such matters as had "saddened his youth, yet made it great to live"; now and then correcting him firmly in some familiar detail: "But no, monsieur, the Saracens beleagured us here during the Second Crusade, not the First!" or: "Some believe, do they not, that it was Margharida of Roussilho, rather than the lovely Saurimonde, who was so betrayed?"—this of a certain unfortunate lady who was made by her jealous lord to eat unknowingly the heart of her true love, the Knight of Cabestang, served on a silver charger; upon which, remarking that after food so exquisite no other should pass her lips, she flung herself into the moat and died of it.

"Not the first woman to eat the heart out of a man who loved her!" commented Lewis, with some emphasis.

"Ah, a woman's privilege," assented their host.

"At least," mocked the voice of Frederica from the window embrasure, "you should approve her gesture of remorse, Lulu dear. What woman could do more?"

Etcheverray's keen glance went from one dimly seen young face to the other, seeking what trouble lay between these two. Whatever it was, the girl appeared to permit herself consolations. She had spoken from the knees of the young man named Pooch, with whom she appeared to be sharing an affectionate cigarette, puff and puff alike.

There was a strange glamour to that May night, with stars glimmering in at them through the fallen roof, bats rustling among the rafters, an owl hooting eerily from what had been the minstrel gallery; while a profound student of ancientry made the place live again for them as it lived for him. Warming to their interest, he put into fine impromptu English for their benefit stanzas out of old troubadour lays, gallant as the Song of Roland; ancient marching choruses to which men of that house had ridden away to the Holy Land under Richard of England—"As you will hear them still at our village *fêtes*," he said, "when they clash the swords for the Espada Dantza."

And Lulu's gaze, under cover of the darkness, took its fill of Bette's rapt face, haloed by the lantern she held, kindling with these memories of her people; grave and sweet, a little stern of brow as must have been the faces of those other women who, generation after generation, sent their men away to sail the seas of the world, unweeping; those fighting mothers who tended alone their homes and their lands, and on occasion defended them right ably, against the time of their men's return from the wars. He recalled a certain legend he had seen written above John de Maytie's studio door in Paris: "Eschaldene Fededen," meaning: Basques and Faithful. No wonder! They had women like this Bette girl, thought the boy, to keep them faithful.

"Br-r-r!" The familiar voice of Freddy, shivering, jarred unpleasantly upon his mood of slight exaltation. "It's all very grand and impressive—these ancient *salles des gardes* and minstrel galleries and what not—but how the devil did anybody keep warm in them?"

"Ah," smiled Etcheverray, "the world was younger then, mademoiselle, and warmer-blooded!" He added quietly that perhaps they might have noted at the Cluny Musée in Paris certain old arras and carpets and other housings which up to his mother's day had made the grim halls and corridors of l'Ey Kahatcia more habitable.

"What, you sold them? Rather rough on your descendants, wasn't it?" remarked Freddy, who had the modern habit of speaking her mind.

"On the contrary, mademoiselle. My descendants, were I fortunate enough to possess any, would doubtless have been grateful enough for the moneys they brought, which made our continued existence as a family possible."

"Oh! I see," she murmured blankly, with the embarrassment any good American feels at being caught or catching another in the act of confessed poverty.

Bette, sensing a certain unaccountable condescension in the air, cast aside shyness and entered the lists with colors flying.

"*Monsieur le comte* also felt, *sans doute*," she remarked, "that such historical treasures of art belong rather to the nation than

(Continued on Page 84)

"The Plymouth is so named because it so thoroughly typifies the enterprise, endurance and strength of the early Pilgrim colonists."

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When all is said and done the greatest value a motor car can hand back to the buyer for his dollars is the comfort he gets out of every minute and every mile of driving and riding.

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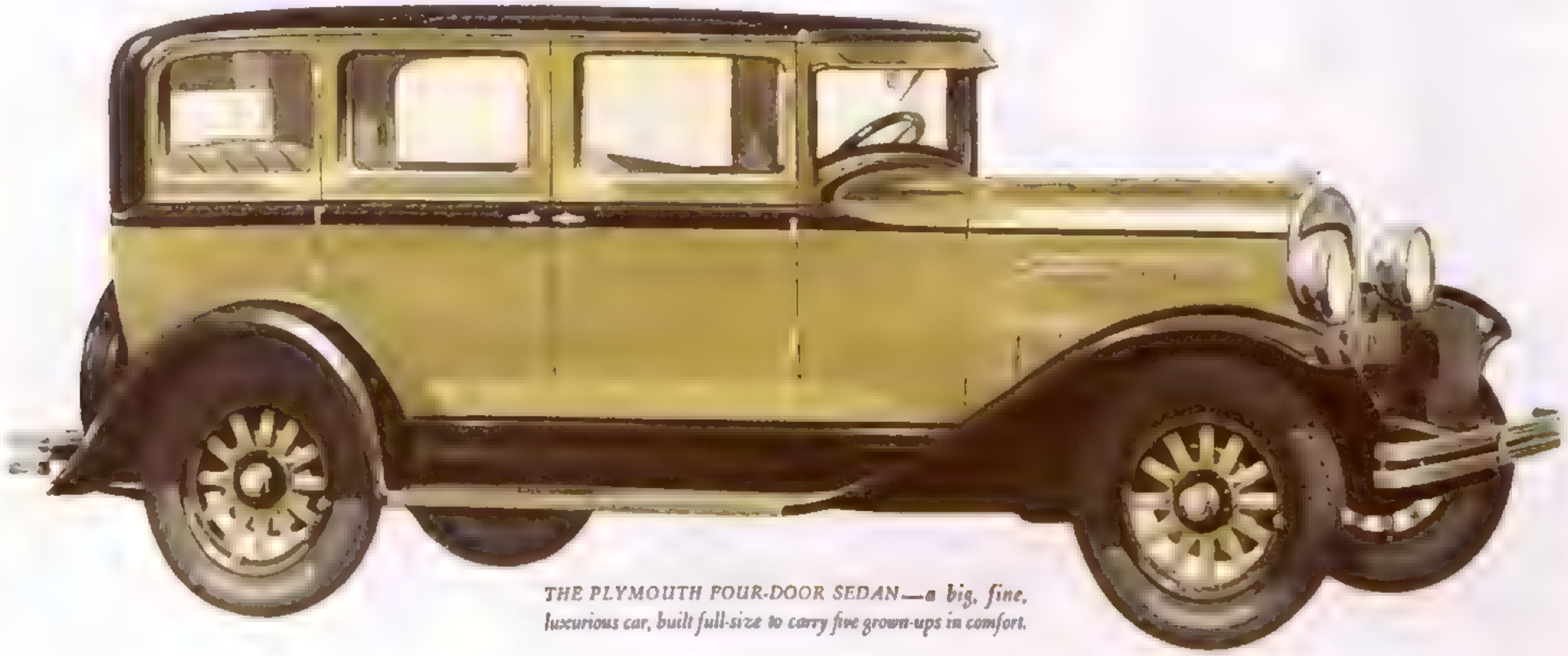

THE PLYMOUTH FOUR-DOOR SEDAN—a big, fine, luxurious car, built full-size to carry five grown-ups in comfort.

(Continued from Page 62)

to individual families. It may interest you, who are of so new a people, mademoiselle, to learn that since the beginning of history, and perhaps before, Etcheverray have served as *seigneurs féodal* of this valley. . . . As the name itself would indicate to those not ignorant of our tongue."

Their host hastened smilingly to explain the prefix "etche," so frequent in Basque names. "We Eskualdunak, as you perhaps know, were originally sun worshipers; and what Mademoiselle Bette wishes to indicate is that you see before you, in person, a humble descendant of the sun himself—Etche, the Eye, the Light—a visible result of that orb's fabled marriage with Madame Earth, which resulted so happily in peopling our Pyrenees. This fortuitous domestic event is believed to have taken place some eons previous to the first Cro-Magnon invasion."

"You cannot deny, monsieur," said Bette equably, well accustomed to teasing from this source, "that your mother's ancestor who, as *pouserneur-châtelain* under the French king, shared with him tithes on every oven, cider mill and wine press in this *merindad*, declined to accept a French title at his hands, saying it was sufficient to be inscribed merely 'Etcheverray' in the ancestral tablets of Guernica?"

"Which showed, I am afraid, a very reprehensible braggadocio on the part of my mother's ancestor," shrugged their host; "whom one could also wish to have been less reckless in the expenditure of royal favors!"

"*Tiens*, when one is friend to kings it is not possible to count the eggs which go into the omelet," said the girl epigrammatically; and provided further facts of Etcheverray history. "They have not been merely a fighting people, like us Urruty, although Monsieur Tubal won his decoration on the same battlefield where my papa lost an arm. A jongleur of this house vied at the courts of love before Madame Eleanor of Aquitaine; another wrested the golden palm from Gaston Phœbus de Foix, himself prince of warrior troubadours," recited Bette glibly, evidently well versed in her subject. "And Monsieur Tubal in person, when but a boy, won the golden rose at the grand concourse of poets in Toulouse—the Jeux Floraux—with a sestina in honor of our own famous Pilar de Maytie!" She paused abruptly, as one who has said too much.

"Bette, Bette," chided their host gently, "our guests can hardly be so interested as ourselves in little matters of local history."

"But we are, sir!" exclaimed the three young men with one voice; and Pat added eagerly, "Particularly in the devastating De Maytie. You knew her, then? We've heard of her, of course—who hasn't? Besides, she was John's mother."

"Ah," said their host quickly. "One had forgotten your friendship with our dear John! An added reason for welcoming you to l'Ey Kahatcia."

He bowed courteously to his guests and changed the subject.

But roused curiosity was not to be so easily deflected. "Do tell us more about the De Maytie, sir! Naturally we couldn't very well question John. How many men did she marry—if any? An actress, wasn't she, or a dancer, or something legendary, like Cléo de Mérode and La Belle Otéro? There aren't any such women nowadays!" complained Pat, sighing. "Even her son seems to adore her memory, though they do say he doesn't know which man ——"

Lulu's heel ground savagely into his instep. A curious, tense silence settled about them; out of which their host spoke after a moment, so very quietly as almost to lisp:

"You speak truly, monsieur, when you say there are no such women nowadays. Madame de Maytie," he said, through that pregnant hush, "was perhaps the loveliest lady of all the lovely ladies our world has known—a great artist, a greater woman, and—my very close friend, monsieur."

"Beg pardon. . . . My mistake," murmured the unhappy Pat, nursing his instep.

The spell of the rare evening was shattered; but their host went on courteously talking awhile of other things, out of consideration for the two in the window seat.

"Love and young lovers!" thought Tubal Etcheverray, aware of them against the shadowy moonlight; it was good to know such happiness sheltered again beneath the old, sad roof of l'Ey Kahatcia, if only for the night.

But in the morning it appeared that his guests had changed their minds about going on immediately into Spain; or rather young Lewis had changed them.

"If we wouldn't be too much in the way, sir, could you manage to put us up a day or so longer—just until De Maytie gets back? I know I've got an awful crust to ask, but we're keen to do a little of that trout fishing Mademoiselle Bette spoke of, and Pat has already got out his sketchbook, and altogether ——"

He had the grace to blush over it, knowing full well that it was no interest in his friend's return, nor in trout fishing, nor yet in Pat's enthusiasm for Basque architecture, which made him so determined to linger. He was a young man who usually knew what he wanted, whether it was a score for his team or an order for his factory or a holiday in Europe; and he usually went right after it, and quite frequently he got it. Not always, however. The night before he had intended, by all the manhood that in him lay, to escort their host's young neighbor to whatever fortunate place the girl called home. But when they emerged from their evening's adventure into ancientry, Bette was gone.

"Not already?" he had exclaimed, crestfallen. "Surely you didn't let her go home alone in the dark?"

His host smiled. "To Mademoiselle Bette the dark is nothing; she is true Basquaise, she sees with the eyes of a little cat. And her father's fields are not the public roads. But I regret"—his smile broadened—"if you have been disappointed, monsieur." For Etcheverray also was Basque enough to see in the dark, as has been noted.

His courtesy rose to meet this further demand upon it without effort, even with pleasure, for the company of young men was stimulating to him. He was amused also to observe how obediently fate played into the capable, directing hands of Bette. If what the publisher's son told him was possible—they had spent some hours discussing it—he himself might yet attain, in addition to his modest fame as a scholar, wide recognition, even fortune, at the hands of a public too generous to reward in niggardly fashion those whom it honors with its approval. Etcheverray was dizzy with the sums mentioned carelessly by the youth as having passed through the hands of New World publishers into the pockets of scholars he knew to be less sound than himself, and less skilled literary craftsmen. The savant had just then, for the first time in his life, a very definite use for money.

And if at the same time that he so astonishingly mended his own fortunes, he should be helping the fortunes of his little friend and neighbor, Bette?—so made for love, so uncertain of finding it in the sort of marriage that must presently be arranged for her. Tubal Etcheverray sighed deeply. To lose the companionship of Bette would be the crowning renunciation of a life that had known much renunciation, yet it was inevitable. He desired the child's happiness far more than he desired any benefit for himself, more than he had thought it possible ever to desire anything again. Of what value were fresh laurels to one who had neither beloved feet at which to lay them, nor sons proudly to cherish them?

In the better sort of American marriages he had seen, more than once, lasting happiness—men who adored their wives as faithfully as if they were their mistresses, women who remained young and sweet into old age because of being so beloved. That was the sort of thing he wanted for Bette, such utter contentment as her brother Esteban had found with his Emily—not the dutiful loyalty a good European wife learns to give to whatever husband has been chosen for her by elders so wise and cautious as to have discounted love. Therefore, he made himself as charming as possible to his guests, which was very charming indeed, so that they clamored for his company and give him little time for his work—much to Bette's content.

"He grows young again—*il faut s'égayer!*" she reported to her grandmother, maternally. "And with the American moneys we shall put new tiles over all the roof and restore the frescoes of the grand salon—with more clothes on the flying cupids," she added thoughtfully. "For it is not suitable that one so famous as Monsieur Tubal receive his guests in a kitchen!" Which apartment, having the only roof dependable through the heavy Pyrenean rains, served likewise as living room and as library for the savant's many books.

The great American plot proceeded. Only the girl Frederica troubled Etcheverray. It was a type new to him; new, he suspected, to the world. He wished that his friend Emily Urruty were at home to elucidate her for him, but Emily and her husband were away on their yacht, for their annual honeymoon.

The ordinary conventions of society had never concerned Etcheverray very greatly; one donned them on occasion as one donned formal dress. No one had thought to mention to him the chaperon who had refused to leave Biarritz, and if it seemed odd to Continental ideas for a young woman to be touring about with three young men, only one of them related to her, he reflected that Continental ideas were by no means universal. For all he knew, it might be quite the custom in the States. What startled him was the girl's entire lack of restraint, of ordinary reserve. Her affections, too, were curiously promiscuous; the somewhat intimate relations with her cousin he had seen duplicated later quite as candidly with Pat, apparently without embarrassment or jealousy on the part of anybody; and he inferred, from frequent cheerful references to her broken heart, a lately terminated affair with Lulu. Her appearance was against her—the exotic pallor, the too vivid lips, the caressing hands. Yet, to his rather wide observation, the girl did not seem quite an amorist; there was something cynically unaware about the freedoms she permitted herself with all men, himself included. The girl, he decided, was incapable of any real emotion, playing at love as at life.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the great American plot, he kept this rather dangerous influence out of Bette's way, and Lulu's, by the simple expedient of keeping Frederica as much as possible with himself.

Freddy was nothing loath. Most women were flattered by the notice of Tubal Etcheverray. "Ghost or man, he's the most fascinating person I've ever met," she declared once, in the presence of Lulu. "So elegantly aloof, and yet responsive, if you know what I mean."

"We do—oh, we do, Fred!" chanted her companions significantly, in chorus.

"As it happens, you're quite wrong," she remarked with dignity. "Nothing like that—he's never, so far, kissed so much as the palm of my hand, though I must say I've given him plenty of encouragement. We merely discuss life and literature and such things. And yet, I don't believe he's exactly cold blooded."

"Don't you, indeed?" mocked Lulu shortly.

"No, precious one, I don't," she replied, in the sweetly malicious drawl she kept only for him. "Nothing cautious and New Englandish about Tubal Etcheverray. I think it's probably a case of banked fires; saving it all up for the little Urruty girl when she gets old enough." She peered around at him wickedly.

It was a mere random shot, however, intended entirely to wound; for she had already made certain discoveries which explained to her Etcheverray's effect of being the chief ghost in his haunted ruin of a castle

Her three henchmen spent most of their time fishing, under the guidance of their host. "Oh, boy," they said to one another joyously, "think of having a trout stream purling about through your own back yard!" A back yard which still consisted of several thousand acres of up-and-down meadowland and ravine, all in a lack of cultivation highly satisfactory to any sportsman, though a source of some chagrin to that thrifty neighborhood. Freddy, who took less interest in manly sports than her manly costume would seem to indicate, pleaded fatigue after one strenuous day of wood and stream, and, left to her own devices, decided to explore the more habitable portions of the château.

It had grown, after the fashion of such ancient places, according to the requirements of its occupants—here a tower added, there a long gallery; the forbidding square of a windowless donjon-keep descending into a green hollow which must once have been a moat, and where now Manuelo grew in desultory fashion such garden produce as sufficed the scholar's modest needs. Only the corner wing was now occupied, being the newest portion. "Not older," explained Etcheverray, "than three or four hundred years."

Here stood the guest tower, mantled in a purple glory of bougainvillea; containing several sparsely furnished chambers and a bathroom of sorts, for which the versatile Manuelo supplied all plumbing. Here were also the large, stone-flagged kitchen; the grand salon above, whose amorous Louis XV decorations by Boucher modest Bette found herself unable to approve; and several other rooms, for the most part empty, through whose closed and shuttered windows the ivy was already forcing green, sinister tendrils of dissolution. At the end of a corridor she came upon one door behind a heavy leather curtain.

One glance told her that the room was Etcheverray's. The walls were covered with portraits and photographs of women—as she saw upon closer investigation, of one woman. Otherwise it was bare as a monastic cell—a cot, a washhand stand, a large writing table, little more; but the multiplied presence of that one face made it a place of beauty. There were presentments of her at every age, from the crude tintype of a little girl taken at a fair, exquisite even so, to the photograph of a radiant young matron with a child at the breast, inscribed, "To my Tubal, with all memories." Others were autographed with equal significance: "Thy Pilar, who never ceases to regret thee." "*À toi, mon plus cher du monde.*" "That you may not forget her whose heart beats eternally with yours."

The draft of the opening door had swung ajar the door of a tall *armoire* in one corner, from which escaped a fragrance as tenuous and yet palpable as some unseen presence in the room. The girl peered into this. The contents were entirely feminine—ballet skirts of tulle and swansdown, a Spanish dancing costume with small red-heeled slippers below, a negligee of fragile yellowed lace.

Frederica closed the *armoire*, suddenly ashamed of herself. Here was a shrine obviously of most passionate memories, most passionate regrets; the scholar did not retire to this holy of holies merely for study or for sleep, but to remember.

"Which is none too good for him!" she thought, out of her modern knowledge of psycho-physiology. No wonder he had not married. What a rotter the woman must have been—holding onto him even after death, patting her mouse with a tender, wicked cruelty, playing indifferent, letting him crawl away wounded, only to snatch him back again with a pretty pounce. A thought made her shake an indignant head.

"No, no!" she muttered aloud, as if to the accusing loveliness around her. "I'm not like that! I've got my faults, but I'm not like that! Whoever wants to get away from me may go, without a struggle."

(Continued on Page 66)

Like a Rocket

Pep! Action! Getaway!

Step on the accelerator of an automobile equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons and it's like stepping on the tail of a tiger. The car shoots ahead like a rocket.

The Nelson Bohnalite Piston—an advanced development—is responsible for this vastly improved performance.

Bohnalite—the metal in this piston is an exclusive light alloy. Also the piston design is new. Nor can anyone else use the Invar Steel Struts (which control expansion and contraction) as they are used with Bohnalite.

Result? Greater speed—greater power—greater pickup—improved all around performance for any automobile.

Nelson Bohnalite Pistons are today standard in the leading cars of every price division. When you select your new car insist on Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. *Ask the dealer!*

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

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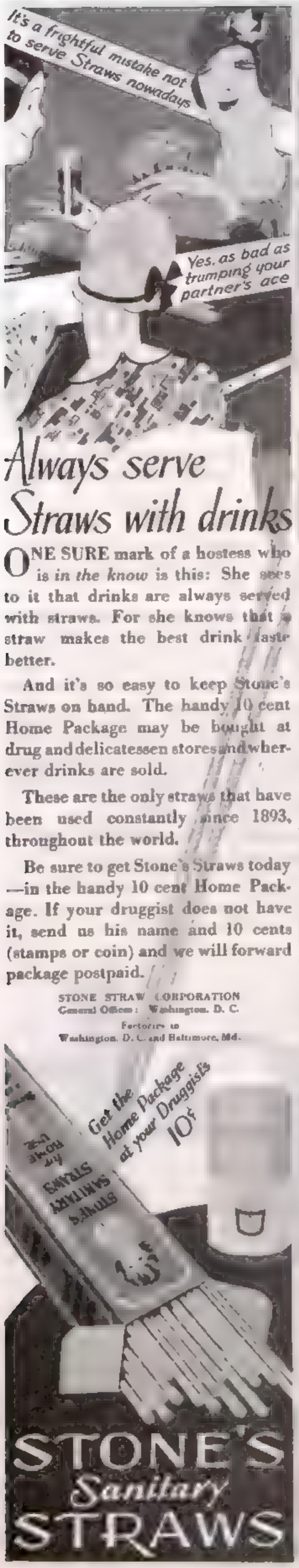
NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS


It's a frightful mistake not to serve Straws nowadays
Yes, as bad as trumping your partner's ace
Always serve Straws with drinks
ONE SURE mark of a hostess who is in the know is this: She sees to it that drinks are always served with straws. For she knows that a straw makes the best drink taste better.
And it's so easy to keep Stone's Straws on hand. The handy 10 cent Home Package may be bought at drug and delicatessen stores and wherever drinks are sold.
These are the only straws that have been used constantly since 1893, throughout the world.
Be sure to get Stone's Straws today—in the handy 10 cent Home Package. If your druggist does not have it, send us his name and 10 cents (stamps or coin) and we will forward package postpaid.
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Get the Home Package at your Druggists 10¢
STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS
STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS

(Continued from Page 64)

A bit of tapestry hung across the chimney-breast on rings, like a curtain; she drew it aside and paused, staring. Here was a likeness the lover evidently dared not look upon too often. It was the portrait of Pilar de Maytie, dying, which had made her son's reputation as a painter.

"How could he!" she breathed, inexperienced in that strange impersonality of the creative temperament which must at need dip brush or pen into its own heart's blood. The dying eyes smiled charmingly between half-closed lids, smiled a gay welcome, as if Death itself were only an expected lover.

As she closed the door behind her she saw that Bette stood in the passage outside, broom in hand, incredulous and horrified.

"Mademoiselle! You have entered the private chamber of Monsieur Tubal! It is forbidden—*défendu!* One has never been permitted to enter there; neither Manuelo nor myself, not even Madame des Luynes, his mother! It was because he once found his mother trying to enter that Monsieur Tubal went away from home and refused to return until he learned that she was dying!"

Frederica murmured coolly, despite some inner panic, that he would better get himself a lock, then. "At least you aren't going to tell on me, I suppose. You don't look that sort."

Bette paled. "Mademoiselle!" she said, quite breathless with anger. "You are not you are not a ——" English failed her.

"Lady?" finished the other helpfully. "Thank the Lord, no. Being a lady seems to consist entirely in doing things you don't want to, and not doing things you do. Old stuff, my dear, *vieux jeu*," she added with an aplomb she did not quite feel.

Lewis, being a young man of single-track mind, had also soon abandoned trout fishing in favor of more profitable adventure elsewhere; directed thereto by his discerning host.

"You will find the Urruty hacienda three fields and a ravine distant, as the crow flies," he said; and added the gentle Spanish expression "*Vaya con Dios*, my friend!" It occurred to him that the American would need a good deal of divine assistance in encountering Bette's redoubtable grandmother.

But Lulu returned in due time quite lyrical with his experiences; the remarkable old woman he had found brewing a huge and savory kettle of soup in the barnyard—"For her hogs," interpolated Etcheverray. "Everyone eats well *chez* Urruty"—the gorgeous kitchen into which she had presently invited him, full of the gleam of copper, with hanging festoons of peppers and silver garlic; the fat and rather comely Frenchwoman, Madame Fancine, who was Bette's mother; the one-armed military-looking gentleman in a peasant's smock whom he first encountered sowing a field, and who proved later to be the alcalde himself, Bette's father—every member of the Urruty household had been interviewed apparently by the intrepid young man, with the exception of Bette herself.

"Trust the matriarchal eye for that!" chuckled their host. "But tranquillize yourself, my friend—at your age there is always tomorrow."

And on the morrow Lulu, approaching his quarry with more stealth, was rewarded by a glimpse of Bette crossing the barnyard. Bette in a large blue apron and sabots, her hair in two thick, childish plaits down her back, was a sight to gladden the eye of primitive man.

"May I ask what you are doing with that enormous chatelaine of dungeon keys?" For the girl jangled as she moved like the keeper of a jail.

"Monsieur jests! These are only keys of the storehouses—the granary, the linens, the household supplies. My grandmother needs my assistance as she grows older, since my mother, not being of our valleys, is not an experienced *etchekandere*."

"*Etchekandere*—that means housekeeper? You mean you are housekeeper for all this great farmstead?"

"But certainly, monsieur; under the direction of my grandmother. It is good training, you comprehend, for when I must be *etchekandere* of my husband's house."

His eyes made her flush suddenly, and feel that she wanted for some reason to change the subject. But he persisted curiously: "What are the duties of a Basque housewife, anyway?"

She recited them for him by rote, smiling a little at such droll interest on the part of a stranger. They were all set out quite plainly in the ancient laws of Guernica—a woman may kill pigs, but never lambs; she may weed cornfield and vineyard, raise poultry, feed oxen, make bread. But it is a man who tends the oven fire. She must neither milk nor use the scythe, nor make wine. She will spin, shuck the corn, husk the chestnuts, pluck the hedgehog, split osier for tying vines, but she does not tend the vines. The wife keeps the keys of granary and brewhouse. She has full property rights. But she must always remember that she is woman, and keep her place. . . . Bette paused for breath.

"Is that all?" murmured Lulu, running over in his mind the onerous daily duties of his friends' wives—telephoning for the groceries, interviewing a new maid, going downtown for mysterious rites at beauty parlors, attending a committee meeting, playing contract bridge. "And I suppose you fill in the idle moments with plain and fancy sewing?"

Ah, no, said Bette; a good Basque housewife had not idle moments. For the sewing a tailoress came always from house to house. "Except for the layette, monsieur; naturally, every woman wishes to make the layette for her coming baby."

"Oh, naturally! I should think she might," said Lulu. Again his eyes made her wish to change the subject. "I didn't know there were any such girls left," he murmured devoutly. "No wonder that with such an assortment of duties you haven't time to come and look after us any more!"

It was not that she had been too busy, protested Bette with great earnestness; she was never too busy for the affairs of Monsieur Tubal. It was that her grandmother had thought best to make other arrangements.

"She has sent our *métayer's* wife to assist Manuelo with the ménage; also to act as duenna there, since she is a most respectable person. And *gran'mère*," she added, hesitating, "felt that for a *jeune fille bien élevée* to frequent a house where there were so many young gentlemen was not *convenable*."

"But with another girl there," he reminded her, "who needs your company?"

Bette's chin lifted ever so slightly. Mademoiselle Freddy, she remarked, managed doubtless to entertain herself quite well without. She recalled the manner in which she had last seen the American entertaining herself

Lulu's brows knit. Evidently their neighbors did not regard Freddy as quite a suitable companion for well-elevated young girls—and why, indeed, should they?

"Then how," he demanded, casting aside subtle suggestion in favor of complete candor, "am I to see you again? Is a good little Basque *etchekandere* permitted followers?"

"Followers?" the word was beyond her; she gave it up. Was it necessary, she asked doubtfully, for monsieur to see her again for any reason?

"Very necessary," he said firmly. "For several reasons. Don't you agree with me?"

She looked away, blushing; then looked at him again out of the corner of her eyes. It was a mimosa glance. The dimple faintly appeared. At last she murmured in a small voice that in the afternoons she went to the village to pursue accomplishments under the direction of the Misses Olhagarray, gentlewomen most skilled with the harp, the crochet needle, and in the aristocratic art of poker work.

Thereafter Lulu haunted the village with the assiduity of a terrier at a rat hole.

John de Maytie, returning presently from painting the month of May, found the Americans still lingering, and not too reluctantly claimed his intended guests from the Comte des Luynes, who as hospitably declined to relinquish them. He was renewing, he explained, the pleasures of a misspent youth. "And would you deprive me of my first and only American public?"

John conceded the point, suspecting that Etcheverray had his reasons; there was a very close and understanding friendship between these two.

"I hear," remarked the young painter dryly, "that you have turned matchmaker, Tubal. The village is agog with the fact that one of your guests is to be seen daily at the door of the Olhagarray house, waiting to escort little Bette Urruty home from her music lesson. You are much blamed for this scandal, of course. And my cousin, Madame Leocadie—has she become blind with old age?"

"On the contrary, Madame Urruty's eyesight was never better," said Etcheverray demurely. "That one is myopic only when she so chooses. Having had some experience of Americans in her household, she is willing to abide by my neighborly counsels to let Nature take its course here, quite in the American fashion."

"At any rate, I'm glad it's Lewis who is understudying Nature," said John, with a little shrug. "Bette will be safe with him. Nevertheless, one rather hates to see that child begin already to be a woman."

Etcheverray said quizzically, "One did not know you were aware, *mon cher*, of the child's existence? A mere female!"

"Bette," said the other, "isn't so—so female as other women. Oh, yes, I've been aware of her for some time. Most people are, I think. And when she's had her first real, smash-up love affair," he added thoughtfully—"then, I shall want to paint her."

The older man gave him up; as Emily Urruty had once said of this young Basque-American: "He is not a man at all! Only an artist."

However, despite Lewis' coöperation, and the village's shocked anxiety, Etcheverray's share of the great American plot—his plan for Bette—was going less well than Bette's plan for him. Though a long cablegram had already been received from the publishing house represented by young Edwards, offering definitely to publish an English translation of Etcheverray's books, on very flattering terms, Lulu reported that he was making small progress in his courtship; he had long since taken his host into full confidence, as younger men had a way of doing.

"Ah," murmured Etcheverray thoughtfully, "you 'make love' to her, no doubt, as your English phrase has it?"

"As well as I can," blushed the young man, "while striding over the mountainsides at a brisk lope! That girl has a wind that puts mine to shame, though I've always kept in pretty fair training. The trouble is, sir, she doesn't know I'm making love! Encourages me to talk to her by the hour, all about myself, my business troubles—we've inherited a sort of superannuated ancestral shoe factory there in New England; my parents' anxiety for me to marry and take over the plant—and then she asks innocently why I do not marry Frederica Wayne, and keep her money in the firm!"

"Ah?" said Etcheverray, adding quietly: "And why do you not, if one may be permitted the question?" Although the girl took the defection of her chief henchman without apparent chagrin, and had ceased her dark allusions to a broken heart, there was something in the look of Frederica which troubled his keen perceptions, and which had evidently not escaped the very feminine intuition of Bette.

The boy stiffened. "That was up to Frederica, sir. She happened to decide otherwise—for the last time. I came over to France quite expecting to marry her. It had been arranged long ago by two fathers,

(Continued on Page 69)

The New 1929 Model RA100 Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range

Electric Automatic Cookery Sweeping the Country

A few years ago electric cookery was only a dream of the ideal; the vision of far-seeing electrical scientists. Today, over 700,000 homes, all over the country, cook on electric ranges. Automatic electric cookery has been proven so far superior in time saving, cooking perfection, cleanliness, convenience and health, that, in time, it will probably be used in all modern homes.

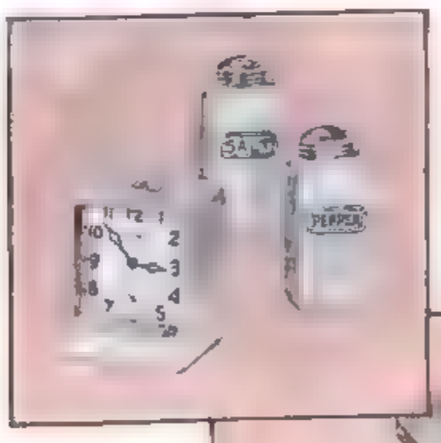
Certainly no new home can be truly modern without this most modern kitchen accessory. And thousands on thousands of others have modernized their present kitchens by installing automatic electric ranges. Hotpoint ranges are made in twenty models, to fit every purse and purpose.

Hotpoint electric ranges are sold by thousands of electric companies, many giving special, low cooking costs. As soon as all electric companies can take care of the demand, they will be available everywhere. Ask your electric company if they can furnish you electric range service; or write us for complete literature and information.

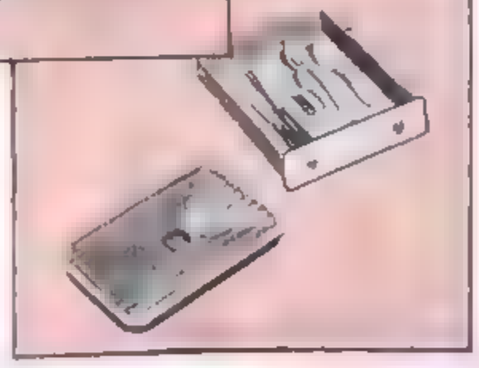
Above—De Luxe three-cup percolator and cord set; standard equipment on this new range. Makes delicious coffee by the famous Hotpoint "HOT-DRIP" method.

A Marvelous New Hotpoint *Automatic* Electric Range

Combining Cooking SPEED, Economy and De Luxe Equipment at a new low price



Above—White enamel clock, and salt and pepper shakers. These, too, you will appreciate on this completely equipped range



Right—Exclusive, double-well, smokeless broiler pan for the oven—and convenient utility drawer for forks, spoons, beaters, etc.

THIS is the finest, most completely equipped medium-priced Hotpoint automatic electric range ever made. In addition to the de luxe features illustrated at the left, this range comes equipped with the unbeatable Hotpoint "SPEED" cooking units, full porcelain enamel lined oven and other features of the most expensive models.

It gives you the ultimate in automatic electric convenience, cleanliness and scientifically accurate cooking. You merely turn a switch for the correct amount of clean, *instant* heat. The oven comes up to baking or roasting temperature with amazing speed, faster than fuel ranges, and automatically *maintains* the accurate heat you set it for. With the automatic electric timer you can place a complete meal in the oven and go out shopping or for recreation. At the time you desire, the oven turns itself on. When the meal is done, it turns itself off—and keeps the food hot until you serve it. It's like having a maid at no cost.

Hotpoint electric cookery creates no fumes, smoke or soot. Cooking utensils, kitchen walls, ceiling and curtains stay clean. The range itself keeps as clean as a china plate with the mere wipe of a tea towel. In justice to yourself we urge you to see this new Hotpoint automatic electric range at your electric company showroom—or write us.

Left—Automatic heat control and thermometer. It *maintains* the heat at any desired temperature.

Right—The automatic electric timer. Receptacle provided so this may be added at any time at moderate extra cost.

Above—Handy electric light to illuminate range top and inside deep cooking utensils.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

Attention to Details Wins World Championships

IT IS the beach of Daytona, Fla. A bright April sun is flooding the hard white sands, —the most perfect racecourse in the world.

Several mechanics are giving a last inspection to a great gray racing car. They test every nut and bolt. They listen to the roar of three great engines. A helmeted figure climbs into the seat.

Voices are lost in the roar of the motors; but he grins. The great racing car slips into gear and is off over the hard white sands.

It approaches the group at the starting line like a catapult and flashes by—touching, of course, the wire of the electrical machine that will time the speed.

RAY KEECH

On it roars and in seconds passes the finish wire a mile away.

Far up the beach the car is turned and repeats its terrific charge in the opposite direction.

Hundreds gather round to congratulate the daring driver, for Ray Keech has achieved the unparalleled feat of covering two miles at the unheard of speed of 207.55 miles per hour.

The whole affair was but a matter of minutes.

But back of that half hour of action were months of preparation.

Every article of equipment had been tested and retested time on time.

Particular attention had been given to spark plugs, because no motor is better than its spark plugs.

LEON DURAY

Mr. Keech established a record for the fastest mile ever driven by man.

The scene changes to the Packard proving ground near Utica, a town some 20 miles from Detroit.

Leon Duray, one of the greatest drivers the automobile racing game has known, is giving a small, powerful racing car a final going over.

He, too, gives the most careful attention to his spark plugs.

Satisfied, he climbs lightly into the driver's seat and with motor roaring shoots down the track.

Twice he circles the mile track and on the third time around he waves his hands to the timers as he approaches to announce that he is actually off. He darts by the starting wire at tremendous speed and whirls around the track as the group at the finish line shriek to each other in their excitement.

GAR WOOD

He is informed that he has driven the fastest mile ever attained on a circular track—a speed of 148.174 miles per hour.

Again the scene changes—this time to a big boat-house on the Black River at Algonac, near Lake St. Clair.

Gar Wood's Miss America VI, which is ready to defend the Harmsworth Trophy against the challenge of Miss Betty Carstairs, English sportswoman.

Carefully Mr. Wood, premier speed boat driver of the world, and Orlin Johnson, his chief mechanic, go over every bit of the great power plant of the beautiful, sleek boat. And they, also, give particular attention to the spark plugs.

At last they are satisfied and the boat idles out into the river and moves swiftly over to a measured course.

With motors roaring and the white spray flashing from her bow, the proud defender of American speed boats shoots up the river at a speed that has been estimated at more than 100 miles per hour.

Suddenly the boat just seems to disintegrate in the water and Wood and Johnson are hurled into the air.

But Wood is hardly revived before he is issuing instructions for retrieving at least the engines of Miss America VI.

Just three weeks later, Miss America VII slipped gaily by the judges' stand at the Detroit Yacht Club and swung into line alongside the English challenger.

The race itself amounted to little as the boat of Miss Carstairs foundered in the race.

But the next day Wood drove Miss America VII over the measured course of one mile and back again at the tremendous average speed of 92.83 miles per hour.

The scene shifts to Italy—to Venice.

A beautiful silver seaplane is standing on a beach. Its motors are quietly idling.

A young officer approaches in the uniform of a major.

With goggles adjusted he climbs into the plane, tests his motor and then signals to the ground men to remove the chuck blocks.

MAJOR MARIO DE BERNARDI

He speeds the engine and roars down the beach to sweep gracefully into the air.

The timers adjust their instruments and await his return.

Presently he comes, and again fades into the distance almost immediately.

The word comes by phone from the other end of the course, and there are wild cheers as the plane swiftly comes back and slides to a landing.

The flier climbs out and is embraced by his colleagues, for Major Mario de Bernardi has made the fastest time ever accomplished by man—318.69 miles per hour.

Still we are in Italy. The previous scene is almost repeated. But this time the flier encases himself in extra warm clothing and to his body attaches an electrical heating device. He is carefully examined by military physicians. Then he, too, climbs into a plane and is soon soaring upward until the plane can no longer be seen from the ground.

Hours later they discern a little speck in the sky which gracefully circles down until they recognize it as the same plane.

As it wheels to the ground they rush forward and aid the exhausted young flier from his cramped quarters. He waves a hand to the instrument board and a cheer goes up as one officer announces that Major Renato Donati has attained the almost unbelievable height of 38,793 feet.

MAJOR RENATO DONATI

And now we shift back to the United States. It is the Speedway at Indianapolis, where each Memorial Day is staged the greatest motor car race in America.

More than 30 drivers are grooming their cars. Louis Meyer carefully tests his engine, giving particular attention to his spark plugs.

Later that day the telegraph wires buzzed with the news that Meyer had won the great race and, in doing so, established a new record by driving the 500 miles at an average speed of 99.48 miles per hour.

Meyer has since been crowned A.A.A. champion for 1928.

Now in all of these events but the last two, which required hours, the actual climax came in but a few minutes.

But back of each were months of preparations. Every bit of equipment was given the most careful testing. Nothing was accepted that was not up to the highest standard.

LOUIS MEYER

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen,—borrowing the phraseology of the radio announcer—may we say that each of these great feats of speed was accomplished with the aid of dependable Champion Spark Plugs with the exclusive silliumanite core?

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs

Champion—the accepted standard for automotive use, outselling throughout the world. Has won every major racing event throughout the world for the past 5 years.

hold World records

Champion Aviation Spark Plug. Revolutionary in principle, design and performance. Used in establishing world's speed and altitude records.

Champion Marine and outboard engine spark plug—a consistent record breaker. Made a clean sweep at the 1928 National Championship outboard regatta.

in Every field

Champion motorcycle spark plug—the finest available and winner of every type of extreme competition.

(Continued from Page 66)

who built up the business together; and it did not seem a good time for Freddy's money to go out of the firm. What with everybody wanting straw and cloth and other substitutes for honest leather, the shoe business isn't what it used to be, you see."

"No?" said the savant sympathetically.

"But we'll manage without Freddy's money, all right," muttered the boy, with set jaw. "I've picked up some new ideas here in Europe. Rope soles, for example—put 'em on stout calf moccasins, and there you are—the perfect sport shoe!"

"Undeniably! And Bette," the other mentioned, "has a very good *dot* herself."

"I know! So she told me," said the boy with a sudden appreciative grin, which Etcheverray reflected.

"You do not consider that encouragement?"

"Romantically speaking, no. Yet she doesn't discourage me, either. She listens—you know how she listens—with eyes as well as ears. . . . Look here, sir! I hope you understand that I'd be wanting to marry Bette Urruty if she hadn't a penny to her name."

"But naturally!" Etcheverray's smile was quick and warm. "Then, why not tell her so and be done with it?"

"You mean, propose to her? Could I, after so short an acquaintance?"

It will be seen that Paul Revere Lewis, Jr., was a modernist only in speech.

Etcheverray reflected. "It is not our custom for young men to speak of so indelicate a thing as marriage to young women, but when did love ever conform to custom? By all means propose to Bette, my friend, if that is your American way."

"I will, sir! I'll do it tonight." They gripped hands on it.

John de Maytie was entertaining the house party that evening in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, whose fête day the village appropriately celebrated with bonfires, out of which shot rockets and Roman candles; also with dancing, lacking which no Basque celebration, religious or otherwise, is ever complete. It was their first experience of a *jour féerique*, quite different from the sort of fiesta they had come far to seek; and the Americans gazed with respect at sober pairs of men and women of all ages, or, quite as contentedly, men and men, who leaped and whirled and spun in tireless unison, opposite each other, yet never touching, their slippered feet moving so rapidly and intricately that one could hardly see the steps. In the absence of brothers to dance with, Bette's partner was her one-armed father, the alcalde; the pair so nimble at the *arin-arin* that soon an applauding group surrounded them, while Madame Urruty, tapping a foot and beating her hands in staccato measure, called out a rhythmic "Holà! ho-là-là!" A little more, and the old lady would have been dancing herself.

Frederica, moved to emulation, said suddenly to the youth beside her, "What a tune for a good old black bottom! Come on, Little Butter; let's show 'em how."

But Lewis shook his head briefly and moved away.

"Better not make yourself conspicuous," he suggested over his shoulder. "We're not too popular here!"

Etcheverray was near enough to see her look after him with bitten lips, winking hard. He came to the rescue. "Perhaps you would be good enough to teach your native American dance to me, mademoiselle?" he suggested. She turned to him with gratitude.

"What beasts men are," she muttered after a moment. "What beasts! No eyes, of course, for anyone but that Bette! What do you all see in the girl, anyway?"

"Myself," he smiled, "I see in her the most beloved of little neighbors, who might almost be my daughter."

"But who isn't your daughter—and very glad of it, if you ask me!" commented Frederica, having suddenly conceived a small plot of her own.

He stared in blank astonishment. "Bette! Ah, but you must not allow your fancies to become warped, my dear," he said gently, "simply because they are—unhappy."

"Warped nothing," she muttered. "Can't you see how fond she is of you?"

"Fond, yes—she gives constant proof of that," he said tenderly. "But there are devotions, mademoiselle, which have nothing to do with that which you call 'love.' . . . As you will know when you reach my more comfortable years."

He quoted André Gide to the effect that age is a sex in itself.

"Bosh! Bette Urruty could make you younger than you've ever been in all your life. Why not let her? And leave me Lulu," she added under her breath.

He flushed. "You do not know what you suggest, mademoiselle! Even if what you are trying to say were true—that Bette herself could possibly be willing—can you think I would take advantage of such ignorance of life, of herself—a young girl's most touching hero-worship? Ah, never, never! I could not so batten upon her innocent youth!"

"Then I wish to heaven you'd batten upon mine!" said Freddy recklessly. "I'd like it to be of use to somebody before it's gone! You're the sort a girl could let herself go over; and girls want to let themselves go sometimes; they need to! I've played my cards like a fool, of course, but there are still a few cards left."

He lifted to his lips the cold little hand that clutched so feverishly at his. "My dear, life is a less ruthless game than bridge. What of the cousin who, I think, loves you? And the young Edwards?"

"Old Pooch, and Pat? Just make-believe," she said wearily. "Rescue stuff. Paris isn't a very safe place for unattached little boys. I try to keep them from being too unattached. But there really isn't anyone in the world but Lulu; if you know what I mean."

"Ah, yes, I know what you mean!"

"At least I'm glad I had the sense not to marry him when he thought he wanted me!" she murmured as they danced. "Suppose I had done that, and afterward he had seen Bette."

"He would not have seen Bette."

"This from a Frenchman! Lulu's pretty primitive, you know, in his careful Yankee fashion, and domestic -my aunt's cat! Dotes on the kitchen stove, believes woman's place is in the home—all that sort of thing. Why, Bette was simply born to be Mrs. Paul Revere Lewis, Jr. And if he were tied to me, how he'd be hating me—worse than he does now. Oh, most considerately, of course, loyally, patiently—ugh! I'm not one of the sweet old-fashioned mangrabbers." She gave him starkly the creed of her particular cult. "Anybody who wants to trot in my harness has got to do it because he wants to, because he likes it well enough to stick! You see," she said rather surprisingly, "we're rather fed up, all of us, nowadays, with this divorce business. That's *vieux jeux*. We rather believe woman's place is in the home ourselves! But so is man's. His own home, not anybody else's. It's rather up to us to keep him there, I suppose, not spring him any nasty little surprises later. So, I thought Lulu'd better realize the worst of me at once. The trouble is we've known each other so long that we hardly know each other at all. That's why I proposed the little tryout excursion into Spain. Nothing like travel to show up the worst of a body! Well, anyway, I proved my point, didn't I? Our marriage wouldn't have lasted out the year. Why, there's already Bette!"

He could not lie to those candid, wretched eyes. "Yes, my dear, I am afraid there is already Bette; though there need not have been."

And this was the girl, this reckless, piteous little woman creature, whom he had believed incapable of real emotion!—Tubal Etcheverray was one who knew heartbreak when he saw it. He found himself less content than he had been with his blundering male efforts at matchmaking.

They adjourned, after the fête, to the house of John de Maytie for further entertainment, the ancient *domee* Ducontentia, which unbent to their young presence like some stately old chatelaine of pleasures which are past. Bette, under the care of their trusted neighbor, had been allowed to accept her cousin's hospitality, since her grandmother, what with the dancing and one thing and another, seemed in singularly gracious mood: "*Enfin*, an entertainment *à l'américain* will be useful experience for our *mignonne*, now that all the world becomes American," she said indulgently. "And the roof of your mother's house, De Maytie, is in the end but a family roof," she added, with a marked kindness which made the aloof young painter flush. People rarely spoke to him of his adored mother.

Here Lewis with some address managed at last to make his opportunity. There was a balcony from which might be seen the last of the May moon descending into Pilar de Maytie's garden, that place of whispering memories which lent itself most admirably to lovers' needs. Frederica saw the two, Bette and Lulu, go out together; saw them return a little later, the girl, who had been flushed with dancing, grown rather pale and thoughtful; and suddenly the demon jealousy rode her beyond control.

"What," she called carelessly from the piano bench where she and John were playing a duet in jazz, "has my fiancé been saying out there to make you look so serious? Naughty, naughty, Lulu! Must stop making love to all the little natives, and remember that you are about to become a respectable married man!"

A blank silence fell, during which Pooch and Pat exchanged startled glances, and Etcheverray went over quietly to stand beside Bette. Yet it was she who made the first recovery.

"*Tiens*, then you change your mind," she said composedly, "about your intention never to become a matron, mademoiselle?"

"That's what minds are made for—to be changed as needed," replied the other with a desperate airiness. "What I should have said was that I meant never to marry unless I married Lulu. One rather gets the habit of him, you see! We've been engaged more or less ever since I can remember—haven't we, darling? Only now and then we give ourselves a sort of vacation, for experimental purposes." She jerked a thin platinum chain out of the neck of her gown and detached from it a ring, which she put on the third finger of her left hand. "There you are! A nice one, isn't it? The diamond was Lulu's mother's."

The young man, at whom none of them had looked, strode suddenly toward her. His hands were clenched. "You're not quite going to get away with this, you know," he said very low, but audibly. "There are limits! The ring is yours, of course, since mother sent it to you, but I'm no ring, to be put on and off at will! That's over."

She burst out laughing. "Lulu, you ass! It was a test, of course, to see how you'd play up. In all this atmosphere of chivalry and high romance I thought I'd show 'em a sample of the vaunted American sort. And I did, didn't I?" she appealed to the company, giggling. "In another moment I believe our chivalrous Lulu would have knocked me down! Here, take your old ring—solitaires are as extinct as the dodo anyway. I was only saving it for the psychological moment—which seems to be at hand."

But when Lulu told Bette good night a little later, very briefly, wishing that others were not within earshot, the girl looked him levelly in the eyes and said, "I think, monsieur, that you must now tell to me what has occurred between you and Mademoiselle Freddy?"

His lips were grim. "Afraid I can't, Bette. You'll have to ask her." Which Bette did early the next morning, coming to l'Ey Kahatcia for the purpose; and got her answer.

"Nothing to blame poor old Lulu about," said Freddy, candid as ever, though rather listless over it. "No tampering with my young affections. On the contrary, it was I who did the tampering. You see, I wore his class ring before his mother gave me that diamond, and his frat pin long before that; in fact, I was the only girl he'd ever had. So he didn't know very much, naturally, about playing the heavy lover. I thought I'd create a little more excitement over it all by running away to Paris; but not at all! Lulu doesn't get excited. He simply followed when he was good and ready, all set for a little honeymoon in foreign parts, combining business with pleasure—nothing if not practical. And meanwhile he began bringing me up in the way a proper New English wife should be brought up—thought very poorly of Paris, didn't care at all for my playmates at the Dome and the Parnasse; wanted me to go right back home and set up a purpose in life, and attend committee meetings, and learn to open cans and bring up eugenic little Lulus. So I decided to pep things up further; told him that, matrimonially speaking, all was off unless he would promise that marriage should never interfere with my career. Whew! Eloquence with gestures."

"Your career?" repeated Bette, puzzled. "Is it something improper, then—a career?"

The other shrugged.

"Not necessarily. You go on the stage or open a tea shoppe—with an extra '*pe*' to it—or model in the ready-mades somewhere—anything to express yourself, and have a latchkey. But Lulu was cut to the quick—was he not man enough to keep his wife contented in her own home? Answer: He was. Since he seemed to feel so injured and sorry for himself, I suggested that we have a sort of trial honeymoon, anyway, in my new car, and see how it worked out."

Bette's brows drew together straightly. "A honeymoon, mademoiselle? But I thought the *lune de miel* followed marriage?"

"Lulu's idea exactly—two souls with but a single thought!—and what a proper one," said Freddy admiringly. "Naturally, there was to be a chaperon; several chaperons, in fact. I thought a little jealousy might be good for Lulu; and my roommate is a perfectly good married woman, though her husband seems rather conspicuous by his absence. But when we got to Biarritz yesterday, she balked at going any farther; said we could roam around being primitive in the Pyrenees all we liked, but she intended to stay where there were bathtubs. Lulu was all for calling the trip off, of course—he would be! But I didn't see why a little thing like that should cramp our style. What could be more proper, anyway, than a travel foursome composed of me and three boys whom I have known all my life—one of them my own cousin? We'd come to see native fiestas, not to hang around Biarritz, being 'smart.' Lulu came with us in the end only because he saw we were going anyway, and thought it his duty as my ex-fiancé to keep a hortatory eye on me—but he made it very plain from that time on that he was my ex-fiancé! Look here," she said rather painfully, dropping her nonchalance; "I suppose I've given his Yankee traditions a good many jolts lately, and of course I was right about his never really caring, or you wouldn't have caught him so easily on the rebound; but even if he found he didn't love me, is that any reason for him to turn around and hate me?"

A pause ensued. "I think," evolved Bette slowly from some deep inner consciousness, for these things were strange to her experience, "that he must, on the contrary, have loved you very much. If he hates you now, is it not because he has, perhaps, shame for you? And one has shame, I think, only for that which is one's own."

The other girl stared. "Oh!" she said. After a moment she muttered incoherently: "So that's what they all see in you!" and turned abruptly away.

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Etcheverray had promised his guests before they left a final expedition into Basque history; history far more ancient than any he had hitherto exhumed for their entertainment among the pleasant book-filled shadows of l'Ey Kahatcia's kitchen. For all their jejune foolery, these college-bred young Americans made keen listeners; as eager as Bette herself, and her quiet, courteous father, and John de Maytie, who had formed a habit of dropping in for Manuelo's thick Spanish after-dinner coffee, and to listen to an improvisator famed for his tale-making among a people with whom the telling of stories has been a favorite art since the days of the troubadours who gave to that region its title of "the Singing Pyrenees."

It was an expedition into Atlantis, no less, that Etcheverray had promised them.

"Atlantis! Not the continent which disappeared? But I thought it was a legend," said Frederica curiously. "Like the lost city of Ys, and King Arthur's Isle of Avalon, and the Fata Morgana."

"There are no legends," said the scholar, "which have not their roots in truth. Even who knows?—the fairy Fata Morgana. One finds the fact significant that mention is made of Atlantis not only in writings of the Greek Plato but in the folklore of all other ancient races, including that of the Maya peoples of your continent, with whom even the name is similar—'Tlapallan.'"

He went on to tell them with his simple and graphic clarity of certain geological changes in the earth crust which had caused, ages since, a gradual sinking of a large area in mid-Atlantic, and of how at different prehistoric periods its habitants, probable ancestors of the Basques, migrated to the mainland and settled in more stable places, such as the Pyrenean peaks, which were then islands in a vast inland lake.

"That is why one finds their records always in high places, which were then not so high—as at certain caves in the Dordogne, the Mas d'Azil, the Spanish Altamira. And even here."

The savant, suddenly shy in his eagerness as any boy, confided to them then certain discoveries he had made on his own property, not many kilometers from where they were sitting. "Think of it! A find which may prove one of the most valuable in all Europe!"

It was to pursue investigations in his cave, it appeared, that Etcheverray welcomed the thought of American money for his books. "What a monument for a man without sons to leave his country!"

"Look here, sir," said Pooch severely; "you're not going to let us go away without a look-in on this? Remember, I'm your publisher!"

"They would be truly interested?" asked Etcheverray, blushing with pleasure.

"Just try us, sir," exclaimed Lulu, the more eagerly as Bette was certain to be of the party. He could trust his host for that.

The cave proved rather difficult of access, entered as it was from the face of a high cliff. Their host had provided each of them with light rope-soled *espadrilles*, a sharp-pointed *makhila* for climbing, a lantern, and a small flask of brandy in case of chill, for the mild May weather did not penetrate underground. He and De Maytie, both experienced mountaineers, had in addition lengths of stout rope coiled about their waists for emergencies.

Frederica began the climb in wild spirits, some of them imbibed, as Bette began to realize with some dismay, out of her flask. She recalled the rather startling episode of the Americans' arrival, which had not so far repeated itself. Young Lewis was rather disgruntled thereafter by the persistence with which Bette clung to the society of the other girl, ignoring his efforts to isolate her in the background. He had that to say which apparently Bette was less eager to hear

Somewhere toward the top of the world they left blue wind and keen blowing sunlight behind them and began to descend deep and deeper into blackness. Slipping and sliding, they wormed their way downward, frequently on hands and knees, among narrow corridors of rock through which a hollow, murmuring sound made itself more and more audible; pausing now and again to examine certain markings of red or black chalk on the wall, which Etcheverray pronounced of great importance.

"Is this your famous picture writing?" demanded Freddy, in frank disappointment. "Just wriggles and dots and outlines of hands with finger joints missing? I thought there were going to be real pictures!"

"There are!" promised their host. "Pictures more real, at least, than any painted nowadays by our friends the cubists and the dadaists, although the creatures depicted became extinct before the time of Noah. Your dots and wriggles, mademoiselle, were placed there some countless ages since to direct the way to an Azilian possibly an Atlantean—shrine of burial. The hands are doubtless those of family mourners, whose finger joints were amputated at the funeral of a near relative, in order to 'cut off death.'"

"Br-r-r!" shivered the girl. "Cheerful little pleasure jaunt you're giving us—to a burial ground!"

What was all of earth, shrugged the savant, but the burial ground of those who have preceded us?

They reached at last a cavern of some height, a vaulted chamber ghostly with clustering stalactites, through whose depths an underground river raced full and swift to disappear beneath the rock wall of it. The cavern reverberated with the echoes of some near-by subterranean waterfall, so that they had to shout to make themselves heard.

Etcheverray's more important finds were in a secret grotto beyond, further protected from discovery by this natural water hazard; and he adjured his companions to move in single file, and with great caution, along a narrow ledge above the dark stream; a ledge so slippery as to be extremely dangerous.

"Oh, boy, I'll say it's dangerous!" muttered Pooch, eying with cordial dislike the oily blackness of the current that slipped away below them. "Look at those edges; as steep and slick as the walls of the Charles River Basin." The three youths had been undergraduates together at Harvard. "I pity any poor aborigine whose foot slipped here! He'd have to have the climbing apparatus of a fly to crawl up out of it before he was sucked under the rock."

But Frederica seemed fascinated by the still, slipping current, as many are fascinated by dizzy heights. "Where does it come out?" she demanded.

Etcheverray shrugged his habitual gesture. "Ah, who knows!"

"Probably the Styx in person, on its way to hell," commented the girl; and looking at the narrow causeway along which they were to pass, she suddenly shook her head. "Can't be done. I'm no tight-rope walker. The rest of you can go on and discover antediluvian animals all you want to. I'll wait here."

In vain they protested—she would take cold, she would be terrified left alone in that black, echoing place.

"Not half so terrified as if I had to go one step farther! Leave me a lantern, and give my love to prehistoric man. Myself, I find the Styx more companionable." She quoted under her breath certain lines of Edna Millay on Persephone:

"Say to her: 'My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here!'"

Etcheverray hesitated.

"Never any use trying to persuade Freddy to do anything she doesn't want to do," grimly declared Lewis, who knew. "Might as well give her her head."

Then Bette, who had not joined the others' protests, remarked that she also was remaining. She had seen such picture writings before, and would again.

Frederica, far from appearing gratified, protested rudely and quite angrily: "Good Lord, can't I have a little time to myself without somebody tagging forever at my heels? I feel a poem coming on—something really Dantesque if not Millaysian. Have a heart," she added *sotto voce*, for Bette's ear. "Look at poor old Lulu hanging back so hopefully! Consider the opportunities—such a heaven-sent darkness, such a need of helping hands ——"

Bette repeated quietly her intention to remain, and the others went on at last, Lulu bringing up the rear with manifest reluctance.

After their lanterns had well disappeared, however, Frederica changed her volatile mind again. "Oh, well, no use being a poor sport! Come on, Bette, let's follow. May as well take a look at this antediluvian menagerie while we're here."

The other suggested, uneasily, that it would be best if she were allowed to walk beside Frederica on the outside. "Since I am less likely to make a *glissade*."

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" said the other mockingly. "No really nice girl ever permits herself to make a slip! But it's too narrow for two abreast. You go first, and I'll close my eyes and hang onto your skirts. Now then! Steady does it."

Halfway across, the hold on Bette's skirt loosened.

What uneasiness made Lewis turn back to them, he did not know. His questing lantern showed him, at the end of the narrow rock corridor, a startling silhouette; Bette, the modest—Bette, so discreet that she was reported to wear a chemise habitually into the bathtub, had jerked off her dress and petticoat and stood revealed as no man had ever before seen her, or would again.

"What the devil!" Lulu began to run. "Freddy!"

Even as she dived, Bette heard which name it was that he cried out.

He was jerking off his own coat, when her voice reached him from below, breathless but quite cool:

"No, monsieur! I have her fast. You will stay where you are, if you please, and get us out."

She was right; but how? Those steep, slimy walls, worn down by centuries of rushing water, the pull and tug of the falls beyond ——

"Think quickly, monsieur!" the voice came from farther along. Bette—an instinctive swimmer, like all Basques—was treading water strongly, but the current was stronger. "There is nothing to hold by, here."

Lewis, in a panic, began to shout for help at the top of his lungs, again and again. The echoing walls sent his voice back in a sort of vocal boomerang. Bette saw that she must do her own thinking.

"Your coat, monsieur—let me get hold of that."

But even lying on his face with the coat stretched down to her at arm's length, she could not quite reach it.

"Then, my dress, there! It is longer!"

She got the edge of it in one hand at last, and he breathed again; but when he attempted to pull them up by it, the load was too heavy, the wet stuff began to give.

"Not strong enough." Her teeth were chattering now so that speech was difficult. "A rope! . . . Find Monsieur Tubal! . . . Run—run fast ——"

"Bette, Bette, I *can't* leave you this way!" he groaned. "I'm coming in!"

"No!" She mastered the chattering and spoke sternly. "Then three would be lost, instead of two. Listen, do as I tell you! Unscrew the handle of my *makhila* there—the climbing staff. Take the long blade which is inside, and with it pin your coat strongly to some crevice in the rocks—you have found one? *Bon!* Now fasten to it my dress. So," she panted, gripping the edge of the dress again. "I shall hold until you return with help. It is a promise, yes! Only run, monsieur—run, and shout as you run!"

In her seventeen years of life, Bette had not so far broken a promise. She held. One hand twisted itself firmly in the stout cotton,

(Continued on Page 72)

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the other clutched like a vise the collar of the limp figure beside her; while about their bodies swirled the black, silent current, cold as death, pulling, pulling. Once the figure floating at her side began to clutch and struggle. Bette spoke to it.

"*Soyez tranquille*," she said sternly, "or I must let go."

Frederica ceased struggling, but whispered chokingly, "Yes, let me go. No use! I want to. This wasn't—accident, you know."

"I know," was the grim reply. Bette held on.

Again the strangled whisper came: "Lulu—not to blame. You're the wife for him. It's all right. But I can't help hating you! Sorry ——"

"*Ça m'est égal.* I also hate you," said Bette quietly. But she held on, held till the blackness about them was shot with colored comets, and her body became a floating thistledown, and only the pain was real the rack of arms straining apart like those of the crucified Figure which hung above her bed at home.

"You know very well, *Monseigneur Jesu*," she said aloud reproachfully to that familiar Figure, which seemed to have transferred itself to the glistening black wall before her, "that to let a heretic die so, in sin, would not be the act of a good Catholic? One would have to take it to confession!"

"Wider, a little wider, *mignonnette!* So, that chokes? *Grâce à Dieu!*" It was the trembling of their neighbor's voice which finally penetrated her consciousness, as he forced brandy between her lips. They had been obliged to pry her fingers apart by force, Lewis and Etcheverray down in the water with her, the others pulling from above, in order to loose her clenched grip of the anchored skirt and the still form beside her.

"But certainly the girl lives!" reassured Etcheverray quickly, reading the fear that dawned in her eyes. "See where she lies, drying herself beside the fire our friends are making."

Bette, however, was too exhausted to look; content to feel his comforting presence near: the kiss of the blessed sun warm again on her brow, her lips, her closed lids—if it were indeed the sun.

She said presently, struggling out of sleep, "Monsieur Tubal—who was it carried me here—out of that terrible place of shadows?"

"Myself! Who else?" he replied quite fiercely; and then they smiled at each other, remembering each another occasion when their neighbor had found an exhausted child on the mountainside after storm, and had carried her in those surprisingly strong scholar's arms of his safe out of the reach of death. . . .

It was Bette's grandmother who received Lewis when he arrived the next day at the Urruty hacienda, looking very purposeful. She eyed him questioningly, but not inimically, for she liked her young men vigorously built, and shock-headed, and with purposeful expressions.

"Madame," he began, "before we go away today from l'Ey Kahatcia ——"

"You wish, no doubt, to speak with my son Pedro?" she finished for him, kindly enough. "Unfortunately, Bette's father is from home. Possibly I shall serve your requirements as well?"

"No," said Lewis with equal firmness, "you won't, madame! I want to see Bette herself. To ask when I may come again."

She elevated surprised eyebrows but, after a moment of hesitation, she told him quietly where to find the girl—alone in a certain place high up under the pines, which was her occasional retreat for purposes of rest and meditation.

The two remained a long time alone together under the pines; so long that Bette's mother became righteously uneasy, and wished to interfere. It was the matriarch who forbade.

"For seventeen years you have known the girl, and yet you have not learned to trust her? But that is only natural my poor Fancine—you being but a Frenchwoman!"

It was the sound of a too-insistent broom that disturbed Etcheverray at his work table under the bougainvillea vine in the courtyard, to which he had returned as sure refuge from the empty loneliness of a house no longer vociferous with young America.

"Is it quite necessary, Manuelo," he suggested mildly, not looking up from his manuscript, "that you display so unusual an amount of energy in the pursuit of your household efforts?"

Since there was no reply, he glanced up, to see a skirt disappearing around a corner. He jumped to his feet. "*Mignonnette!* It did not occur to me that you would find time on this particular afternoon for my humble affairs!"

"And why not this particular afternoon as well as another, monsieur?" Bette inquired serenely; but looking at her closely, he detected a certain heaviness of the lids as from recent tears. Bette and tears? The combination was unusual.

"*Alors*, they have gone! But not for long, surely," he rallied her. "One of our guests, at any rate, will soon return, I dare say?"

"One does not know, monsieur." Her voice was very low. "Perhaps, in time for the wedding."

Etcheverray laughed. "At least, in time for the wedding, I should say! He had a satisfactory conversation with your parents, with Madame Leocadie? Everything is arranged? Or has the young man still to consult his parents?"

"Monsieur Lulu had no conversation before he left, with my grandmother or my parents, monsieur."

Etcheverray frowned. "But that was very stupid! I explained the proper procedure before he went to the hacienda to make his adieu."

"After he had seen me, there was no occasion for him to see others, monsieur."

He began to understand: "What, you gave him his *congé?* But *mignonnette*, how is this? I was certain—surely I cannot have been mistaken! . . . My little Bette," he said anxiously, "why have you sent away a man whom you might have loved?"

"Because one cannot"—the color flooded her face—"marry everybody one—might have loved, monsieur! I told him that I was about to affiance myself with another."

"Another?" His thoughts went uneasily over recent experiences of hers in Spain young Maximo de Santa Colomba, who had made very plain his distaste for marriage; his brother José-Maria, who had been found unsuitable; the gallant but superannuated Duke de los Canellos, their grandfather.

"Ah, but how a man of intellect can be dull!" Her hands wove themselves together in a way they had when she was nervous. "I told Monsieur Lulu—*enfin*, I told him that I was soon to be married to—yourself!"

He had seen it coming, yet could not credit the catastrophe. "Me—a man almost the age of your father, a ruin like my house—roofless, the walls crumbling, nothing of any value left in me except some dusty books? Impossible!"

"Ruins, the Monsieur Pooch says, may be easily restored!" She was laughing at him, though rather pale over it. "With my *dot*, do you see ——"

He exclaimed, deeply moved, "So, it is that! You would marry me, little mother-woman that you are, because you believe I need you, because you wish to bring me money! Thank God, I have small need for money! And shall have less after the American publication of my books."

"All the more will you require a wife, then," she said calmly, "to keep you from spending everything on yet more books, on excavating into mountains. Yet, if you do not marry me, to whom else in this valley can you marry yourself? *Infanzon* do not marry peasants. And you would not bring a stranger to our l'Ey Kahatcia!"

He said, half in distress and half in amusement, "But, *mignonnette*, I have not intended to marry myself to anyone!"

"Is that a way for a valid man to talk?" she demanded sternly. "A true Basque *cap de casa?* You, the last of your line, and a person of importance? Consider your house, the *etcheonda*—is it to pass into the hands of who knows whom? That would be disgrace indeed! Ah, monsieur, one well understands why you have not wished to marry—for once you will let me speak of this, but not again. Since it was our cousin Madame Pilar who wasted your youth in her long service, is it not fitting that one of her family should now make amends?" Seeing that he was unable to speak for the moment, she went on quietly, "We talk of marriage, monsieur, and not of love. One is a little afraid of love, *n'est-ce pas?* It does not seem a thing quite to domesticate; any more than would be a tiger—or only a very little tiger, such as a cat," she added thoughtfully. "What desperate foolishness people commit because of this they call love!" She was thinking of Frederica. "And we, with the Spanish fire in our veins Have I not seen our Estehan suffer from jealousy until it was like an illness, because Emily his wife gave too much attention to their children? Ah, no! With us emotion is of too great ardor, perhaps, to be quite comfortable in the ménage."

He took her hands in his, which were trembling. "My little one! At your age, how can you know of what you speak?"

"At any age, one is woman." Suddenly she came close and hid her face against his breast, the better from that sure refuge to tell him the truth of herself. "*Monsieur Tubal de mon cœur*, there is something in me, wild, strange, not discreet—a something which I fear! Something which makes me wish to give—I do not know what—even before it is asked of me. To Monsieur Lulu, to Don Maximo, there at Toledo, even to a strange gypsy man who looked at me with his eyes, I could have given. Is this thing love? Then you must keep me safe from it! Will you not?" she begged, suddenly a-shiver. "You who are so wise!"

"*Mignonnette!*" his arms tightened around her, close.

Presently she said, ceasing to shiver, "And how could I be expected to marry other gentlemen, when all my life I have compared each I saw with you? I will tell you another thing." She lifted a comforted face, which began irresistibly to dimple. "When I was yet small enough to play with dolls, and persons wishing to tease me asked who was the papa of all my *poupées*, I told them always 'Monsieur le Comte des Luynes.' You see it is only proper that you marry the mother of such a family!"

But he could not smile over it. "A doll family! And you playing house in this old ruin, like a bird which builds its nest on a rotting bough. Ah, my Bette, you have so much to offer, and I so little!"

She did not make the mistake of thinking he referred to things material. "Perhaps," she said encouragingly, "you have more than you think. There at the cavern—when you thought I did not know—was it not you, monsieur, who kissed so often my eyes, my lips?"

He said, a little startled, "Yes, my dear, I kissed you; as I have kissed no other woman since—Pilar."

"So, you see?" she cried in triumph. "We shall manage very well *chez nous!* I will tell you now what I said to Monsieur Lulu: That my duty is most plainly here, where so many need me—not only you, but my grandmother, who grows old; the animals, the village sick—nearly everyone needs me," she added modestly. "Whereas his place is there in America; not in our *etcheonda* but his own, to carry on, as is proper, the affairs of the father for the sons. Such a family house of business is to America what the *etcheonda* is to us, *n'est-ce pas?* More important than one member of it; something to which must be sacrificed the personal desires—as with us. A husband *à l'américain—mais oui*, one was a little tempted. None of the girls at the convent has been married by an American; and to know New York, the Indian land of Oshkosh, the savage country of the Ohios—all the far, strange places of earth —— *Alors*, but he will marry, naturally, as his parents wish," she said stoutly, "and keep the good American dollars of Frederica where they are much needed. Oh, yes, he has already forgiven her! It is not too hard for a man to forgive one so beautiful and rich who wished to die of love for him! And they will return together presently, I think, for our wedding. That pleases you?"

Etcheverray went on his knees to kiss those strong little giving hands, without speaking.

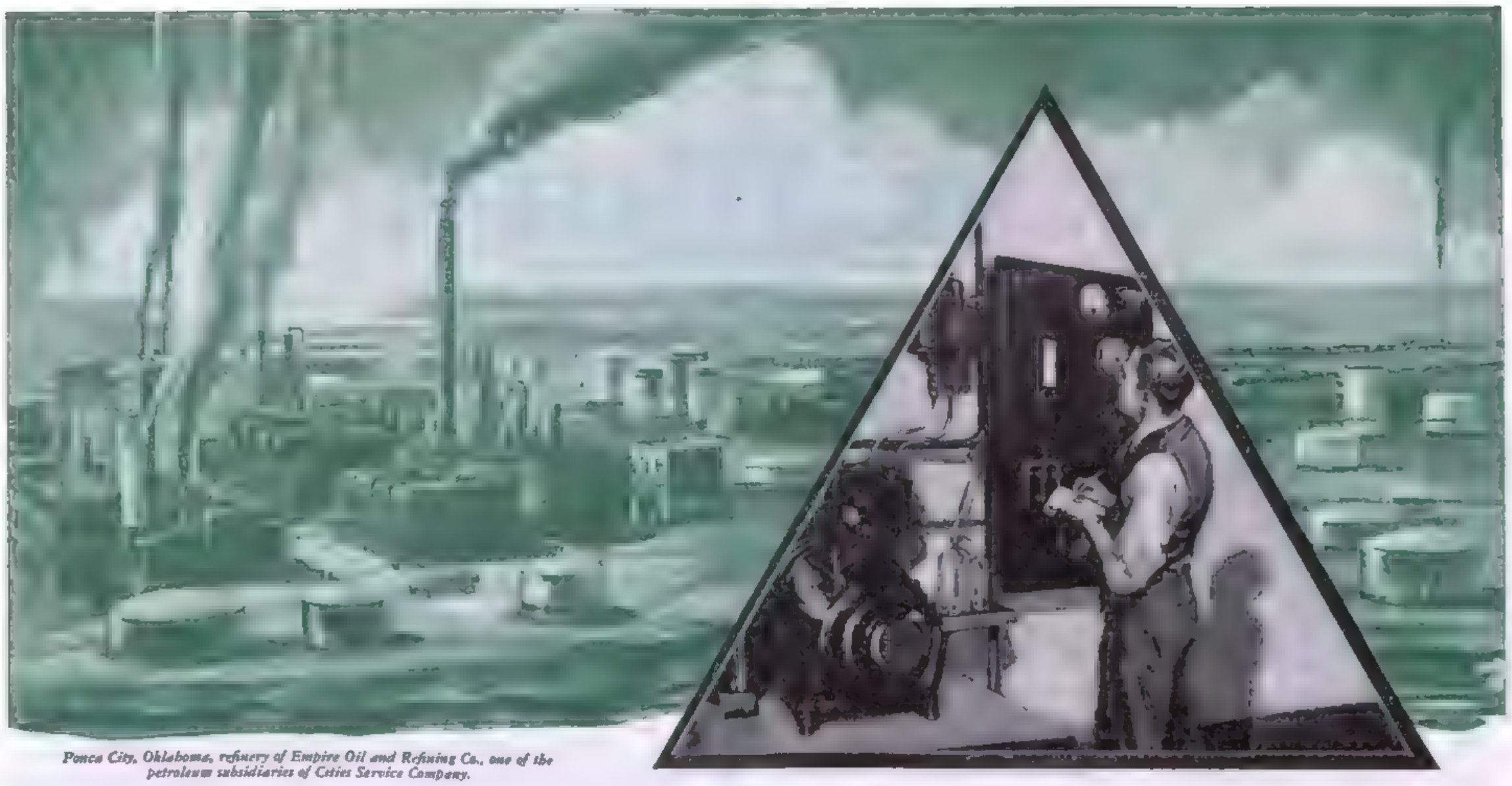
"But rise—rise at once, monsieur!" she protested urgently. "What a folly is this? The flagstones damp with mud, and you in your good gray *pantalons!*"

They went together to Madame Urruty; Etcheverray not a little in dread of his friend's shrewd eyes, Bette complacently defiant. "What is that fierce old lioness in the end but my own *gran'mère?* Have courage, Monsieur Tubal, she can do no more than bite off our two heads!"

But the matriarch showed no desire to bite off their two heads. When she saw them coming hand-in-hand, her eyes closed while her lips moved soundlessly. Then, opening wide arms, she drew them close together against her breast.

It was one of the younger children who came tugging at Madame Fancine's dress with the awe-struck whisper, "Come, *maman*, come and look! Our grandmother sheds tears!"

The San Antonio River as it Winds Through the City of San Antonio, Texas



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"KNOCKING!"—More than a blow to your pride as a car owner—a succession of continuous blows to the health of your car.

Engine becomes overheated . . . Carbon is accumulated . . . Power and pick-up are cut down.

When you use Cities Service gasolene you are constantly guarded against these evils. Before it reaches your car, Cities Service gasolene is subjected to a series of tests by scientific apparatus, among them an ingenious invention which electrically records the slightest semblance of a knock.

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Cities Service gasolene and oils, which are sold to the public in ever-increasing volume, are the same products which the $800,000,000 Cities Service organization uses in serving hundreds of cities, towns and villages with electricity and gas for light, heat and power. Cities Service is its own largest customer.

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The minute you take the wheel of the new Chevrolet Six you realize that a new standard has been set for the performance of low-priced automobiles. Even if you are accustomed to driving higher-priced cars you will marvel at its remarkably smooth operation. And if your experience has been largely with four-cylinder cars you will be literally amazed.

Throughout the entire speed range the power of this remarkable motor is delivered easily, freely and without annoying vibration or drumming—and you travel in the quiet luxurious comfort that is the distinguishing characteristic of truly fine automobiles.

Combined with this outstanding smoothness are—higher speed—faster acceleration—a power increase of 32%—and fuel-economy of *better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.*

And because the new Chevrolet Six makes such performance available in the price range of the four, it is everywhere regarded as marking an epoch in the development of luxurious transportation for everybody, everywhere.

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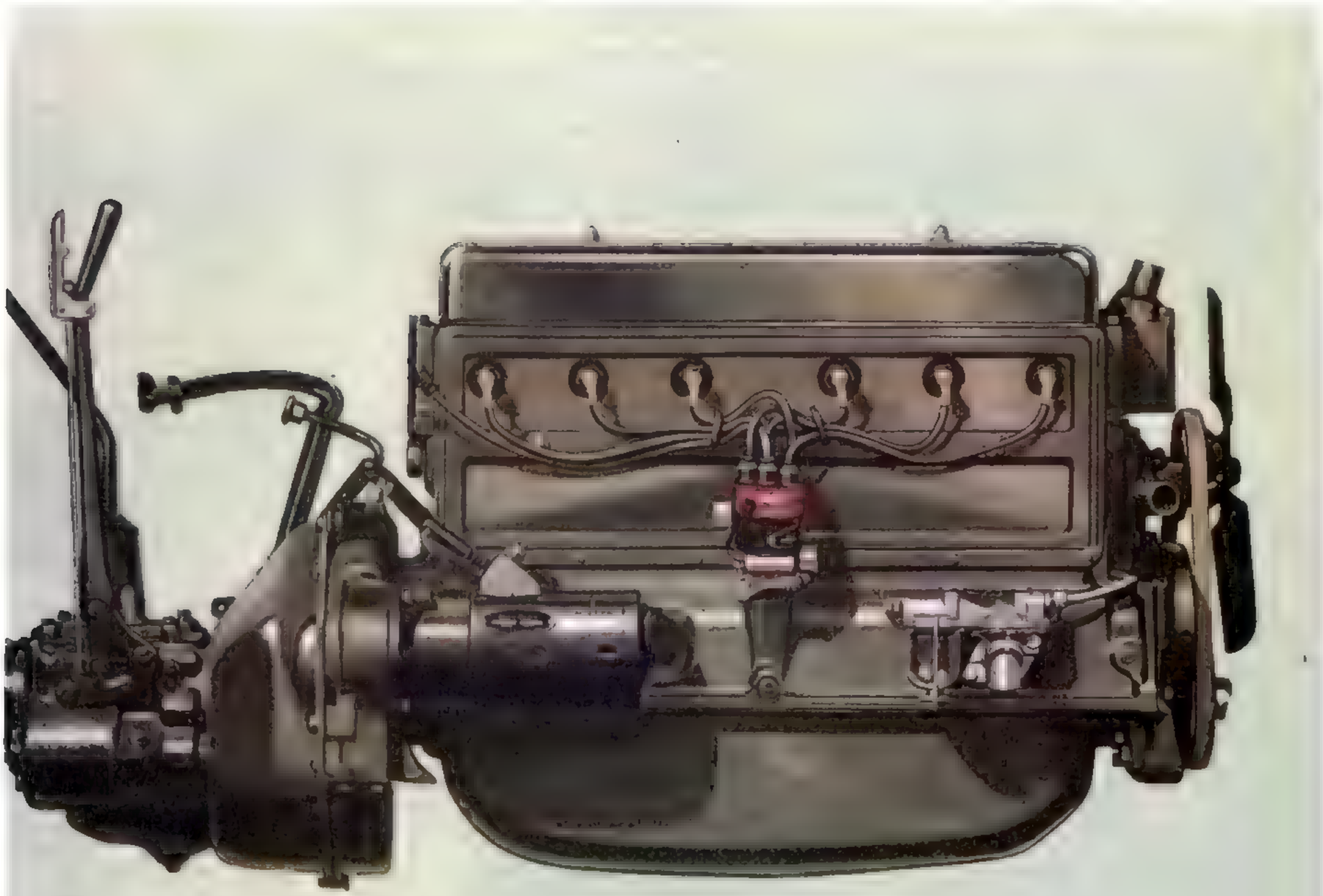
A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR



The new Chevrolet six-cylinder valve-in-head motor represents four years of development and over a million miles of testing by Chevrolet and General Motors engineers. Over 100 different motors were built before the present design was adopted. Its advanced design is typified by such unusual features as non-detonating high compression head, statically and dynamically balanced crankshaft, automatic rocker arm lubrication, gasoline pump with filter, air cleaner, fabric camshaft gear and acceleration pump.

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

BOOZE

(Continued from Page 28)

"I won't sign," the alderman mumbled. "I won't do it. I got to have money."

Poppolipis straightened. He glared angrily. "You won't sign, eh?" he sneered. "Like fun you won't sign. Take that pen!"

Frightened, Swinnerton accepted the pen. He drew his hand as far as possible from the paper.

"Just as soon as Flenger is definitely out of this thing," Poppolipis went on, "Zuroto will pay you for the buildings. Until Flenger is out of it, you can't expect him to pay. If you don't want to sign on that basis and be friendly, then we will just tip off the district attorney to who took Dopey Hiller for a ride and who's been furnishing Flenger with all his booze."

"It ain't that I don't trust Zuroto," Swinnerton mumbled. "I do. I know he'll pay me. I guess you're right." His hand dropped down to the paper. The fingers gripping the pen trembled

"Right there on that line," Poppolipis said tapping his nail again. Swinnerton signed.

Poppolipis lifted the paper aside. "There are two copies," he pointed out. "Sign the other." Swinnerton did. Then Poppolipis took the pen, looked carefully at the name of the supposed president of the corporation and promptly signed it on both copies.

"There," he said, "that cleans up everything. Now Zuroto will have the deed recorded and the thing is finished. In the meantime, take good care of yourself. Get a good rest and leave everything with us."

He folded the search and the contract and slipped them into an inner pocket. Casually he helped himself to another drink and offered one to Swinnerton. The alderman accepted it, but the drink brought on a coughing spell which left him unpleasant to see.

At the door Poppolipis turned. "Zuroto says you better not go out for three or four days," he said. "I don't mind telling you that there are two men downstairs. They'll see that Flenger don't come in to bother you. You're safe now. Everything's okay. All you got to do is take it easy. In no time at all everything will be quiet."

"Don't let my name get into this, will you?" Swinnerton mumbled again. "Keep me out of it. I got weight. You'll need my influence."

"You bet," Poppolipis agreed. "You just do as I say."

"I won't go out until I hear from Zuroto," Swinnerton agreed.

In the hall Poppolipis was sneering. He went down to the street and glanced casually at two men who were standing on the corner. They were foreigners. They seemed to understand the glance. Jauntily Poppolipis walked to the corner and hailed a taxicab. He went direct to Zuroto's. There he found Slenk and Zuroto himself. He delivered the papers to the latter.

"I was just explaining to Slenk," Zuroto said, "that when these things were ready Flenger is all set to turn him in for bumping off Dopey Hiller. We figured that tonight would be a great time to have Flenger, Mitchell and Baer pay us a visit down at the garage."

"You're right," Slenk cut in angrily. "That guy ain't gonna slip me in fer the big rap."

"The plan is," Zuroto went on carefully, "to bring in two truckloads from the distillery and take them to the garage. Slenk has already arranged for Baer and Mitchell to ride the trucks. He's a little worried about Flenger. He don't know just how to approach him."

Poppolipis dropped into a chair and appeared to be thinking deeply "What time are you starting the trucks?" he asked at some length.

"Eleven o'clock," Slenk grunted.

"You'll be at the garage by quarter of twelve," Poppolipis figured "There's only one thing to do that is, to go ahead on that program. In the meantime I'll figure out some way to get Flenger down there. If we can't nail him that way, we will have to find another. It's a cinch you've got to be protected, Dutch."

"You got to find a way an' find it quick," Slenk insisted. "It's got to be done tonight. You take it from me, I ain't gonna give that bird any more time. It's gettin' so you can't trust nobody!"

"Go ahead," Zuroto instructed. "Baer rides one truck; you and Mitchell ride the other. Run them straight from the distillery to your garage. We will be there when you get there, but you won't see us. Just as soon as you get there send the drivers of the trucks on their way. Think up some excuse to keep Baer and Mitchell there for a minute. You might start an argument about how much Flenger is cutting the liquor before you get a shot at it."

"And Flenger?" Dutch interrupted. "What about him? I ain't worried much about Marty and Baer. It's Flenger we got to get."

"He will know that the trucks are on their way, won't he?" Poppolipis asked sharply.

"Sure he will. He knows every truckload that leaves the distillery."

"That makes it easy," Poppolipis smiled. "You'll leave there at eleven o'clock. At exactly 11:30 I will see that Flenger is called on the telephone and told that the trucks have been stopped by Federal men. We'll tell him he's got to come to the garage in order to dicker with the Federal mob."

"Better than that," Zuroto interrupted. "Mitchell will ride one truck and Baer the other. Dutch here will convoy them in the touring car. . . . That will give you a chance, Dutch, at 11:30, to stop at a public telephone and call Flenger yourself. From you, he'll fall for it "

Poppolipis nodded enthusiastically, and in his delight at the perfection of the plan, resoundingly slapped his hand upon his knee.

Slenk grinned. "I can't see any holes in that plan," he agreed.

"A little later on, Dutch," Zuroto suggested, "you might drop in and see Flenger. Or call him on the telephone, just to make things look natural."

"He'll be at the station house now," Dutch nodded. "I'll take the air for a few minutes and give him a buzz from a public telephone."

"Don't have anything definite to say," Poppolipis instructed. "Just hello, how are you, and what of it. You know."

"Sure thing," Dutch agreed. "I'll tell him the trucks is ready an' we're all set for tonight." He lit a cigarette, the smoke of which he inhaled deeply. "I'll feel a lot better," he avowed, "when I'm dead sure Paddy Flenger's telephone won't answer no more."

When he had gone, the jet-black eyes of Zuroto sought those of Poppolipis. The two men smiled benignly upon each other.

"Who'll be at the garage?" Poppolipis asked.

"Five of them," Zuroto explained, "with Capolicki handling the machine gun."

Poppolipis nodded. "The thing to do, chief," he thought aloud, "is to make sure of these birds with sawed-off shotguns. There ain't a chance in the world to miss at close range."

"There will be four of them," Zuroto promised. "That is eight shots. If that don't work, there's still automatics and the old machine gun. When we finish, that garage will look like a bird cage."

"Yeah," Poppolipis agreed, "and by the jumping hell, there wants to be four birds in it too!"

"Well," the black-eyed one philosophized, "nobody yet has ever discovered how to fire one of those machine guns gradually."

There followed another silence. It was evident that each of the men was turning over in his mind the schedule as completed. Again it was Poppolipis who broke the silence.

"Gastroni," he asked suddenly—"is he all set?"

"Last night," Zuroto nodded smilingly. "He ran a wire from the starting button and laid the big cough on the transmission housing of Swinnerton's car."

"Then," Poppolipis said, with finality, "there ain't a chance of anything slipping."

"Everybody knows their job," Zuroto promised. "There's nothing to do but wait."

Poppolipis clapped his palms together and, to the waiter who responded, gave an order for wine. It was evident that he planned to do his waiting in peace and comfort.

XIV

THE eerie quality of a dim headlight in combat with a pale moon impressed itself upon Dutch Slenk as he convoyed two rumbling trucks through the quietude of Ash Avenue. He drove at a moderate rate. The trucks followed him. Their staccato roar seemed completely at variance with the soft shadows of the night. The rumble and thump of their wheels as they encountered road inequalities seemed to Dutch to scream a warning of that which lay ahead. Yet his fears were in no wise cultivated by his conscience. There was nothing of remorse in his nervousness. Quite the contrary was true. Any nervousness he showed was the fruit of worry that something might slip; any fear grew out of the possibility that the murder machine might fail.

As they approached the more congested section of the city Dutch permitted his car to slow so that the first of the trucks overtook him. In a combination of pale moonlight and dim street lights, he discerned the face of Marty Mitchell, seated next the driver of the truck. Mitchell seemed quite calm. He was wearing a cap pulled low upon his forehead, and as Dutch spoke to him he puffed steadily at a cigarette.

"Keep straight on to the garage, Marty," he told Mitchell. "I'm stoppin' off at that drug store down there to call Paddy an' let him know we're in town. He's gettin' jumpy lately an' I promised I'd call him when we got here."

The voice of the truck motor rose in volume as speed was resumed. The second truck approached Slenk's car and passed it. As it did so he caught a fleeting glimpse of Baer on the front seat. The man waved at him casually. Dutch responded and pointed at the first truck, indicating that everything was all right and Baer should follow on.

When they had passed, Slenk stopped at the drug store and parked his car. As he entered the place he shifted his cap slightly more to one side so that the visor cast a shadow over his upper face. He glanced about and located two telephone booths in a corner. He stepped into one of them, shut the door and dropped a coin in the slot To the operator he gave Flenger's number. A smile of satisfaction crossed his features as the police captain answered.

"This is Dutch," Slenk explained.

"Shoot," Flenger snapped. "What's wrong now?"

"Don't get excited about it, but we got the finger. This time it's on the level. Federal."

"Where are the trucks?" Flenger demanded angrily. "Where'd they knock you over?"

"Now, listen a minute, will you?" Dutch simulated impatience. "I'm tellin' you everythin's okay. We can do business."

"How much?" Flenger snapped.

"I wish you'd leave me do the talkin'. I ain't got all night," Dutch complained.

"Gimme the story," Paddy agreed.

"It's just a touch," Dutch explained. "There are three of 'em an' they're lookin' for a score for themselves. I offered them a hundred bucks apiece an' we can do business on that basis."

"Then do it an' on your way," Flenger interrupted again.

"But listen here," Dutch went on, not heeding the remark, "they're playin' it pretty safe. Marty finally told 'em that we knew you an' they said if we could prove that, everythin'd be okay."

"Marty's a fool!" Flenger exploded.

"I don't know whether he is or not," Slenk responded, "an' what diff'rence does it make if he is? These boys are ridin' the trucks right now an' they're goin' to the garage. After Marty rapped your name to them I said I'd go an' call you up. We can't afford to lose two more truckloads now, Paddy. You got to drop in at the garage. These guys are all right. It won't take five minutes. All they want is a flash at you an' they'll feel safe in doin' business."

Flenger was pondering the situation. It seemed to Slenk an interminable time that the man hesitated. By way of pressing home the urgency of the matter, Dutch said at long last:

"These guys are okay, Paddy. Marty an' Baer are goin' to be sore if you don't give us a break on this booze. We all need a little dough."

"Which garage is it?" Flenger asked.

"Mine."

"How soon'll they be there?"

"Twenty minutes. You can grab a cab."

"All right," Flenger said. "But I'll have somethin' to say to Marty after this is fixed up!"

"Come right away. Don't hold up the works, Paddy," Slenk urged. There was exultation in his voice. He hung up the receiver and left the booth. His eyes were gleaming and his face was twisted by a smile. He walked to his car, got in and started after the trucks. He overtook them several blocks from the garage and once again took a position ahead of them.

The building to which they were going was a one-story affair. The entrance was through sliding doors at the front. Slenk went on ahead and parked his car. With a key he unlocked and opened the doors that the trucks might enter. He cast a quick glance over the shadows inside the place. All was quiet. The moonlight painted the windows at the rear of the garage a pale gray. Here and there grotesque shadows indicated the location of parked vehicles, pillars, and oil and grease racks.

The first of the trucks turned into the entrance. Its headlights shattered the darkness of the garage. Mitchell leaned out of the cab and spit.

"Here we are, kid," he said jokingly to Slenk.

"Pull up ahead," Slenk called to the driver. "Give us plenty of room so we can shut these doors." The truck rumbled on into the garage.

In the street gears clattered as the driver of the other truck went into second. The transmission whined and the wheels rumbled as it climbed over the sidewalk and into the building. Mitchell snapped off the lights of the first truck and swung down to the floor. From inside the garage Slenk drew the sliding doors shut and barred them. He turned to meet Baer, who had just dismounted.

To the drivers of the trucks he said: "Here's your dough, boys. Fifty bucks apiece. Much obliged. You can get out through that side door there."

In the headlights of the second truck the men accepted their money, then turned toward the exit.

To Mitchell and Baer, Slenk spoke next: "Wait a minute, fellers," he asked. "I want to open up one of these cases while you guys are here. There's a little somethin' on my mind."

"Take one off the first truck," Mitchell suggested. "We can see better. It won't

(Continued on Page 78)

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The cash register of 1879

One of the National Posting Machines of today

IN 1879 a merchant of Dayton, worried by increasing losses in his business, invented a machine to check the carelessness and inaccuracy of his salespeople.

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WHAT if your own child were burned? Could you soothe her, stop the horrible pain? Or would you have to hold her screaming in your arms while you waited for the doctor—and Unguentine?

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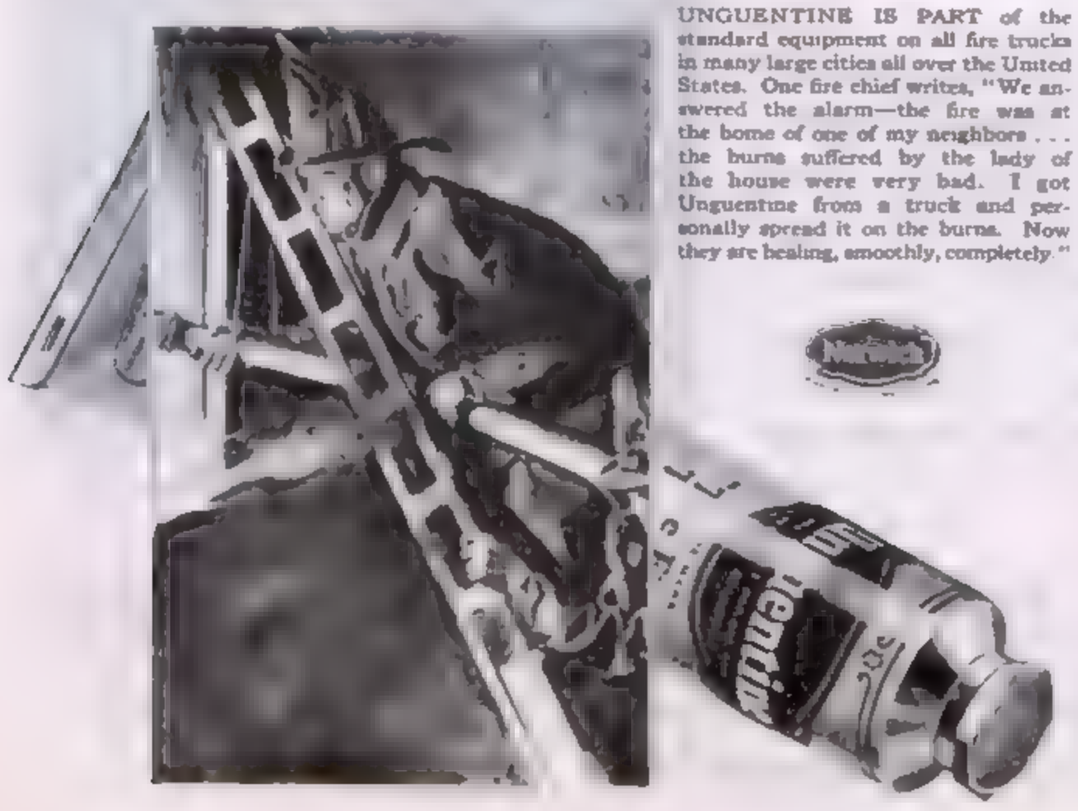

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(Continued from Page 78)

hurt to leave these headlights on a few minutes. Nobody will see them."

The three men went to the rear of the truck, unlashed the canvas with which the cargo was covered and lifted to the floor one of the cases of liquor. Slenk went to the side of the building where there was a workbench. He was fighting against nervousness

His eyes darted into the shadowy corners of the place, seeking there evidence of the presence of Zuroto's men. Nothing presented itself to his view. He found a screw driver on the bench and walked back to the others, where he began prying the lid off the case.

There was nothing hurried in his manner. He was, in fact, killing time against the arrival of Flenger. When the case was finally opened he withdrew a bottle and held it before the headlight where all could see.

"That's a good-lookin' wrapper," he admitted.

After the others had nodded agreement he pulled the wrapper off the bottle and again held it up that the label might be inspected.

"The labels ain't so good," he complained. "There's somethin' about 'em that looks too new. I was tellin' Paddy the other day we ought to make up a Canadian Liquor Commission Stamp."

Marty spoke up: "It'd add about three bucks a bottle to the price we could get."

Slenk again weighed the bottle in his hand, turned it so the rays of the headlight played over the questionable label.

"Swinnerton an' Flenger are cuttin' this stuff before we get it," he told the others. "They been doin' it ever since we started."

"You can't hardly blame them," Baer grinned. "I cut mine after I get it too."

"Sure," Slenk agreed, "so do I. But what burns me up is that they're cuttin' it more an' more. Some of their stuff hasn't got as much kick as a good cough sirup."

He turned toward the truck ahead, raised the bottle he held in his hand and struck the neck sharply across the tailboard. It broke cleanly and a golden fluid fell to the floor. He raised the body of the bottle to his lips and took a drink. He twisted his face wryly.

"I think we're kiddin' ourselves," he growled. "This ain't no intoxicatin' beverage!" He handed the bottle to Mitchell, who tasted the liquor sparingly.

"It ain't so bad," he said. "They'll buy it."

He in turned passed the bottle to Baer. Baer never drank. As he raised the glass toward his lips someone tried the side door. All three men whirled sharply.

"Who is that?" Marty asked throatily.

Slenk knew who it was. "I'll find out," he growled.

"You better shut off them headlights," Baer suggested.

"Leave them on," Slenk said. "Wait a minute. This ain't nothin'." He walked across the garage and opened the spring lock. Flenger stepped into the place. Slenk kicked the door shut.

"Where are they?" Flenger asked.

Before anyone could make answer the whole world seemed to explode about them. Dashes of flame cut through the gloom of the place. The terrific roar of shotguns and the mad scream of a machine gun ripped and shattered the silence.

Flenger fell in his tracks. Mitchell reeled back between the glowing headlights of the second truck, spread his arms over the radiator in an effort to keep himself on his feet, then groaned and sagged to the floor.

Baer whirled uncertainly, sank to his knees with a curse and hurled the remnant of the whisky bottle in the general direction of the last flash he had seen.

It was Slenk who stood longest against the barrage of the rum killers. A look of surprise twisted his face. He seemed to crumple, his hands gripping savagely at his stomach and his legs twisting under him. He went to his knees, still clutching at his stomach.

"Wait!" he called throatily. "Wait a minute! You got me too!"

A shadowy figure darted around the end of the second truck. In his hands he carried a baby machine gun. A hoarse laugh crossed his lips. Calmly, while Slenk watched him, terror in his eyes, the man lifted the gun, trained it upon him, and again the wild scream of fifteen hundred shots a minute tore at the walls of the garage.

It was over within a matter of seconds. After the deafening roar of the guns silence came suddenly. A whisper here, the scraping of a foot there, hoarse and labored breathing.

Then the side door of the building opened again. The calm night air swept in over four prone figures. In the street the roar of a motor sounded and faulty brakes squeaked sharply. Shadowy figures passed through the door, then along the alley beside the garage, finally to leap into a big motor car. Somewhere in the distance a police whistle shrilled.

"Everybody here?" a voice asked in the car.

"Step on it," somebody answered. The car lurched ahead. It whirled around the next corner. For a quarter of a mile it traveled at breakneck pace.

Then: "Cut it down, Tony," the throaty voice ordered. "You, Crip, switch them license plates."

A man leaned forward and pulled a wire. The plates of the car, both front and rear, turned neatly over. They showed a different number and a different color on the reverse side.

The car neared the lighted section of the city. Other cars appeared, laden with theatergoers on their way to supper or home. Into that stream of vehicles the murder machine seemed to melt.

Once it turned a corner slowly, and immediately upon its passing, a man standing there nodded his head. He turned into a cigar store.

The man was Poppolipis. He entered a telephone booth and to the operator gave the number of Alderman Swinnerton. When the alderman answered, his voice was pregnant with terror.

"This is Poppolipis," the young man explained. "Don't get excited when I tell you this, Swinnerton. Everything'll work out all right if you do exactly as I say."

"What's the trouble?" Swinnerton mumbled. "What is it now? Every minute it's something new!"

"There ain't any real trouble," Poppolipis said, "and there won't be if you do exactly as I say."

"I will," Swinnerton groaned. "I'll do it. What is it?"

"We've got Flenger down at the restaurant. You know the restaurant I mean?"

"Zur —"

"That's right," Poppolipis interrupted. "We got him just where we want him. He's ready to sign off that contract so Zuroto can give you your money for the breweries and the distillery."

"Yes?" Swinnerton cried eagerly. His voice was a degree steadier. "You got him, huh? Zuroto's going to pay me, huh?"

"The money's here in cash right now," Poppolipis lied. "I'm sitting at a table, alderman, looking at it. But you got to do this thing right. You got your own car there, haven't you?"

"Car? Yes. My automobile, you mean?" Swinnerton babbled, delight now replacing the terror in his voice.

"Yes, your car. That big green one I've seen you drive."

"That's right," Swinnerton said. "It's a green one—a big green one."

"Come down in that, understand?" Poppolipis insisted. "We want you to come alone, Swinnerton. We don't want any taxicab driver or chauffeur left around to do any talking."

"I see," Swinnerton promised. "All right, I see. I'll be right down." He hung

(Continued on Page 81)

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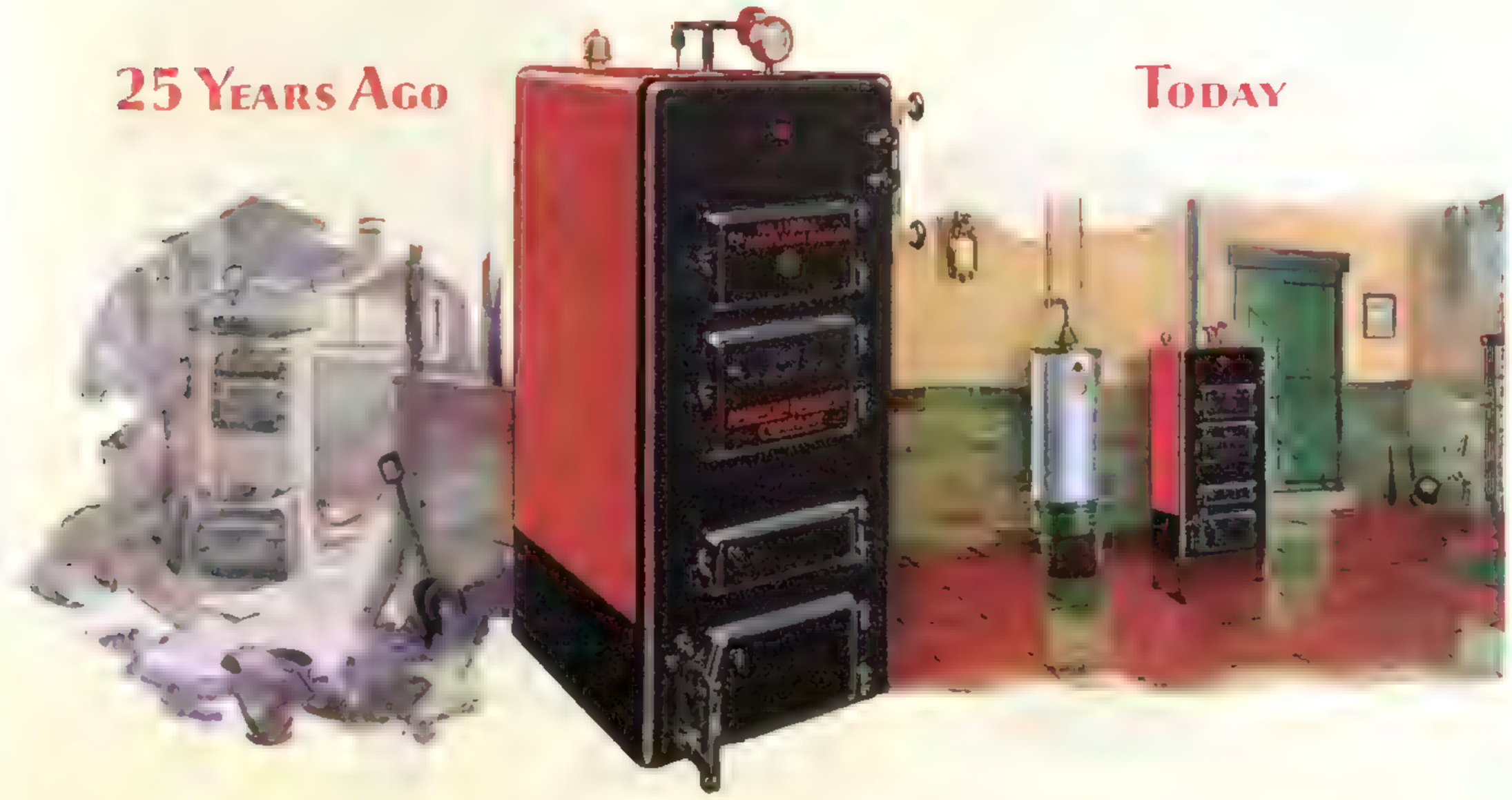

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(Continued from Page 78)

up the receiver and feverishly began to dress.

Relief was the dominant emotion he felt. Gone now the menace of Flenger. Gone the fear that the police captain might involve him in the killing of Dopey Hiller.

"I put it over," he mumbled to himself as he dressed. "I won't take a nickel less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And that will have to be in cash. Cold cash that I can take right in my hand and count."

He was tying his tie, and unconsciously he paused and adjusted it to just the right angle. Life was being reborn in the man. Self-esteem was returning. Something of confidence squared his shoulders.

"I got to be firm with that guy," he muttered. "He can't run his big bluff on me any more. Zuroto will have to pay me big."

He turned toward the door, then stopped and took a drink from the decanter. He coughed raspingly, but the drink did him good. He went out into the hall and tested the apartment door after he had shut it behind him. Though his step was a dragging one, there was nevertheless a certain haste in his manner as he went out into the street and turned into the alley leading to the garage.

When he reached the building at the rear he discovered that he had forgotten his car keys. With an exclamation of anger, he returned to the apartment to get them.

Back in the apartment, he took another drink, and again he coughed. But again the drink seemed to stimulate him.

He set his hat at a more definite angle on his head and hurried down the hall, and again into the street and so to the garage. He threw the doors wide and propped them so that he would not be bothered with the opening of them on his return. As he jumped into the big green car he muttered again to himself:

"Zuroto's got to pay, that's all. Pay big. Then I'll take a good long trip. Get away from it all."

He turned on the switch and retarded the spark. He was a good driver and he loved this car. He toyed with the shifting lever to be certain that it was in neutral. He released the emergency brake that it might not drag. His foot felt around the floor boards, found the starter, and slipped. Impatiently he sought again, found the button.

This time his foot did not slip.

XV

THE house stood on an eminence. Westward into the face of the setting sun ran a strip of woodland, just at the moment beautified by the artistry of autumn. Splashes of color dotted the trees. Every color in the spectrum seemed present. From pale browns and yellows the scale ran in fiery splendor to glowing crimson. To the eastward lay rolling hills. It was on this side of the house that Barr had built his sun parlor. Here it was that the retired inspector viewed life more or less in retrospect.

A promise of winter was in the air and the glass doors of the room were closed. Like a lingering breath of summer, potted flowers bloomed in the sun room. Through the windows the inspector caught a view of the winding drive which led upward to his own front door.

Two or three hundred yards away across the rolling hills was another house. Here resided Barr's nearest neighbor. The man was named Carter. He was a moderately successful merchant in the city and Barr had come to enjoy his company. He was a simple man, centered in his own business affairs, happy in his sedentary home life.

As Barr puffed solemnly at his pipe and gazed across the country he had come to love, an automobile turned into the driveway and came toward his door. Barr recognized the car and the man driving it. It was Carter. The inspector enjoyed this neighborliness. Carter often stopped in this manner to pass the time of day; to comment casually upon the news of the hour. It was so common an occurrence that the inspector did not go to the door to greet his guest. The man knew the house, knew where to find Barr.

The door opened and Carter's voice called out "Hello, Barr!"

"Come on through," Barr responded. "I just finished my beauty sleep and I'm ready for the news and a pipe."

Carter entered the sun parlor. He was a short man with a tendency toward rotundity. However, his eyes were clear and filled with the joy of living. His dark gray suit was custom made, but not carefully pressed. The edges of his starched collar had wilted slightly. He wore a brilliant blue four-in-hand cravat, and as he stood in the doorway Barr caught the reflection of the tie pin he had come to associate with his genial neighbor. It was a small pearl with a very small diamond directly underneath it. The man stood in the doorway. Under his left arm he carried a package. In his right hand was a partially rolled newspaper which he was tapping against his thigh.

"Well, well," he said, taking in the scene at a glance. "Some people have all the luck! Here I am on the go from morning till night trying to eke out a living while you sit here in perfect comfort and watch the world roll by." His gaze shifted from Barr on out through the glass doors of the sun parlor. "By the way, Barr," he said, "those are beautiful hydrangeas out there. You want to be sure to get some after the first frost. You know, they'll last all winter in the house."

Barr nodded. "Sit down," he said. "Pull up a chair." He was busy filling his pipe. There was a comfortable air about the man; a detachment which bespoke contentment.

"Seen the papers, have you?" Carter asked suddenly. He had dropped back into the chair, but as he spoke he straightened excitedly.

"No," Barr answered. "They're apt to be a little late delivering mine."

"Hell's broken loose among the bootleggers again," Carter said, with the obvious delight of the bearer of startling news. "They murdered that fellow Zuroto last night. Blew him all to pieces with machine guns. Four or five men killed in the fight."

"Zuroto?" Barr inquired, mildly surprised.

"Yes," Carter went on. "He's a foreign fellow. They say he's been a power in the underworld." He paused a moment, shaking his head. "I declare, Barr, I don't know what this country's coming to. Gangs running through our streets murdering one another with machine guns; criminals of all kinds helping themselves to whatever they want."

Barr gripped his pipe between his teeth and held a match over the bowl. There was a certain complacency about his manner of puffing. When the tobacco was burning to his satisfaction he sighed faintly.

"I know it," he said. "It's getting terrible."

"But that isn't the worst of it," Carter complained with outraged dignity. "One wouldn't so much mind seeing these thugs kill one another. I suppose that's kind of a good thing. But they are bribing our very police officials. The men we trust to enforce the laws are just as bad as the criminals they are paid to catch."

He waited for a moment for the weight of his argument to impress Barr. The ex-police official, however, seemed unwilling to rise to the bait. He puffed quietly at his pipe, the smoke clouds drifting lazily about his ears. He glanced out across the rolling hills and there was a far-away look in his eyes.

"I should think," Carter said rather diffidently, "that a man like yourself—a man with twenty-five years honorable service in the police profession—would boil with rage at what goes on in our police department today."

"It's pretty bad," Barr nodded. "Pretty bad."

He reached for the newspaper which Carter was carrying. Excitedly the man spread it open for him. Barr puffed his pipe and glanced at the headlines. It had become an old story—this gang warfare between rum runners. Once again a police official, Captain Mason, had gone to his death at the hands of men whose greed was comparable to his own. Once again the press bellowed for thoroughgoing police protection and the ferreting out and prosecution of gunmen and grafters.

It was all very startling, very awful, yet it did not so impress Barr. He puffed quietly at his pipe. To him there was something trite about it all. He glanced again at the hills and was satisfied.

"I don't think they'll ever be able to enforce prohibition," Carter avowed. "I know I don't have any trouble getting what liquor I want."

He smiled and winked ponderously. He took the package from under his arm and held it before him. He shook it suggestively and Barr nodded as the splash of liquid became audible.

"The real stuff, too," Carter boasted. "Got the Canadian Liquor Commission Stamp on it. Of course you have to pay plenty for it."

Barr interrupted him. "Carter," he said slowly, "you're a pretty good sort of fellow. A good, steady, home man, running your own business and casting your vote at election time in accordance with your own conscience. All told, a pretty good sort of an average, dependable American. Rotarian, I suppose; or Kiwanis, or Lions, or Board of Trade."

"Well," Carter said slightly mystified, "I try to hold up my end in all public things."

The One on the Right: "Boy! It's Great to be Outa Jail Ag'in!"

"Of course it's none of my business, old fellow," Barr said, again puffing at his pipe, "but as far as American law is concerned you are just as much of a criminal to sit there and shake that whisky in my face as you would be if it was a pistol."

Carter laughed cynically. "That, of course, is ridiculous," he said. "I don't know a club in town where you won't find liquor. Of all my friends, I can't name you six who haven't got a little something in their cellar. They've all bought it since prohibition too. There's nothing criminal in having a little drink around. The crime starts with these bootleggers and bribed police officials. They're the ones that cause the trouble. Why, Barr, as an ex-police officer, I should think you'd hang your head in shame at what goes on today."

Barr laughed, and there was genuine mirth in his voice.

"Why do you think Zuroto was murdered?" he asked after a moment. "And Poppolipis? And Dausto? For I see they got them too."

"Well, there was a rum-running fight, no doubt," Carter answered. "Probably some battle over the division of the spoils among bootleggers. There's no telling where those things start. Once a police officer takes a bribe, he's always in the hands of the briber. I suppose these people become so drunk with power and money that they don't stop at anything."

"Just a minute," Barr interrupted in a friendly way. "Not quite so fast, Carter. Let's get at the facts a little more. Just to make my point clear, I might tell you that when prohibition first came into effect I personally could have made myself a rich man through bribery and corruption."

"I haven't a doubt of it," Carter said. "For that reason I admire you."

Barr laughed again. "They called me a fool then," he said ruminatively. "Swinnerton, the alderman; Paddy Flenger, the police captain; Dutch Slenk, Dopey Hiller, Marty Mitchell, Baer, and Dausto—they all laughed at me. Thought I was crazy." He paused and leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees. Impressively he said: "But, Carter, fool or no fool, I'm alive. And out of all that bunch I'm the only one who is!"

Carter started to speak, but there was something in the expression of Barr's face which checked him.

The inspector continued: "No"—he nodded complacently—"I'm satisfied. I know there's corruption in the police force. Plenty of it. I know why these fellows kill one another too. There's only one reason for it.

"Talk all you like about criminals and the way they fight over the spoils. All that don't mean a thing. What are the spoils? The crux of the situation is right in that bottle you hold in your hand, Carter. There'd be no bribery, there'd be no corruption, there'd be no murders, if fellows like you bought no whisky!

"I don't want to moralize. But the only thing these men fight over and steal about is the money you pay for whisky. It's your dollar that bribes and murders. You stop paying it and they'll stop fighting. You stop buying liquor and they'll stop bribing and taking bribes! Any way you look at it, Carter, that's the one source of all these rum killings. To save my soul, I can't see where these bribed officials are any more criminal than you are. And when I say you, Carter, I mean every man in America that buys a bottle of booze!"

The inspector paused to puff at his pipe. It had gone out. He struck a match and calmly ignited the tobacco in the bowl. Through smoke clouds he glanced again toward Carter. The man was gone.

Barr sat thinking a moment. He heard the front door slam; saw Carter hustle out toward his car, climb in and viciously step on the starter. The car backed around, swung into the drive and disappeared down the hill. Across the vista that opened to the eastward the first shadows of evening were gathering.

(THE END)

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HARMONY

(Continued from Page 17)

world making music for my meals and playing myself to sleep under the silent and mysterious stars."

Five minutes later when the key turned in the lock and the door opened to admit a clergyman, Miss Flint and myself exchanged regards which were not only friendly but even more extreme. And I had practically forgot Lorna Etheridge in the thrill of a new and secret hope.

III

EXCEPT for the understanding between myself and Florence I do not think I would have survived those first days on the farm.

In getting me up at four in the morning my father-in-law would say, "I am Flint by name and flint by nature and I have never seen any advantage in acting otherwise. Let musicians and those kind of people lay in bed; real men with hair on their chests get up and work. What are the boys of today coming to? They are not satisfied with what was good enough for their fathers. No, they have got to play a fiddle and go gallivanting around the world. There ought to be a law against it."

Sometimes he would show me a piece of a harness trace in the barn which his father had used on him and would say, "There was a man who had the right ideas about bringing up children. There is no use sparing the rod and spoiling the child by letting him fill his head full of slimpsy-slampsy ideas. And I am grateful to my father because he always had my welfare at heart and would not stand for any nonsense."

Though I had not worked on a farm since the age of sixteen and had firmly resolved never to do such a thing again, outside of chores to pay for a bed or meal, I soon got into such shape that I could finish a full day's stent. It was not easy, because Barnet Flint had a good many acres under cultivation, besides a kitchen garden and a couple of cows, and we were at it early and late. But as the days went by I found life growing more tolerable.

Little by little my muscles got hard again, and sometimes I would catch myself looking at the little patch of woods on the hill and wondering if there would be any rabbit hunting or what would be the chance for wild ducks on the little lake.

And one night when Florence and myself had gone a long ways from the house so we would not be bothered when I rendered certain selections, I looked up and there was the wheat before us rippling in the moonlight like a sheet of water. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. Often I had heard my uncle say, "Francis, I love this farm." And on each occasion I had always thought, "Yes, you do—you old hypocrite." Now for the first time I began to feel that maybe he had not been such an old hypocrite after all. In fact, that evening I began to feel sorry we had decided to leave the farm so soon.

For Florence and myself had definitely arranged to steal away sometime toward the end of the month of September. We had planned it all out. Piece by piece we had got an outfit together including a small balloon-silk tent, eight warm blankets and aluminum cooking utensils, and were prepared to start around the world together, gratefully received in the peasant's hut or the king's palace, and from time to time playing ourselves to sleep under the silent and mysterious stars.

Florence had not one regret and that was to leave her father all alone. Because about the only recreation he enjoyed during the long winter evenings was to sit by the stove and tell Florence what he would do to the leader of the local band in case the latter ever asked him for a contribution. But I explained that if Mr. Flint was left all alone, why, sooner or later he would be forced to hire someone else to listen to him and thus in the end everything would be for the best.

It was surprising the way Florence had taken to the harmonica. In no time at all she could play even better than myself. I had bought her an instrument of the premier class with a chimes attachment and her natural talent did the rest. On those rare occasions when we could get away by ourselves and render as a duet Listen to the Mocking Bird, with vibrato and other artistic effects, it sometimes brought the tears to my eyes.

Of course, one reason Florence improved so rapidly was due to the fact that she could practice several times a day without being overheard by Mr. Flint. In my case this was much more difficult, because most of the time my father-in-law was around with me or at least where he could see me working. Thus I had to be careful. Practically the only period I could be sure of a minute to myself was when milking the cows in the morning, a chore I had taken over from Florence. At this moment, generally speaking, Mr. Flint would be somewhere out in the fields.

Though practice at this time delayed the milking it had a beneficial effect on the cows. Both these animals were of a nervous disposition and a little music seemed to put them exactly right. Experiments showed that the cow named Blackie did her best when hearing the Suwannee River, while the cow named Jersey preferred Columbia, Gem of the Ocean. Using a handkerchief, some strings, and elastic tape I made a sort of harness which attached the harmonica to my mouth, and with a little effort I was soon able to play and milk at the same time. After the job was finished I would stand up and, removing the harmonica from the harness, play them one or two additional selections with vibrato and other artistic effects.

It was a morning in early September. The day before, Florence had gone to town alone, returning much depressed though she would not say why. This puzzled me, because we had set our date of departure for the twenty-fifth, right after threshing, and our plans had been worked out to the last detail. We had practiced a whole program of selections together; our outfit was perfect; and auto maps had shown us the best route to follow—hitch-hiking first to the south and then going straight west to California. Accordingly I could not figure out how or why Florence had lost all her lightheartedness.

I was seated on the stool milking Blackie, at the same time playing the Suwannee River with variations and wondering whether by the use of my feet it would not be possible to rig up an improved harness making possible the vibrato effect, when a queer sensation made itself felt at the back of my neck. It was just as though a pair of eyes had sprouted there and those eyes were looking at somebody in the doorway of the barn. This sensation became so disagreeable that by the end of five seconds I could not keep myself from twisting my head to see if there was anything wrong.

What was my surprise to find that a party was actually standing in the doorway, and that this party was none other than my father-in-law, Barnet Flint. Never have I seen such a face as that which now met my eyes. His lower jaw had dropped, his eyes were as big as pancakes, his knees were trembling. In his right hand he held a pitchfork, and it looked very much as though he was getting ready to heave same in my direction.

IV

IF I DID not emit a wild cry of terror it was because the harmonica harness prevented.

With one duck I dove under Blackie to scramble over the low partition between the stalls. Hardly had I put this on the other side of me when my father-in-law, accompanied by the pitchfork, started in my direction. If it had not been for Blackie kicking and then impeding Mr. Flint by backing and lying down, my life would not have been worth a cent.

My first move was for the barn's back door, but this was fast; so, after a single effort to loosen the rusty hook, I took the one remaining road to safety.

It was a bare chance that got me to the hayloft, the happy result not being my fault but merely due to the bad aim of my father-in-law. Because I had hardly started up the stairs when, with a yell that traveled down my backbone, he threw the pitchfork. I could hear it stick in the wood of the fifth step about an inch from my right foot.

By this time the harmonica had twisted around to the back of my head, but I was not thinking of the harmonica as I threw myself along the floor of the loft and then, catching a rope which hung from the rafters hoisted my legs over and up and pulled the rope after me.

I had no sooner got into a position of reasonable safety than my father-in-law, who had been yanking at the pitchfork without success, put in an appearance immediately below the spot where I was crouching on the rafters. He looked as though he was getting ready to froth at the mouth. I could not help feeling relieved at the thought that the last alfalfa crop had not yet been stowed away and that the floor of the loft was practically empty.

"Come down from there," my father-in-law said, as soon as he could speak and had stopped jumping up and down in an effort to grab the rafters. "Come down from there and I will learn you to play music on my farm, you good-for-nothing, gangle-legged tramp. I will learn you to come tootling around decent people."

"If you will let me explain, Mr. Flint ——" I began.

"Come down here, you two-faced whited sepulcher and I will do the explaining with a club. I am Flint by name and flint by nature and I will break every bone in your body for sneaking in here like a snake in the grass and never saying a word about your vices."

"Playing the harmonica is not a vice," I replied in a firm voice.

"I will learn you if it is a vice or not. When I get through with you there will not be any doubt on the subject. I will skin you alive. I will ——"

Now that he had really got started talking, my idea was that maybe after he had worked off a little steam he would calm down enough to listen to reason. But the more he went on the more excited he got. A couple of times he tried to shin up the rafters from the side. When this didn't work he took a piece of wood and shied it at my head until by a lucky catch I stopped it. Then he started jumping again after my legs.

I could see that in spite of being well off for the moment this condition could not last long. It was only a question of time before Mr. Flint would remember that there were two more pitchforks on the place to say nothing of the shotgun. My thoughts went to Florence and, realizing that maybe I would never see her sweet face again, I automatically raised the harmonica to my lips and began playing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, adding vibrato and other artistic effects.

I was stopped by a yell that made the roof shake. Mr. Flint had snaked a soap box from one corner and, frenzied by the music, was taking a second wild jump for the rafters when the box had collapsed with one fine result.

Sitting there in the ruins Mr. Flint said in a strangled voice which sounded still more strangled because it came through gritted teeth, "That is good. That is rich. He is going to play me a concert in my own barn. That is good. That is rich."

"Yes, Mr. Flint," I answered, talking right back to him, because things were now so bad they could not be any worse, "yes, I am going to play you a concert in your own barn, and my first selection will be Home, Sweet Home; and while I am playing it I wish you would just think a little on the difference between your home and a home-sweet-home. And now, Mr. Flint, that we are talking plain language I will tell you something else. I have met people like you before. The reason you don't like music is simply because you are dumb ignorant and are ashamed of yourself for not knowing one tune from another. You have not got a musical ear so you hate anybody who has got one. If I was to play to you the Star-Spangled Banner you would think it was Good Night, Ladies."

Mr. Flint had now pried himself out of the box and was picking at the splinters. "What was that?" he said, stopping. "What was that?"

I repeated my remark from the beginning.

"That is good," he remarked in a bitter voice. "That is good. That is rich. He thinks I don't know one tune from another. Well, my boy, when I play the Wearing of the Green on your back you will find out whether I know one tune from another."

"Talk is cheap," I snapped, because I had now lost my temper. "If you are so wise—prove it. I will play you a tune of music and if you can tell me the name of the selection I will give you ten cents gratis."

I had hardly started when he broke in, "Toss down the dime. That is the Suwannee River. I am no rat-eyed hobo fiddler living on the sweat of honest people's brows but I will tell you the name of any tune you can play, and just to make it interesting I will bet you a quarter a tune. And when you have played all you know come down and sing a little while I take your hide off. Oh, he thinks I don't know one tune from another. That is good. That is rich."

During what followed it was his sneering attitude that made me feel the worst. Making a stool out of what was left of the soap box he sat there with the right side of his mouth twisted up while he commented in a tone that was an insult in itself.

"That is enough of that there morsel. You are playing Little Annie Rooney. Toss down your quarter. . . . Toss down another twenty-five cents. You just started Dixie. . . . Never mind finishing Clementine—I knew that before you were born. . . . John Brown's Body. . . . That is all right; if you haven't got the change drop down a dollar bill. It will be all mine in a minute. . . . Stop it; you are playing the Little Brown Jug and you have got it all wrong. Oh, he thought I didn't have any ear for music. That is good. That is rich. What is the matter now? Is that all you know. Then come down and I will play you a tune with a pick handle."

Not only was I irritated by the way he carried on but I could not help being sore at myself for having decided he did not know one tune from another; such evidently not being the case. Thus after having lost $3.60 I was not in very good humor when I started to render my favorite melody, Listen to the Mocking Bird.

To my surprise instead of being stopped at the end of the sixth bar I was allowed to go right on for almost a minute. I was beginning to think that at last I had stumped him when, looking down, I saw a remarkable sight.

Mr. Flint's elbows were resting on his knees. He had propped his chin on his knuckles, while his expression was such as I had never seen it before. Instead of its usual hard and forbidding appearance his face had dropped at the sides, while his mouth, no longer a straight line, was twisting into a sort of knot. Pretty soon he pulled out a red handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

This change so surprised me that I felt obliged to stop short with the question, "What is the matter, Mr. Flint?"

(Continued on Page 86)

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

"If I never see another 'FOR RENT' sign . . . *that will be soon enough!*"

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Walter Seaton

A Scripps-Howard reporter was transferred to an Eastern paper, and his wife set out to find a place to live. Unfamiliar with rents, sections and conditions, she tramped the town . . . east side, west side . . . and when she returned the lady was ruffled!

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The idea was given a trial, and this SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper carried, as a regular news feature, an unbiased analysis of apartments for rent in various sections of the city.

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Horlick's, the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

(Continued from Page 84)

"There is nothing the matter," he said in a choked voice, "and don't fool yourself that your puffing and blowing has got anything to do with it. I am just thinking of my father that always had my best interests at heart."

"That is always a sad thought," I remarked.

"I will say it is a sad thought," he went on, gulping between words. "He was a man who always looked out for me no matter what I did; and when I was eight years old and a tramp fiddler came to the house and played Listen to the Mocking Bird and when I said I wanted to learn to play the fiddle my father took down that piece of harness trace and said to me, 'I am Flint by name and flint by nature and I have your best interests at heart and I will learn you to play the fiddle.' I was in bed for a week. Later I took fiddle lessons on the sly and I was just getting able to play some of the easier parts of Listen to the Mocking Bird when my father found it out, and he had my best interests so much at heart that the doctor said it was a miracle I lived through it. Afterward when I was twenty-one and my own master I tried to learn the fiddle again so as to play Listen to the Mocking Bird, but it was too late; my fingers were too stiff or something. And so I have always been grateful to my father for what he done, and I will learn you to come around honest people with your harmonica. I will break every bone in your body."

If he had said this last in the same tone he had used at first I would never have dared to act as I did. But at the end his voice was so labored he could hardly get the words out, and when I jumped down from the rafters he was too busy wiping his eyes even to look at me.

"Mr. Flint," I said, "maybe you can't play the fiddle, but it is never too late to play the harmonica." Here I squatted down beside him and showed him the instrument. "All you have to remember is that when you blow through the fourth hole from the left it is do and when you draw through same it is re. Now listen to me and I will play the scale just to show you how you can do it yourself."

He did not make a single move at me but sat there looking at the harmonica and listening and wiping his nose as though he was hypnotized.

V

WHAT now followed was the most surprising music lesson I ever gave. I had taught a good many people to play the harmonica, but I had never had anybody, not even Florence, who picked up the essentials as quick as my father-in-law, Mr. Flint.

In spite of interrupting remarks which he made from time to time to the effect that he was Flint by name and flint by nature and that he would not have anything to do with any light-fingered tramp musician and that he was thankful his father always had his best interests at heart, inside of five minutes he was playing the scale without the use of his fingers for stops. After that he worked out Old Black Joe and then changed to My Old Kentucky Home and Wait for the Wagon. And when Florence finally rang the breakfast bell he was in the middle of Listen to the Mocking Bird.

I did not want to disturb him, but I ventured to suggest, "Mr. Flint, it is breakfast time."

He did not pay the least attention to my words but went right on, "And the mocking bird is singing o'er her grave," even adding vibrato and other artistic effects. Then he started at the beginning again. He had closed his eyes and was rocking back and forth as he played.

Very quietly I tiptoed down the steps and went to the house.

"Florence," I said, "everything is all right now."

"Oh, is it?" Florence did not even look up from her oatmeal. There was something strange about her attitude that I did not understand.

"Yes, Florence, everything is arranged. We can leave for our trip around the world without having any remorse in the case of your father."

"Can we?" she said in the same voice, but not as though asking a question.

I hardly knew what to make of the attitude, but judged it best to explain at once and in as few words as possible the change which had taken place in her father.

I had no more than finished when she broke into a hollow laugh and, pushing the oatmeal to one side, buried her head in her arms and began to cry.

"What is the matter, Florence?" I asked, taking her in my arms.

"Francis, I might as well tell you all. We will never go around the world. We will have to spend our entire lives tied to this farm."

"You mean you don't believe what I said about your father?"

"I am not thinking of my father."

"What is it then?"

"It is something I wanted to tell you last night but I couldn't bring myself to it. Francis, do you ever read the stories in the magazine books."

"Yes, Florence, I have read many stories in the magazine books."

"Then you have probably read several where two people who are married together have a lot of trouble, and just when it looks as though their happiness is ruined for life the wife comes and whispers something in the husband's ear."

"What does she whisper?" I asked.

"In the magazine books it is called a sweet secret. Well, Francis, I have got a sweet secret—the doctor said so yesterday; and instead of making things all right for us, it sets them all wrong. We will never, never have our wonderful trip. We will never, never have the happiness of playing ourselves to sleep under the silent and mysterious stars. We will have to live along here on this darned farm forevermore."

VI

TWO hours later I was on my way to the barn, whistling a familiar lullaby. It had taken those two hours to comfort Florence and make her see that though of course the trip was postponed it was not necessarily knocked out for good. It was only when she had begun to cheer up a little that I realized my father-in-law had not come in for breakfast.

"I will tell him the good news," I had said to Florence.

I walked down the path, enjoying the first friendly feeling for Mr. Flint I had ever experienced. I had made up my mind to make him a present of the best harmonica I could buy and to teach him everything I knew so that we could play duets together, or even trios, including Florence. All the way to the barn this friendly feeling increased until it included the farm itself.

"Mr. Flint," I called as I went in the front door, somewhat surprised at not hearing anything from the harmonica.

I waited, but there was no answer. Climbing the stairs to the loft, I could see nothing in sight but the remains of the soap box.

"Well," I thought, "maybe he has gone to town to buy himself a harmonica right off." It was only when I saw the car standing in the garage that the truth dawned on me. The hood was up and a short inspection showed that every spark plug had been taken out and all wires cut.

A good many times in my life I have been sore, but all these times added together were nothing at all compared with the feeling I had at this discovery. The tender emotions I had just enjoyed in regards to my father-in-law vanished the same as though they had never existed.

Tiptoeing into the house so as not to disturb Florence, I called up the Four Points Garage.

"Where you want to go?" asked the young man who brought the rented car around as he looked at the sawed-off shotgun across my arm. "This ain't the hunting season."

(Continued on Page 88)

JOHN BARRYMORE

•

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

•

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

JOHN BARRYMORE

—because, being a member of the most distinguished theatrical family in America, he has been associated with the most beautiful women in the arts. Because in his choice of motion picture heroines he has set a new—and different—standard of feminine loveliness. Because he is himself the most romantic figure on the stage today.

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—because, he is the fourth Cornelius Vanderbilt in one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Because he has struck out for himself and achieved an independent career, and as a journalist is familiar with people everywhere. Because he has driven across America twenty-three times and his hobby is remote places and interesting types.

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—because, as the most brilliant of America's younger novelists, he was the first to discover and portray an enchanting new type of American girl. Because, at the age of 23, he woke up to find himself famous as the author of *"This Side of Paradise."* Because no other man of his time writes so sympathetically, skilfully, and fascinatingly about women.

Three distinguished Judges choose the TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN *using Woodbury's Facial Soap*

WHO are the *real* Woodbury beauties?

Hundreds of women have written us every year that they owe the fine, clear beauty of their skin to faithful use of this famous complexion soap. But we longed to meet them face to face!

At last we did it! We called on them—in big cities, in little villages, in the country—we called on Woodbury beauties in each of the forty-eight states.

Even we were amazed, astonished at the hundreds of lovely, attractive faces we saw. We asked for their photographs that their loveliness might be judged and published to the world!

But when we came to choose from literally heaps of the charming portraits they gave us we were bewildered. It was impossible to select the loveliest high school girl, the fairest sub-deb. And equally difficult to choose the most beautiful mother, the most fascinating wife.

So we asked three distinguished American men, known for their deep appreciation and knowledge of beauty, to choose for us: We asked Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Barrymore, and F. Scott Fitzgerald to select from among all these Woodbury beauties the loveliest of each type.

The judges are choosing. The twelve most beautiful Woodbury users will be published in a series—the loveliest debutante, the most radiant out-of-doors girl, the loveliest mother, the youngest grandmother—all will appear in these pages.

And all these beautiful women are keeping the fresh, clear texture of their skin by constant use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Watch for them each month. Who will be the first Woodbury beauty? She will be shown in March

The Andrew Jergens Company

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The smartest floors are "*washed*" with WAX

NOT touched by soap and water? Never. Floors that are the pride of fine homes are "washed" only with Johnson's Wax, and their lively amber lustre is so different from scrub-weary floors.

For Johnson's Wax contains two marvelous ingredients, two enemies of dirt....

The first removes all surface dirt as it is applied; a cloth dampened with a little Johnson's Wax wipes away even those grimiest spots around doorways as by a miracle. The other spreads an invisible armour, hard and greaseless, that even the delivery boy's muddy heels will not grind through; dust simply glides away.

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Does ten hours' work in one

Ten times faster than old methods, the Johnson Electric Polisher wax-polishes an entire floor in a few minutes. Without effort on your part, floors come to instant life, as at the touch of a magic electric wand. This wonder-working machine skims over floors by itself; you merely guide it. Not the slightest pressure is needed. Sold, or rented by day for very little at grocery, hardware, paint, electric, furniture, drug, or department stores.

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Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or a small floor (regular 25c size). Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.

☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

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Johnson's Wax *Polish*

FOR FURNITURE · FLOORS · WOODWORK · LINOLEUM · AUTOMOBILES

(Continued from Page 86)

"It's the hunting season for me," I replied between my teeth, "and I am after big game. So never mind about giving me any more advice, my boy. Just run this car the way I tell you to and you and me will get on all right together. Turn down the main road and go to the station. Then I will tell you what to do next!"

The west passenger had come through on time but nobody had seen my father-in-law board same. Therefore I concluded he was beating it to the county turnpike. It was at the Ryansville garage that I got my first trace.

"Yes," they said, "we seen Barnet Flint pass here on foot. About a minute later he hopped an oil truck. But you ought to catch it easy if you just keep going."

"We will keep going all right," I said, and the grim smile on my face showed I meant every word of it. "And now, my boy," I added, "you can step on it."

From forty miles an hour we went up to fifty and fifty-five; then the oil truck loomed up in the distance. As we drew even I could see my father-in-law sitting beside the driver.

"Stop that truck," I said with a significant gesture, "and let this tramp off. Here is who I am."

And I threw back the left side of my coat as though to show a deputy sheriff's badge, though all that I had was a suspender buckle.

"That ain't no deputy," Mr. Flint said in a voice that seemed to tremble a little. "That's just my daughter's husband." But the oil-truck driver didn't know me from a sack of oats, so he slowed down to keep out of trouble.

"Now," I said to Mr. Flint, "climb down out of that; and you with your wagon keep on going." When the truck had moved out I squinted along the gun at my father-in-law's middle with the words, "Well, why not speak up and tell us the big idea. Where did you think you were going?"

Mr. Flint looked all confused. "I was just going down the road a piece," he replied.

I was so sore I come pretty near pulling the trigger. "Oh, he was just going down the road a piece," I said with a hoarse laugh. "That is good. That is rich. That is why he is carrying the little bundle. Probably it is full of gravel so he can mend a hole along the road somewheres. Where is that hole, Mr. Flint? Down near the Pacific Ocean?"

"I have got a right to go anywheres I please," he said.

In my excited state I had to fumble to find the words I wanted to say. "Oh, he thinks he has a right to go anywheres he pleases. That is good. That is rich. Well, according to the Buckshot System, where you are going is right back on the farm, and if you try any more tricks on me I will fill you full of little liver pills. That is a sweet monkeyshine—to skip out just before threshing."

"Frank," he said in a different voice, "I have got nothing to be ashamed of and I am going to tell you the truth. I just found out this morning I have been missing the best things of life and that is why I have made up my mind to go around the world with my harmonica."

"It is my harmonica," I said, "and anyhow you are not going around the world and you will save a lot of trouble by hopping into this car here. Around the world with a harmonica! That is good. That is rich."

He did not make a move. "I know now, Frank, it is what I have always wanted to do from a boy up. And I am willing to let you and Florence have the farm and the car, because I will never come back. You can get somebody else to do my work. All I ask is just the liberty to wander around the globe, and from time to time, when it ain't raining, to play myself to sleep under the stars, because I see now that up to this time my life has been wasted."

There was something in the way he said this that made me put the shotgun down.

"I am not Flint by name," I remarked after thinking a minute, "and I am not flint by nature either. And I understand how anybody feels who wants to go around the world playing sweet music to make them welcome in a peasant's hut or a king's palace, and from time to time, when it isn't raining, playing themselves to sleep under the silent and mysterious stars."

"Those are just my feelings, Frank. And it is all right for me to keep right on going?"

"No," I said slowly, "I am sorry to say it is not all right. There is the threshing ahead and a lot more work before we will be ready for winter. You can take the trip—but you will have to postpone it."

"How long, Frank?"

"Not very long, Mr. Flint," I said putting my hand on his shoulder; "just time enough so that we can all of us start around the world together—as a quartet."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

dollars ninety for that suit! It looks like the suits they give to convicts released from jail. Where did you get it—at a rummage sale?

MOTHER: I tell you you can't get a decent suit a penny cheaper.

FATHER: The coat hangs on him like a horse blanket. People will say, "Here comes a flood sufferer."

MOTHER: Do you think you could pick out a better one?

FATHER: I couldn't pick out a better one for a visit to the Chicago World's Fair.

MOTHER: Let's see you get a decent suit any cheaper.

FATHER: All right, I will. Son will come with me tomorrow morning, and we'll return this suit and get him a better one for eighteen dollars. Eighteen dollars is plenty for a suit for a boy of his age.

SON: Aw, heck.

(The next evening)

MOTHER: Well, I will have to admit it s a nice suit.

FATHER: I know a good suit when I see one.

MOTHER: Do you mean to say that was only eighteen dollars?

FATHER: Look at the fit of that back.

MOTHER: Very nice, really. How much was it?

FATHER: Two pairs of pants.

MOTHER: I was asking you the price.

FATHER: Wait till Emily gets her eye on that suit. I guess there'll be nothing to it, hey?

MOTHER: How much did it cost?

FATHER: Not much. I don't remember exactly.

SON: I'll bet that swell brother of Emily's never paid forty-five dollars for a suit.

FATHER: Aw, heck.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

Art Notes

ONE of the season's outstanding events is the opening of the Intensive Art Association's exhibition, held this year in the Pigliuigli Galleries. Notable among the larger canvases is O. G. Howecum's Portrait of My Son, a masterly example of the plain heir which this artist can be depended upon to produce.

Rodriguez Coryza's Over the Hills to the Power House, starkly depicting an inebriated trolley car against a sordid sky, is dynamic with the florescence of the new mechanistic inspiration. Edward Mauve Decaide, a recent acquisition to the art colony at No Hope, Pennsylvania, sends a study of artists bickering on the river bank at sunset, which he calls The Missing Tube of Ultramarine. Rowell de Bohns is adequately represented by his arresting First Kiss, original in its plastic design, yet influenced by the three-dementianal manner of Goagain. Against a neurotic background of uncomplimentary color notes, the greenish form of a young parallelogram is posed, turning two contrasting color planes of her head to receive the passionate kiss of the asymmetric plinth at her side.

Every stroke of the full brush shows a sensitive rendering of nuances, inspired by a rare psychologic urge, or perhaps a more exotic beverage. Mr. De Bohns, who, it is hoped, will recover from his stroke, is working on his next picture, The Afternoon of a Dodecahedron. Markham Dotti exhibits a characteristic bit, My Formula: three triangular trees and a rhomboid woodshed, duplicating his canvas of last year.

Franz Minushekel's A Wood at Twilight lacks conviction, as it looks distressingly like a wood at twilight, and the intelligent art lover will ignore it; on the other hand, Allie Oopdegraft's canvas bearing the same name is eminently successful, with its suggestion of deliberately brutalized spinach salad, whose geometric masses and brittle salients are felicitously handled. A beauty-shop genre, Woman Painting a Dumb Bell, by Grace Gusefletch, gives a skillful display of a heavy application of pigment in response to the exigencies of design.

Portrait of Madame X, by Mark Tyme, is vaguely disturbing, X apparently marking the spot where the body may be found on close examination, for the model is boldly conceived as a truncated cone with cubical features, wearing a row of toy villages deftly sublimated into a headdress. Mary Googan's Sudsplatz in the Naphthafels and Sidewalks of New Vertigo arrest with their riotous, rhythmic compositional stress and their utter freedom from draftsmanship and perspective, together with a bold affirmation of color blindness.

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Fun at the Theater

Or, Why Fathers Don't Like to Go There

ACT I—SCENE 1

"I WONDER if the baby is covered. It's cold tonight."

"Sure, he's covered. Don't be worrying about him all the time. The nurse is there to watch him."

"I know, but I can't help worrying."

ACT I—SCENE 2

"Do you suppose that nurse will have enough sense to go in during the evening to see if the baby is covered all right?"

"Of course she will. Forget about it. Listen to the show. Isn't it good?"

"Well, I can't help worrying a little."

ACT II

"It sounds as if there were a storm outside. It was threatening when we came in. I'm so afraid the baby will get uncovered and catch cold."

"Now, darling, he's perfectly all right. Please stop worrying about him."

"But I can't help worrying about him."

ACT III—SCENE 1

"Do you remember if we left his windows up very much?"

"Windows? Oh, the baby's? How should I know? I didn't touch them."

"Oh, I just know they're wide open and he's in a draft and will catch cold!"

"Will you please stop worrying? The nurse will take care of him."

"I know, but I can't help it."

ACT III—SCENE 2

"I'll be so glad when the show is over. I can't wait to get home to see if the baby is really covered."

—JOHN C. EMERY.

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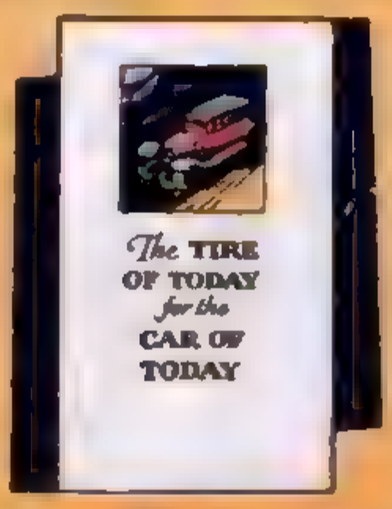

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A TWOSOME IN TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 36

regalia, sitting stiffly in his automobile in front of the drug store, and my spirits fell with a thud. Again he had betrayed me and again he was crocked—more so than usual—his countenance glistening in the soft shadows of a departing day.

"Sam," I cried in a harsh voice, "go home to bed immediately! If you go home at once you may be able to play tomorrow!"

"Do not worry about your old friend," he replied, trying to pat me. "I am all right, m'boy. I am a gentleman going to dine with lovely people."

"Where?"

"Up to Mr. Wimpenny's house," he replied, beaming.

Without further conversation, I started to climb in and drive him home, but he barred my path.

"You'll disgrace yourself," I protested. "Alice is not used to seeing a man crocked. You'll frighten her."

"I want to frighten her," he returned in a happy voice, and before I could dissuade him he leaped upon his throttles and sped down the street.

I walked home in sorrow. Another bubble had burst, for I had fancied Sam marrying the sweet child, settling down to a life of sober respectability and playing the sterling golf of which he is capable. At twelve o'clock the next day a dissolute figure dragged itself into Willow Valley, having only a confused recollection of the Wimpenny dinner. It seems that several of the married sisters had attended the function, accompanied by husbands. All inspected the new candidate, who came teetering in after hitting a water plug with his car. Shocked amazement appeared upon the faces of Wimpennys, large and small. Mr. Wimpenny, *père*, made one of his turpitude speeches. Alice burst into tears and was attended by her sisters. Mrs. Wimpenny said she had always suspected something and thanked heaven for the revelation that had come in the nick of time.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "Had to be done. Alice is a nice girl, but I have my son to consider, and I couldn't marry into a family where they specialize in females. You saw the records. Remember that the future champion of America is little Sam Corliss, and what a swell chance I would have marrying among the Wimpennys."

"Oh," I said.

"That was it," he continued. "Did it on purpose. But now I am through. No more sentimental nonsense; nothing but straight golf."

We played some straight golf within the hour and Messrs. Howell and Adams defeated us with ease. There ensued an era of good feeling and Sam Corliss reformed. He began hitting the ball with his old gusto, banging them down the middle of the fairway and sinking putts, long and short. He settled serenely into his game and for many weeks he went like a true champion, helping me win prizes of money and art and greater renown in our home village.

To my delight, he gave up entirely the use of stimulating beverages and was in consequence able to knock off a seventy-five any time we started at Blue Lake or elsewhere. Having now no feminine attachments, he was free of lovers' quarrels. He went to bed early. He practiced driving. His attitude made me feel certain nobody would stop us all season long and that we would come through in the Gold Ball tournament, which is the golfing high spot in our county. Winning the Gold Ball is never forgotten in Westchester.

The Cheltenham season advanced apace and we stepped into our summer stride and mowed down the opposition. Other clubs sent up their crack two-men teams and we dragged them in the mire of public defeat. Everywhere people prophesied that Sam Corliss and Jerry Beatty would go through the season without loss of another match.

Strangely enough, Sam continued to discuss his son and the problems he would later encounter.

"I'll get him the best Scotch pro in America," he said, "and between us we will teach him from the day he is able to lift a driver. Before he's sixteen my Sam will be stepping with the leaders."

In the midst of this serenity, with our game going smoothly, with the prizes rolling in and people congratulating us, Sam suddenly stubbed his toe. On a bright Thursday morning—a morning when we were scheduled to play off a tie with Reggy Morris and Archibald Dewey of Grassy Strain—Sam stepped from his automobile, wearing the silly smile I know so well, and carrying his bag upside down. I saw at once that we were going to lose a match. His eyes looked as if he had left them out in the fog overnight.

"Well," I said sternly.

"Not so well as you think," he returned. "I don't feel any too good. I can see little black spots."

"You picked a nice time, with this match on. There are days when I think I'll give you up."

"I have my reasons," he said morosely.

"What reasons?"

"I'm in love," he stated.

"That's nothing," I said bitterly. "That's nothing to you."

"It is this time. This, my boy, is the one love of my life. All the other love affairs were shallow. This is the true, lasting love that comes to a man once in his lifetime, and once only."

For a moment I was overcome with the utter hopelessness of trying to fight my way to fame by the side of this faltering golfer. He stood there on the Blue Lake veranda, shaking slightly and maundering on the subject of true love, and I regarded him with an angry eye. "Who is this woman?" I asked, disliking her in advance.

"The one thing in the world I cannot tell you," he answered, staring past me in a shamefaced manner.

"You have to tell me," I commanded. "Do you think I am going to see our golf life wrecked by a woman and not even know her name?"

"Jerry," he said soberly, "I don't like to tell you. It is against my wishes, but you are driving me into it. You are forcing this admission from me."

"Who is it?"

"Remember, I didn't want to do it."

"Who is the woman?"

"Dorothea."

At this word I stepped back, staggering slightly, and a spasm of pain ran over me. I sat down in a porch chair and gazed at Sam for several instants without being able to speak. He stood where he was, swaying slightly in the pleasant sunshine.

Until now I have said nothing about Dorothea, for I am not the sort of fellow who chatters of the intimate things in his life. Every soul has its sacred sanctuary to which it turns for refuge in moments of despair, and Dorothea was my sanctuary, and had been for years. The understanding between us was perfect.

She is a lovely girl in her early twenties, a quiet, soft-spoken, serene kind of girl, not flapperish or modern, but the sort that reminds you of a rare old print. She is really too good to live in a world filled with coarse, unprincipled people.

In Cheltenham she is regarded as the prettiest girl, and there were loud cries of dismay when she turned her blue eyes upon me. From that day I never thought of another girl, and I doubt if Dorothea ever gave thought to another man. It was, perhaps, as noble and perfect a romance as humanity can produce, and there was a fine spiritual calm about our love that raised it and made it something to worship, but not to discuss. As soon as I earned enough money to purchase the Benedict home it was our intention to marry and settle down happily for life. This was the Dorothea Sam meant—my Dorothea. No wonder he hesitated.

"How long—how long," I asked in faltering accents, "have you been in love with Dorothea?"

I didn't blame him. No man could be blamed.

"It came on me like that," he said, trying to snap his fingers and failing. "I happened to meet her in Hilborn's Drug Store, and while we sat there having a vanilla soda I looked at Dorothea and realized - realized ——"

"I know. Have you mentioned it to her?"

"Certainly not."

"Does she suspect?"

"Never. I am too loyal a friend of yours, Jerry, for that."

He proceeded to enlighten me with a rather pathetic story of following me in the darkness, trailing my footsteps on nights when I called at Dorothea's home; of sitting on mossy walls in the depths of the forest, gazing at the lights in Dorothea's windows and battling with the tumult in his soul. He was wont to follow me, he said, and hide away in the woods, suffering in silence, but near the abode of the loved one. And all the time I was inside, conferring with Dorothea over porch furniture and electric refrigerators. In the end, Sam said, he would go murkily into town and get partly crocked, and now the struggle was getting too hard for him.

"Sam," I said, completely moved, "this is frightful."

"I know it is. I didn't mean to tell you about it."

"Better that I know," I groaned, "for now I can take hold of the problem sanely and even calmly."

"That's so," agreed Sam.

Virtually all the important two-man team matches were yet to come and we were rounding into midseason form, steady as veterans. I had been holding to my regular seventy-six and Sam had his seventy-five, unless something came along to perturb him greatly and cause him to get crocked the night before. We were almost certain of the Gold Ball trophy if nothing untoward happened to Sam.

"It is obvious," I said, after several moments of deep thinking, "that something will have to be done. You can see that, Sam."

"Yes," said Sam solemnly.

"The most critical weeks are just ahead. The most important matches are coming."

"They are."

"And we will get nowhere if you're going around nights getting crocked. We know what it does to your game. It ruins it."

"Absolutely," said Sam, looking miserable. "Whenever I get too sad I can't help it. I don't mean to do it, Jerry, for I know that golf is the one thing in life."

"And that," I said, "is exactly why I am going to withdraw and give up Dorothea to you."

He came over impulsively and shook hands.

"You don't want to do that, Jerry," he said in a low, tense voice.

"There is nothing else to be done," I said, keeping my tone quite even. "I shall tell her tonight."

"Tell her what?"

"That all is over between us and that she is a free agent. When I have done, you will have a clear field, Sam. That's all there is to do about it. Come along now; we've got to play these fellows."

We attacked Reggie Morris and Archibald Dewey, good players; and what with Sam's being still partly crocked and my own inner turmoil, we did none too well. They beat us six up. Sam shot an eighty-one and I had eighty-three, both being very terrible with our wood, which shows any clear-minded person what a combination of love and liquor will do with a man's life.

Promptly at eight o'clock I strode up the steps of the sweetest girl that ever lived. I rang the bell and took hold of myself. I could feel my heart trying to get through my ribs and go somewhere, but outwardly I was cool, as I always am in a crisis.

A servant opened the door; I walked in and shook hands with Dorothea, instead of kissing her, as I have always done. Her manner indicated surprise.

"Is anything wrong, Jerry?" she asked in her low, pleasant voice, which I would rather hear than the murmur of angels' wings.

"Yes," I stated, standing by the door and continuing to hold to my hat. "And I have come to tell you. There is plenty wrong tonight, and I am leaving instantly. I also wish to say that this will be my last night."

She looked utterly dumfounded, the poor lamb.

"Your last night?"

"Yes. I mean that after tonight I shall not call again at this house. I have finished paying calls here. I wish to break off our engagement and have you understand that everything is over between us."

Dorothea dropped gently into a chair and turned quite pale, and I may say that at this instant I felt pretty low and abased. A person who has just beaten a small baby to death with a piano leg must feel depressed, but not so depressed as I felt, looking upon that sweet face and the eyes partly filled with tears. Smashing our love to fragments, I stood there and gazed coldly at the innocent, lovely creature.

"Why?" she asked.

"We may as well be quite frank about facts," I stated brutally. "I find that my love for you has fled. I do not like you any more, and I am surprised to think that I ever did like you. I am no longer interested in coming to see you, so I am going away and get another sweetheart."

At this execrable and hellish statement Dorothea trembled and began softly to cry, and if I had carried a good six-cylinder pistol I would have shot myself six times. It required all my will power to restrain myself from crossing the room and taking her tenderly in my arms. I directed my thoughts to golf. I contemplated the matches before us and steeled my soul.

"Everything is for the best," I said harshly. "I bear you no ill will, and now I shall take my departure, as we have a very tough battle on in the morning at Blue Lake."

I walked out of the house without another word, leaving a crumpled figure. I have never been so dejected and unhappy, but I was still buoyed up by a sense of having done my plain duty in an emergency. In front of Hilborn's Drug Store I came upon Sam Corliss, who had been buying pills against a sleepless night.

"See Dorothea?" he asked sadly.

"I have seen her and all is over between us. You can now begin calling there as a suitor for her hand, and if I were you I should start at once."

"Was—was she a little upset?"

"We were both able to avoid laughing," I said. "It was the most terrible few minutes in my life."

"Good old Jerry," said Sam, stepping over and slapping me on the back. "Some day I shall do something for you."

"All I can ask is that you shoot seventy-five and avoid getting crocked."

We then discussed plans for the morrow's battle, which I may say we won with edifying ease. Sam banged out a brilliant seventy-four. I was a bit unsteady, but came in with a seventy-seven, and I realized anew that I had done the right thing, painful as it was, about Dorothea.

There ensued a blissful fortnight of perfect golf, fine weather and continuous victories. The season fled apace and Sam Corliss was quite noisy and genial. He went about the Blue Lake course singing ditties and sinking putts, the picture of a man happy

(Continued on Page 96)

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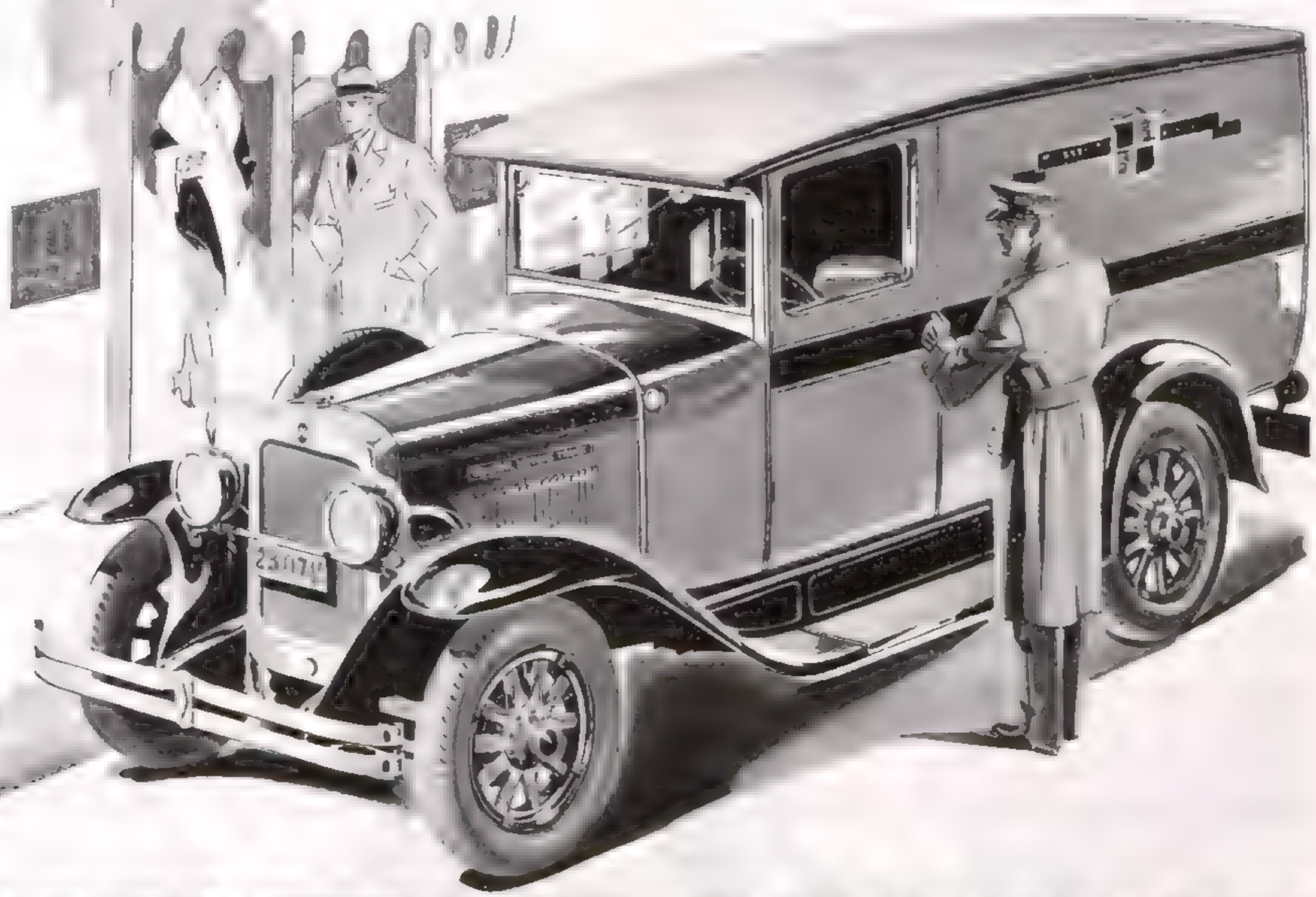


PURSE AND PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 93)

in his mind. With greater zest than ever, he brought up the subject of his son and his son's career as he moved toward a future championship; and though it grieved me, it did not totally ruin my game. We bowled over the strongest two-men teams from week to week and drew steadily closer to the goal. There is no sense in denying my own misery, for I was miserable, but I bore up because of the improvement in Sam. Thursdays and Saturdays were no longer nightmares. Sam remained clear-eyed. Two or three evenings each week he called on Dorothea, took her riding in his roadster and worshiped her increasingly. Sam and Dorothea have known each other since infancy and she has always liked him.

On rare occasions, feeling a bit down, I would sneak out into the darkness and walk past Dorothea's home. Frequently I saw Sam through the windows of the sitting room, talking away merrily to Dorothea, telling her his funny stories. I would then go soberly back home, thinking that, after all, love is a nice thing and probably good for mankind, but after all is said and done, golf is the greatest of all and we cannot have everything.

A sudden blow fell. Out of a perfectly clear sky, with our game absolutely at its top, Sam sauntered into the Blue Lake locker rooms one afternoon, crocked for the first time in moons. Scarcely could I believe my eyes. We were due at Blue Lake to practice mashie shots to the green, and so Sam's condition, though alarming, could lose us no match that day.

"Sam," I said in a hurt tone, "what has happened now?"

"Dorothea," he replied, waving his hand feebly.

"What's the matter with her?" I demanded, knowing she was all right, for I had peeked in the night before from a station in the woods.

"I can't bear it, Jerry," he continued. "Fading away like a little purple flower."

"Who's fading?"

"Dorothea. I can't bear it. Now she's got so she can't eat."

"Dorothea can't eat?"

"Maybe a little thin soup, but nothing more. I've had dinner after dinner with her. She looks at the food and gets a little paler and more ethereal day by day. You don't think she's going to die, do you? Say you don't think she's going to die, Jerry."

At this he sat down upon a pile of locker-room shirts and began gently to weep. I stood there, totally nonplused. Sam's quiet mourning resounded through the deserted rooms and I reflected upon the manifold miseries of the human race and how utterly impossible it is to travel serenely down the path of life. I had done all that mortal man could do to defend the integrity of our tournament golf, to win the championship of Cheltenham and environs, and establish Sam and myself as the peerless leaders of them all; and here he was, crocked again and sobbing upon a pile of soiled laundry.

"There is no use crying about it, I said.

"I like to cry," he responded, and he continued to do so until stopped by a thought.

"Jerry," he said, in a pleading voice, "you will have to come up to the house with me. I'm sure Dorothea would start eating again if you sat in with us."

"No!" I shouted. "Never!"

"She's down to ninety-five pounds," he stated, which was not the truth, but meant to frighten me.

"It is asking too much," I said hotly.

"She can't even eat chocolate layer cake," he urged, "and you know how she loved chocolate layer cake."

I repeated that I would never, never do it. The idea was preposterous and repellent. It was bad enough to give up my beloved Dorothea, without having to enter her presence, sit before her and suffer, even to arouse her appetite. Sam begged and capered. He pointed to our long friendship. He swore that he would do as much for me another day. He asked if I wished to watch him go on getting crocked, all because a lovely girl was turning the pale hue of a dell lily, and finally I gave in.

"Very well," I said, "if you think she will begin eating again I shall walk out there with you and sit down to dinner."

After all, I am only human. I could scarcely stand by and see Dorothea sink slowly into her grave from inanition. We walked out that evening at seven, Sam having showered himself sober again.

"Good old Jerry!" Sam cried, ushering me into the familiar rooms. "Here he is again, Dorothea!"

She walked forward slowly and shook hands with me and said in her low voice that she was glad to see me, though I could scarcely believe it. Instantly I saw that Sam was right. She was, indeed, quite pale and angelic. She certainly weighed more than ninety-five, but the pallor was undeniable.

"And how is the golf?" she asked in a friendly way and I assured her we could be headed by nobody alive. As I glanced at her I was seized with an insane desire to take her in my arms and beg Sam to go quietly home. Thrusting this impulse from me, I conversed politely, as an old friend, stealing a look at the beloved one from time to time and keeping a firm grasp upon my emotions.

"Sam and I are almost certain," I said lightly, "to be recognized this autumn as the greatest two-man team in the state."

"It must be very pleasing to you," Dorothea said with a smile.

"Thanks to Jerry," Sam added. "He's the fellow who did it. He is a grand man to have as a partner."

"I can easily imagine it," she said, and with that we strolled into the hospitable dining room and sat down, the three of us, Dorothea's parents being in Europe. I could scarcely look at food, but feigned a hearty appetite. I told little jokes and kept the conversation upon an airy basis. We laughed at this and that, and I watched anxiously. Dorothea began to eat. This is what she consumed:

2 Olives, Stuffed	1 Potato
1 Olive, Not Stuffed	1 Piece Chocolate Layer Cake
1 Waldorf Salad	
1 Cup Chicken Broth	1 Small Ice Cream
1 Small Piece Broiled Chicken	1 Demi-tasse

I breathed a sigh of relief, and Sam nodded significantly as the dinner ended. It was an excellent dinner if a man had any appetite, but it almost choked me. I realized that I loved Dorothea with an undying affection beyond words to tell, and would go on forever loving her, even if she married Sam. We presently sauntered out to the sun porch and twice I caught Dorothea regarding me with a sad expression. About nine o'clock, or perhaps a few minutes before, I pulled myself from a temporary attack of dejection and beheld a most peculiar thing. I happened to be gazing at Dorothea. She was absently toying with an old tennis ball, property of her brother Ned.

"Will you let me see that ball?" I asked suddenly, and she tossed it across.

I caught and examined it without a word. It was not the ball that interested me, but instead, a great, happy thought which crashed in upon me like a Japanese sunrise. I wiggled about so in the next few minutes that Sam decided we would better go.

I waited until we had walked about a short mashie pitch down the avenue and then I spoke.

"Sam," I said in an earnest tone, "I like you and that is why I am going to speak plainly."

"What is it?"

"You love Dorothea, don't you?"

"Madly."

"That will make it difficult for you to give her up."

"I could never do that, Jerry."

He looked alarmed and stopped in the street.

"You will have to give her up, my boy," I stated, "for tonight I saw something. You will have to withdraw as a suitor for Dorothea's hand."

He turned pale under an electric lamp. "Why should I withdraw?"

"Because, though you may never have noticed it, I noticed it tonight, and the cold, simple fact is Dorothea is left-handed."

Sam turned paler than ever. "I don't believe it," he faltered.

"It's quite true. Did you see her throw the tennis ball?"

"Jerry," cried Sam, "you wouldn't—you wouldn't joke about such a thing?"

"Not at a time like this. She is left-handed."

Sam leaned against a telephone pole weakly. The sheer tragedy of the thing lay in the fact that Sam himself is naturally a left-handed man, and when he took up golf his first great shock came when the Scotch pro forced him to stand around and hit the ball right-handed. There is, as everyone knows, no such thing in Nature as a left-handed golfer. I mean to say, no left-handed golfer can ever amount to a hill of beans, for there is a subtle something about being left-handed with a golf club which destroys a man's confidence and control and condemns him to a puling career among the dubs and womenfolk.

In the past hundred years there have been a few fairly good left-handers and in rare instances they have risen to minor fame in their own communities, but all golf champions are right-handed, always have been and always will be. Sam thought of this, leaning against the pole. He thought of his son and what the Scotch pro would say in the future when Sam led his left-handed son up to the tee for the first lesson on the road to championship.

"This is awful," he said in a low, suffering voice. "It can't be true."

"But it is true. Don't stand there saying it can't be true. Dorothea eats left-handed, now that I come to think of it, and I'm fairly certain she writes left-handed."

"You should have told me," he said accusingly. "This changes everything."

"Your son ——" I began.

"Don't," he moaned, and I knew that ere long Sam would be crocked again—something I could not prevent. He braced up presently, leaving the telephone pole with an effort. "Come," he said in a firm voice.

"Where?"

"Back to Dorothea."

"We just left there."

"Doesn't matter. This is a business that cannot be postponed. You will have to help me, Jerry, for I shall require help."

We strode rapidly, retracing our short journey.

"What are you going to do?"

"Break the news to Dorothea that I cannot marry her. It is a bitter job, but it must be done like a man."

We hurried down the street, turned in, walked up the path and rang Dorothea's bell for the second time that evening. In two minutes we were standing before her, and her manner betokened surprise.

"Dorothea," began Sam, fiddling nervously with his hat.

"You forgot something?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Sam. She waited expectantly. "Are you left-handed?" he asked, and at this strange question she looked more surprised than ever and glanced at me.

"Yes, I suppose I am left-handed."

"Then," said Sam, "this is the most painful moment in my life."

"What is the matter with Sam?" she inquired, turning to me. I cleared my throat and looked away.

"Tell her, Jerry," Sam begged in a hoarse voice. "Tell her all."

"It is simply this, Dorothea: Sam has just come to an important decision which affects his life and perhaps the lives of others. He wishes to withdraw as a suitor for your heart and hand. He desires to break off all romantic relations and become, as he was before, just an old friend. . . . Am I right, Sam?"

"You are," he muttered.

"Oh," said Dorothea.

"You are the loveliest girl in the world," Sam said, wiping the beads from his forehead. "This breaks my heart, for never could any man find a sweeter girl than you, but there are circumstances ——"

"You better go home, Sam," I said. "Go home and get into bed so you will be able to shoot a good game tomorrow. We play a tough team tomorrow."

"That I will do!" cried Sam, and seizing his hat, he bade Dorothea farewell and dashed from the house. It was my intention to accompany him, but he went so quickly, I was left behind, standing there dangling my own hat and looking dumbly at the one girl in the world.

"I shall be going in a moment," I informed her, "but first let me say that I do not expect you to take me back after what has happened, and now that Sam has gone out of your life forever. I know that you will never forgive me, and that is all right, but I did what I did—about us—for very good reasons."

"I don't doubt it," said Dorothea noncommittally.

"And everything I told you that night was, of course, untrue. I always have loved you, I did that terrible night, I do now; I always shall love you, and that's that. It was necessary for the good of the game and to keep Sam straight. No doubt he will go out and get crocked this evening, for he certainly is weak in an emotional crisis." Dorothea nodded. "That is all," I concluded lamely. "I shall now bid you good-by."

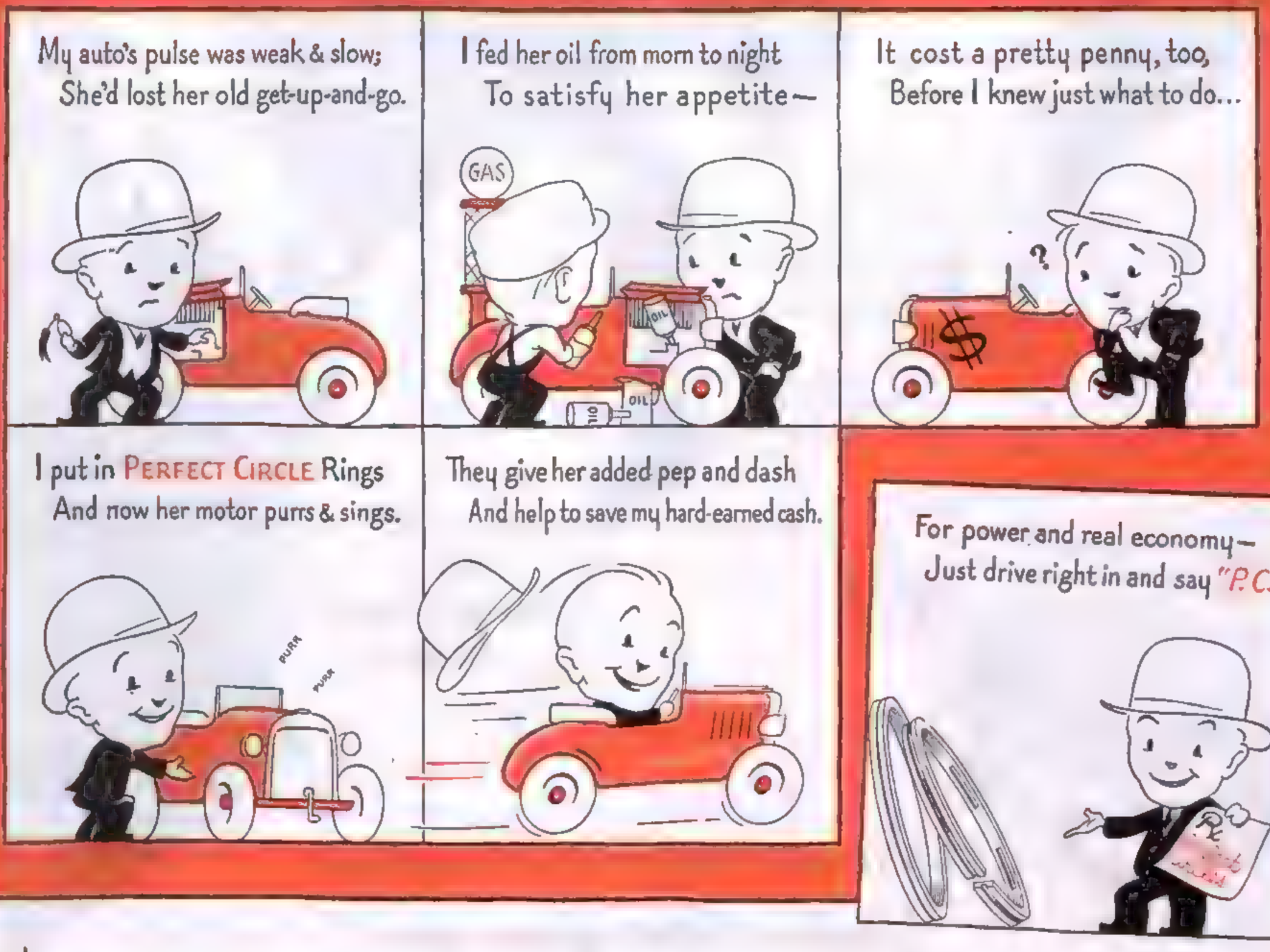
"Good-by," said Dorothea coldly.

"Will you shake hands with me before I pass out of your life forever?"

"I could never shake hands with a man like you, Jerry," she replied, and without another word she turned slightly, walked over to where I stood rooted, placed her arms around my neck in the good old way and kissed me. My hat fell upon the floor.

That was the hour of nine o'clock, and I may say that the details of the evening are nobody's business. I departed for home promptly at twelve, walking upon little unseen bubbles, a pæan of rejoicing within me. Passing the corner of High and Creslin, I noticed Mullen's milk wagon starting its nocturnal rounds. Mullen happened to be delivering milk, but his horse lay at anchor, and leaning against Mullen's horse, conversing earnestly, was Sam Corliss, and I knew then that we would lose the big golf match next day. Without the slightest feeling of dejection I strolled homeward, leaving Sam to tell Mullen's horse whatever it is one tells a horse in moments of sorrow.

Spring Tonic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She'd lost her old get-up-and-go.
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To satisfy her appetite—
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OIL
OIL
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Getting On in the World

Getting and Holding Retail Trade

SOMEONE has remarked that there are a thousand and one things to be considered in deciding upon the location for a retail store. If that is true, there must be something like a million and one things to be considered in order to get and hold trade after the store is opened. With that thought in mind, I have been watching, over a considerable period, some of the smaller and less apparent things which seem to make or break the retail merchant. I have almost reached the conclusion that these little things play a larger part in the retailer's success than do the larger and more obvious ones.

Recently I went into a new meat market that wasn't attracting much trade. Its location was good; its windows temptingly displayed various fancy meats calculated to whet any jaded appetite; the store entrance was attractive; the sawdust on the floor was plainly fresh and clean; the store interior was spotless; and the meats were well laid out, with prices attractively low. Apparently a customer could ask very little more of his meat market than that. But let me describe my purchase of meat.

I bought a pound of sliced bacon of a well-known brand. The clerk wrapped the bacon, carried the package to me and handed me a cash-register ticket for the amount. On this was the request, "Please Pay the Cashier." I reached for the package and the ticket, expecting, of course, to pay on my way out. But in that I was mistaken. The clerk politely but firmly moved my package out of reach, pressing me to accept the register ticket instead. Then I understood.

I walked the length of the store, paid the cashier, who stamped "Paid" across the face of the ticket, and returned the validated ticket to the clerk. Only then did I get my meat. Need I tell you I have not been inside that store since? I resented the insinuation that I couldn't be trusted to stop at the cashier's cage on the way out. And judging by the lack of trade, I am of the opinion that others resent it too. There are too many other older established meat markets with greater faith in their customers. It is my prophecy that this new market will be short-lived. They are expecting something unusual of their customers in the way of method of payment for purchases, and that is a dangerous thing for any retailer, especially one just starting in business.

Making Trade Difficult

Contrast this system with that of a great organization conducting drug stores, lunch counters, restaurants, and the like, for travelers. In one of their drug stores in a great railway station the other day, I had a soda at a counter crowded with travelers like myself. When I was served, the clerk laid my check beside my glass. So far as I could tell, he didn't so much as glance my way again. He couldn't, really, for he was too busy. And consequently I was on my honor. Now I might have walked past the cashier without the least trouble, for there was no door to the ten-foot-wide exit to the station rotunda, and the cashier's cage was not even at the edge of that. Though I am not in the habit of carrying out with me unpaid soda checks, need I say that in this case I was very careful to pay my check, and that when next I am in that station I will again drink at that soda fountain? The fine thing about it is that neither are other customers in the habit of slipping by the cashier without paying. The meat-market proprietor is going against established custom needlessly. Even if my prophecy is wrong and the meat market survives, I am sure of this: There will never be a chain of meat markets like that chain of drug stores.

Would you believe that store doors could keep trade away? There is a certain dry-goods store which has never had more than a scattered trade in spite of its excellent location. Indeed, its location is one of the best in the city, being directly between two ten-cent stores which are entirely non-competitive and which are always crowded. This store has two entrances, one on each side of a central show window. The doors are narrow, the springs are very hard, and there are both outside and inside doors, making a small vestibule between. The intention, of course, is that incoming customers will use the door to the right, and outgoing customers that to the left. But they don't do it, for the very simple reason that the doors are not marked respectively, Entrance and Exit.

As a consequence, customers meet in these crowded little vestibules and lose temper before they get inside the store. Recently, when I was in the city where this store is located, I asked a number of friends why they didn't trade at this store. Well, they didn't really know. No particular reason. How about those doors? I suggested. By George, they believed that was it, although they had never thought much about it. They just had never gone in the store but a few times. Which would indicate that probably customers themselves don't really know why they do or do not like a store. I only noticed it because I was on the lookout for that kind of thing.

Newer and Larger Quarters

In that same city is a dentist with an office on a ground-floor corner. Doubtless there are other dentists similarly located, but this is the first I have ever seen. It is also the first such location the people of this city have seen. And as often as I passed this location, I never saw a patient in the waiting room. And that was, I think, just the reason why none was there. The room was plate glass to the floor on two sides, and in spite of beautiful silk blinds over the lower half of the windows, the lighting was such that one could see into the waiting room. Going to the dentist is certainly nothing to be ashamed of, but dental patients simply do not want to be on display. More than that, as at least a dozen friends remarked to me, they want to be upstairs, where they can say "Ouch, doctor!" and even more emphatic things, without being heard by passers-by. Here is a new practitioner doing something unusual, and though he may build up a practice, the odds are certainly against him, for he is going contrary to the established custom. The law is the same with retail trade. The retailer goes against established customs in his own line at his own peril. It is a dangerous thing to do.

Given a reasonably good location, sufficient capital and a fair trade which nets a satisfactory profit, it would almost seem that the retailer's problem is solved. Apparently all he has to do is sit tight and saw wood, and when the business grows big enough in the natural course of events, either build a new building or move to larger quarters. However, one or the other of these—building or moving—has wrecked so many businesses that they have become almost classic examples of what not to do.

A certain combined meat market, grocery and delicatessen had a splendid offer for their building. It was, they thought, too good to refuse and they sold, moving a half block around the corner to a larger location. At the old stand they had a virtual corner on the trade of a city of thirty thousand people. At the new stand, with more room and better arrangement, they find their trade dwindling and have been obliged to lay off a number of clerks. In spite of the profitable sale of their old building, the move was a costly one for them. Why didn't all their trade follow them when they moved such a short distance? Only the psychoanalysts can answer. It is a fact nevertheless.

A garage owner with a good trade that crowded his old building to capacity, closed his garage, tore down the old building and erected a larger and better one in its place. Meanwhile his trade went elsewhere. It hasn't come back since reopening. Whether it ever will come back, it will be interesting to see. Like the dentist, the odds are strongly against him.

Not long ago, in a certain city, I went into a news stand which is, I think, one of the most complete I have ever seen. Certainly it is the most complete I have seen in a city of similar size. I remarked about it to the proprietor, who smiled a little wryly, I thought. I asked some friends about that smile. Here is the explanation: In a narrow hallway across the street from the present location the owner had opened for business several years ago. He had built up a profitable business there and had felt that he needed larger quarters for his growing trade. He moved to the present location, increased his already full stock, and has had difficulty meeting expenses. The move to new and better quarters lost him patronage. Explain that if you can.

A clothing store I know of had a good trade at a certain location. They wanted to increase their trade, so they decided to move closer to the center of town. They moved and trade diminished rather than increased. Then they decided to move again. Still they lost rather than gained, and soon were bankrupt. The partnership is now dissolved and one of the partners has decided to continue the business at still another location. His new storeroom is being remodeled and will soon be open for business. He is a likable, courteous, businesslike man, but he has moved so often that he starts business now with a serious handicap. His success is highly problematical.

Leading the Sheep

These scattered examples must not be construed to mean that changes in building or location should not be made. That would tend to stop progress. But they do seem to indicate that these changes must be made only after very careful study of all conditions, and then in such a way that if the *status quo* is producing results it be disturbed as little as possible. Retail buyers are a little like a flock of sheep—hard to drive, easier to lead. But when once they get into the habit of doing a thing a certain way, they do not want to be asked to change it ever so little. If they are, they may find an entirely new and different hole in the fence to jump through.

As regards location, I have found only one store which seems to be able to ignore the established rules, and that is a certain great chain store whose appeal is through price almost exclusively. Even they are having considerable difficulty in building trade at several locations.

—MILLARD MILBURN RICE.

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MOTION-PICTURE DOGS AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 8

In these exercises use less and less physical pressure. Modify actual assistance with your hands into gestures. Let your dog more and more obey your voice. Five or ten minutes at a time is long enough for these first lessons. A little at a time, and frequently, is the best way. Gradually the lessons may be continued for longer periods. When the dog is pretty well grown, and if his early education has not been attended with severe forcing, he can stand being tutored for as long a time as most people are able to play teacher.

The natural way to teach a dog obedience to gestures is: When telling him to do things employ gestures which are natural to yourself -as beckoning or holding out your arms when inviting a little child to come to you, pointing, and so on.

Gradually use less and less voice while he is performing familiar acts, until you are only whispering, then merely moving the lips. Finally your dog will rely solely on your hand signals. By reversing the process it is easy to accustom your dog to obey the voice alone. At first make your tone and your words more definite as you reduce the emphasis of your gestures. I do not mean that one should shout, however.

Next I teach him to go from me, by sending him to a spot where I have put him through the exercises of standing, sitting, and lying down as preliminary to coming to me. His capacity for association of ideas works out thus: He is really on his way back to me after the first step. Then I teach him to halt and wait at any given spot, while either going or coming.

It is easy to teach any dog who has a spirit of play in him to retrieve an object if thrown for him to chase. He will give up the object readily, permit one to take it from his mouth -that is, if he is not taught to contest for possession. It is a bit more difficult to get him to drop it instantly on command. To do so, I hold my hand as though to receive it from him, saying, "Drop it!" And when he lets go I let the object fall; let him see that he has done my bidding.

When he has learned what "Drop it!" means, I send him to some particular spot, have him drop the object, leave it and return to me. After a bit I send him to bring it. If, as may happen, his interest in this part of the game flags, I throw it for him to chase a time or two in order to pep him up. Thus I remind him to get fun out of what can easily seem to have changed from a good game into dull work. Nor do I forget to play the game with him, for if it becomes a matter of labor to me, the dog is quite ready to agree the game is not worth the candle.

Gradually I make the times longer, after he has carried and left the object at a distance before sending him for it. This develops his memory. And he gets the idea that when he carries an object any distance and leaves it he has in effect thrown it away himself, so that he may have the fun of running to retrieve it.

Trouble Lies in Quiet Streets

This simple course of lessons is for a dog what the kindergarten is for a child. And when your dog will do these things and enjoy doing them you may feel that his education has been well started.

If your dog has been educated to willing obedience, your wishes are generally more important to him than his own. All you need do is think clearly, know exactly what you want done and speak quietly. As with people, so with dogs: Verbosity, with or without hysteria, is no aid to authority.

Never give your dog a command that you are not prepared to enforce, or you may teach him to be disobedient. For this reason I use a leash until his kindergarten course is completed.

I have taken on a good many dogs during my times of living in cities, but on the street I unfailingly keep a dog on a leash until he may be safely trusted to stay close by me. On quiet streets I slip the leash and give him time to romp and play, but I play with him. I would not dream of letting a dog run free, even on a quiet street, before he is educated to come instantly on call, either upon voice or gesture, and halt and remain still with his attention focused on me. More dogs are killed on quiet streets than on crowded ones.

The Dog's Diet

Never turn your dog loose in the city to follow his own devices, for he is prone to develop vices of all sorts. For example, the very bad habit of picking up bits of food. Under no circumstances allow your dog to eat anything he may find. This is an important taboo and one easily impressed on him if you are consistent about it from the first. Never permit anyone to feed your dog when out for exercise or calling on friends. I never feed or permit a dog of mine to be fed just because humans happen to be eating. My dogs do not suffer when watching people eat. They have their regular times for eating and do not expect humans to eat with them. No more do they expect to eat because they see me or anybody else so engaged. However, if it is important enough to your own satisfaction to treat your dog at mealtimes, give him a titbit or two, and make it a regular habit. But don't encourage your dog to become a pestiferous beggar. Call him to you, let him sit down and politely receive a morsel. Then send him away from the table—say, to lie on a particular rug or in a particular corner. At the end of the meal, call him again and give him another bit. Be sure you do not allow members of the family or gushing guests to ply him with food.

You may not feel it is tactful to forbid guests to offer the dog gobs of the kind of food they happen to like, but you may tell your dog to refuse it. For, after all, he is your dog—at least, the dog will agree with this statement as long as he has reason to respect you as a man of character. And this you may do without losing your dog's respect: Instead of its being your hand which gives him the one sample of food during the meal, call the dog and tell him to sit down. Then designate any person at the table actually to offer the gift. Let your dog see and understand that the person is doing as you say—that you are the boss—in this respect, at least. Now direct the dog to approach the person and sit, and await your word or signal to accept.

"My," lots of folks will say, "your dog behaves beautifully. I wish my children ——"

I do not use food as a reward for lessons well done or to inspire interest in doing them. For giving food under these conditions is in the nature of bribery. And it is easy to corrupt a decent dog into a blackmailer. If he is taught to do things for food he will not do well except under the spur of hunger—and why should he?

Speaking of food, it is well to remember that a dog's natural diet—that is, in the wild state—is meat—raw meat. Both his teeth and his tummy are constituted to deal with it. However, having been associated so long and intimately with humans, dogs have learned to live on weird rations. Sugar should never be given to a dog. And starchy foods in excess are bad. Meat should be the principal item and, as I said, raw meat is the natural diet, but cooked meat is not bad. And raw or cooked, it should have a fair amount of fat. The proportion of fat to lean should be about the same as comes with a T-bone steak. I do not suggest T-bone steaks as a steady menu—especially if you own one or more Great Danes.

The brisket cut is better and less costly. Better because it has more cartilage to serve as roughage, like bran for a human. And by the way, fat is to a dog's diet what spinach is to a human's. Raw Hamburger is good, but not as a steady ration, because it is too fine and easily digested and would tend to weaken the digestive fluids.

What I have said about feeding applies particularly to the larger breeds. Toy dogs are in a class by themselves. They have become accustomed to unnatural dog diet in most instances. Dog biscuits may be fed to large dogs and toys, but better not exclusively. The principal thing in favor of biscuits is their convenience. Once a day is often enough to feed a full-grown dog, and the best time is at night. The amount depends upon the dog and how much exercise he gets.

A Whole Lot of Dog

Strongheart, the motion-picture dog star, when living in Hollywood and getting just enough exercise to keep him healthy, was satisfied with about two pounds of raw beef daily, mostly brisket. When he was in the Canadian Rockies, in midwinter, he required up to ten pounds a day, but then he was working climbing glaciers to rescue heroes or pursuing villains or taking the part of leader of a dog team in a hotly contested race. And the altitude was above eight thousand feet, and the thermometer below zero from thirty to fifty degrees. Terrific expenditure of energy and the intense cold simply burned up the beef. And, too, he was an outsize for his breed, being a German shepherd, which in this country is commonly called a police dog. The average German shepherd male weighs from fifty-five to seventy-five pounds. Strongheart tipped the scales at better than one hundred pounds. In every way, he was a whole lot of dog.

Do you happen to be one who pines to own a big dog, and live in the city, under conditions which make it impossible, or, you think, impracticable, and yet feel you simply must have a dog? If so, remember there are several very big little dogs. The Scottie—Scottish terrier—is a stout fellow without a trace of inferiority complex. He is, in fact, a regular fellow. So is the fox terrier, both the smooth-coated and the wire-haired. The cocker spaniel is a genial, wise little philosopher, with all the nobility of his cousin, the setter. And the amount of lavished affection the cocker can stand up under is well-nigh marvelous.

Another Worker in the Family

If, perchance, you feel affinity with the bulldog family, there is plenty of range for choice—all the way from the old-time pug dog—who is beginning to come back—to the English mastiff. The German boxer is perhaps the nearest of the bulldog class to the original Old English bulldog, or bull-baiting dog. The boxer is deservedly gaining popularity in this country. The several I have known are ideal guardians and companions of little children, and at the same time wonderful watch dogs.

In general, the terrier group is a sport-loving fraternity, and none of them more so than Bill Airedale. But for anyone who lacks experience with dogs, I would not suggest taking one on. Being a hunting dog, he is apt to become bored unless kept pretty busy. His hunting instinct often leads him into the habit of running away.

On the other hand, dogs of the shepherding varieties instinctively assume responsibility and are easily educated to stay at home and look after people and things.

If you live in the city, and feel you just must have a sizable dog, one of the shepherds may please you best. Centuries of ancestors who have lived in intimate relations with humans, sharing the family life, make for perfect contentment more than for a dog of the hunting class.

Speaking generally, a shepherd is capable of taking his place as a member of the family without more trouble or responsibility than a much smaller dog. I do not say that a shepherd dog is necessarily more intelligent than other dogs, but he often seems so because of having lived for so many generations as one of the family and being a worker helping to support it.

No breed of the shepherd dog, in the past, has won greater renown for intelligence than the Scotch collie. Until he became such a popular show dog, he was a true shepherd. The Scotch Highlander, when breeding these dogs, had two things in mind—intelligence and stamina. But for the last quarter of a century and more, the collie, in America and England, has been bred for show. Breeding stock has been selected for appearance almost exclusively. So, in the main, the once noble collie has become merely a beautiful picture. As for me, I'd rather have a picture hanging on the wall than reposing on a rug.

Years ago I bred collies—when they still had brains, and sufficient width of skull to contain them. My Casco Jean, a fair show specimen in her day, was the first internationally famous canine motion-picture star, though one of her grandmothers was a working shepherd in Scotland. Some of you old-timers may recall Jean in films, playing with Maurice Costello, father of the famous Dolores and Helen. Maurice was the John Gilbert of his day.

Jean, the Vitagraph Dog—film producers then thought it bad business to let the public know anything about the players, so

(Continued on Page 104)

Bill Von Rommelberg, a Red Cross Dog

A SHOCK ABSORBER WITH BEAUTY . . . IN HARMONY WITH THE

THE same superb strength and accurate workmanship, the same smooth power and flashing beauty of design that distinguish the costliest American and foreign motor-cars—these qualities, in unstinted measure, are built into the new Gabriel Triple-Hydraulic Shock Absorber.

But before all else, the Triple-Hydraulic is designed to give a degree of riding comfort that no automobile, however equipped, has ever attained. An entirely new application of the hydraulic principle—the patented *triple-vane shaft*—makes its control of spring action marvelously smooth and sure. It cushions evenly on both the downward and the upward thrust of the springs, and, giving them normal play, slows their movement to a gentle, gliding rise and fall. Riding in a car equipped with Gabriel Triple-Hydraulics is motoring luxury . . . the "floating ride" made a fact.

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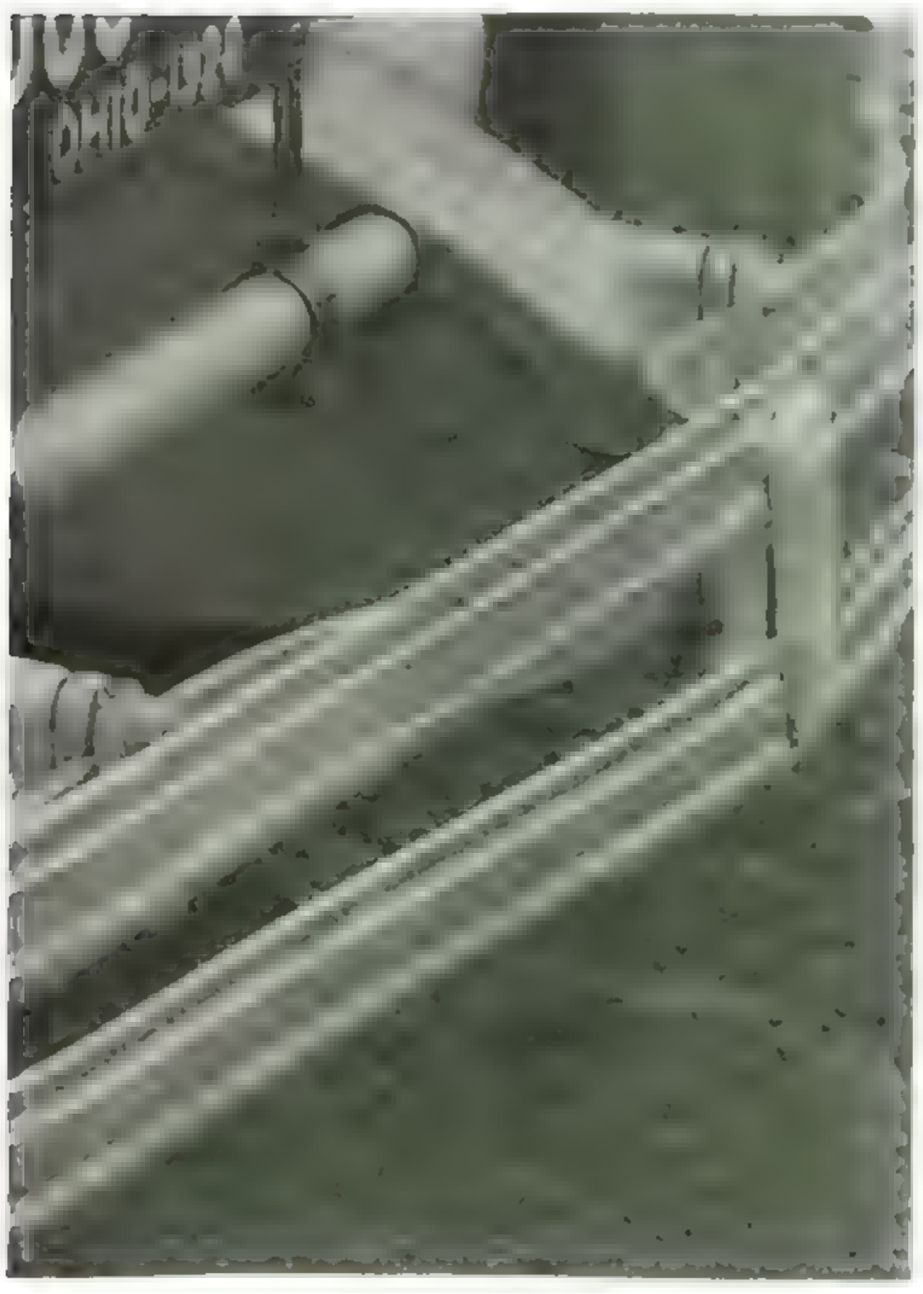

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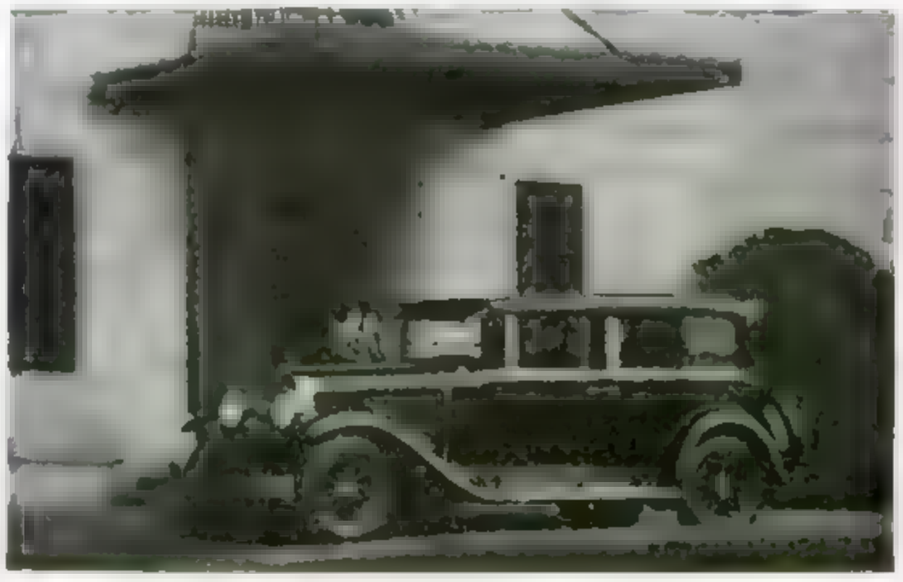

(Continued from Page 101)

kept their names secret—shared honors with Baby Helen Costello—Adele DeGard, another child favorite, and with the lad Kenneth Casey. But Jean acted mostly with Florence Turner—the renowned Vitagraph Girl. Jean also appeared in several pictures with John Bunny and his comic film wife, Flora Finch. Mary Pickford, by the way, was then known as The Biograph Girl.

It was, in fact, Jean's beauty and her intelligence which largely made possible my becoming the boy director of the movies—that was nearly twenty years ago.

I had gone down to the Vitagraph studios in Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York, on an assignment to write an article about the then nameless movie actors and how it was done. I was sent by an editor of a regular magazine. Fan magazines devoted to movies had not been dreamed of.

Well, I had been at the studio about an hour when I chanced to hear loud lamenting that a cute story with a dog for the leading character could not be filmed.

"Let me see the story," I said, butting into a conference. Oh, yes, they had conferences even that long ago. A glance at the story and I dropped a bomb that blew the conference out of session. I said, "Any dog that can eat can do this story."

I was left with one person of that group of experts. That person stayed because she had work to do there.

To vindicate myself and avoid being abated as a nuisance, I inquired, "Has anybody got a dog around here?"

Yes, there was a dog. A mutt, who lived during the days under a shed. At nights he came out and fed on scraps. Actors and other studio employes in that era of the movies often brought their lunches from home. Not Maurice Costello, of course; the John Gilbert of 1910 was getting the staggering movie salary of about one hundred dollars every week!

It took well over an hour to convince the mutt that it was safe to come out of his hole, but less than half the time for him to do gleefully all the stunts in the cute story. He did them for the reassembled conference. Everybody was delighted. Then fell heavy gloom. The latest wrinkle in motion-picture-producing technic happened to be "the ten-foot line," which I learned meant that all important acting before the camera was done at that distance from the lens.

Right in the Breach

The cameraman would run out his tape measure and make a chalk mark on the studio floor. And no matter from where the actors entered the scene, they would rush to the ten-foot line and do their stuff. A person of average height, standing ten feet from the camera, would have his or her legs cut off at the knees. The mutt was a trifle less than knee-high to an actor. So, unless he stuck his floppy ears and his nose high in the air, or his brindle tail was pointing skyward, he just wouldn't register in the picture. And there was more lamenting. Here was the one intelligent dog, and he was too small.

So I said, "Well, I've got a dog that is capable of acting as well as most people."

This wild statement was greeted with snorts of derision and challenge to produce the canine wonder. The very next day Jean and I were on hand. If Daniel had come along with a troupe of educated lions he would hardly have caused more excitement than we did. Jean really was a startling person to meet offhand, after she and I had been collaborating for five years, doing experimental work to see how much or little the experts knew about what they called animal psychology. The idea of doing the cute story was abandoned instantly. Jean had demonstrated her ability. But where, oh, where, was there a story suitable to show her in?

"I'll write one," I volunteered.

That night, from a certain bottom drawer, I took a dog story which I couldn't seem to sell. And following the style then in use for a motion-picture scenario, I transcribed it, making a fat star part for Jean. In the vernacular of the studio, "she ate it up."

Instead of writing that article for my editor friend, I wrote more stories for Jean, and other stories. One of them was turned down because it was said to be impossible to film.

"Ho!" said I. "No such thing. Why, I could direct it."

And I was given the chance. Well, I never have written that article I went after—not yet, I haven't.

Learn About Dogs From Wolves

Old Mother Nature's idea of a dog is the wolf. From existing records it is apparent that she was satisfied with what we might call Nature's standard a very long time ago. For some millions of years, at least, she has not seen fit to make any essential change in the model. Today the wolf is pretty much the same fellow he was before man had grown up sufficiently to recognize that between himself and the wolf existed a natural affinity. I am convinced that Mr. Wolf was aware of mutual advantages depending on friendly relationship with our remote ancestors before man had the sense to appreciate it.

To be sure, I've known, on terms of real intimacy—well enough to sleep with them—only a hundred or so honest-to-goodness wolves. Twenty-three, not counting cubs, is the largest number I have had at one time. But twenty-three wolves make a pretty big pack. According to accounts left by the first white men who lived in our West and throughout Canada, the number of wolves to a pack averaged from five to fifteen.

This pack of twenty-three I used in motion-picture productions with Strongheart, who was, by the way, the first German shepherd to achieve popularity as a motion-picture star.

These wolves came from Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Utah and Canada. It was something to do to educate them in the matter of tolerance, to get them to live amicably together in one pack. And the greatest trouble hunters were the lady wolves. Nor did it make any difference whether these ladies were born to be wild women or if their immediate ancestors had been reared in captivity.

Wolves from different sections differ in character in much the same way that people did who lived in different parts of this country before newspapers, magazines, railroads, motor cars and radio developed the whole country into one large community.

For instance, Utah wolves—I had five from different parts of that state—had long, slim heads, and they were a quarrelsome lot. Eight wolves from Montana—probably all related—were much better-natured, more like domesticated dogs, though all were trapped or dug from dens when babies. The Montana wolves were all large, with broad skulls. One fellow, when fifteen months old, weighed one hundred and thirty pounds.

I had only two wolves from Arizona. They were tall and rangy, fast on their feet and very slow to make friends. Mountain wolves certainly differ from plain dwellers more so in character than in physical conformation. The mountain chap will stand up and fight quicker, but corner the lad from the plains and he turns like lightning from a skulker into a fury of savage menace. The reason for this is obvious. The wolf from the plains has learned to depend on speed both to run down his food and to escape his enemies; whereas the wolf of the mountains more often runs plump onto his quarry and enemies as well.

When I say that Nature has made no essential change in the wolf for ages, I mean only such changes as type of country, climate and food induce. When the buffalo was numerous in our Western country, there were giant wolves there at the same time. They were known as buffalo gray, or the gray lobo. The buffaloes were killed off by hunters. The giant wolves who followed the buffalo herds were not hunted to extinction, but there are no more huge wolves living on the ancient buffalo range. With the passing of the buffalo the wolf had to depend upon a different diet, on smaller and swifter animals. Rations became scarce and harder to get. The swifter, lighter fellows fared the best, of course. And from these are descended the present-day wolf in those parts of our country where buffaloes once provided a slow-moving and inexhaustible larder.

Four years ago I visited a ranch in Mexico only seventy miles, as the crow flies, south of the international boundary. This ranch runs some fifteen thousand head of cattle. During the previous year one man, employed on the ranch to hunt wolves, collected one hundred and sixty-odd pelts.

Those from full-grown specimens were huge. Some of them were nearly as large as the great wolf that follows and lives on the caribou herds which roam the vast Barren Lands of Northern Canada. These Mexican wolves are, doubtless, direct descendants of the old buffalo gray. As a rule the wolves of our Western states are no menace to full-grown cattle; their taste for beef they confine to young calves. But the Mexican wolves think nothing of pulling down an old bull that has become separated from the herd. Nor are two-year-old heifers safe from them.

All this about wolves may seem far-fetched in an article about dogs. But all that is wonderful, yes, and lovable in a domestic dog is fundamentally the character of a wolf. So if we want to understand all we may about dogs, get down to fundamentals, we can't know too much about wolves.

I do not hold that our dog, with his many varieties of breeds, is descended from his wild kin, the wolf. But I am convinced, not from reading about the wolf but from knowing him socially, so to speak, that wolves and dogs are at least descended from a common ancestry. The reason so little of the true character of a wolf is known, and so much of what is supposedly true is dead wrong, is because the wolf most people know is merely a figure of speech. Even before the Bible was written, the "rapacious, blood-lusting wolf" was the symbol to express every sort of cruel meanness, just as the lamb has been taken for the symbol of gentle innocence.

"But don't wolves kill and eat lambs? Doesn't that prove that the wolf is a rank outlaw, deserving no friendly consideration?" people protest.

"Well, don't we humans kill and eat lambs?"

"Yes, but wolves kill for the sheer love of killing, don't they?"

The Fear Complex

This question I have answered hundreds of times with, "Yes, sometimes they kill for the fun of it. But when men slaughter warm-blooded fellow creatures for sport, wherein does it differ from killing for the love of killing?"

If the wolf's interest in killing proves anything, it proves that he and man have much more in common than man has with the lamb.

Most people fear wolves. Many people who live in wolf country hold them in deadly fear, not because they understand them but because they don't.

For years I've been seeking an authentic account of one instance when a man has been wantonly attacked by one wolf or a pack. As a matter of fact, the wolf is terrifically interested in and curious about his blood-lusting and relentless enemy, man. He has shown it in countless ways. Many stories of wolves pursuing humans have arisen from nothing more vicious on the part of a wolf than his abiding and curious interest.

I have known people who suffered from fear of dogs—and I mean they suffered terribly. Several of them have been cured by acting on a simple suggestion—they got a dog

Why I know this to be a good suggestion is because, as a small child, I was horribly afraid of dogs, even small ones. And I had good reason for my dread. Very few dogs I encountered did not growl at me, and often they tried to attack me. Well, this fear of mine became so monstrous a thing, I would go a mile out of my way rather than pass any kind of dog. Once I was so terribly scared by a big, wolfish-looking fellow that I simply could not stand, much less run and try to emulate a panicky monkey by climbing something. I just knew it was all up with me. And as cowards will sometimes do when they think they are face to face with death, I ceased to be frightened, or, at any rate, my fear changed key. So did the dog's. And he began to show a curious and not unfriendly interest. Perhaps my fright had driven me outside myself; anyhow, as calmly as a bystander I began to take note of what was happening, and I made a great discovery: The reason why dogs were prone to jump on me was due to my nameless fear. They caught it from me, sensed it, and were afraid I might be dangerous. So they were ready to attack first.

An Introduction to Strongheart

After that experience I just had to go on proving to myself that I was no longer afraid of dogs; perhaps I am still doing it. Perhaps that accounts for my great desire to know all I can about dogs—all manner of dogs, including wolves.

Whether you have dogs and now contemplate taking one on, whether you have never owned or have been owned by one, there's one person you should, above any and everybody else, consult; this person is yourself. Get the kind of dog you want! And having settled on the breed, take plenty of time to select him.

If you live in the city, there are sure to be kennels of nearly every breed somewhere in the suburbs. You will do well to visit a number of kennels. If you don't feel you know how to judge a dog's character but that you are a judge of human character, you may be reasonably certain that, in the main, the dogs will be rather like the people who take the keenest interest in them. And you may be reasonably sure that after you have had a dog for some time he will have taken on much of the color of your personality and character. I do not mean that he may necessarily become what people think you are like, but if he is a normal dog he is bound to reflect something of what you really are. A number of magazines carry advertisements of kennels. Most news stands sell magazines which are devoted to dogs exclusively.

I have spent nearly three years in the selection of a dog. That is, I devoted as much time to it as an enthusiastic golfer would to his game. Of course I had a very definite idea of what I wanted, as to both his outward and inner qualities. I was searching for the dog who could become Strongheart. I expected no such miracle as that I might find him ready-made.

One day I went with a friend to a kennel which imported shepherd dogs direct from Germany. The house stood some thirty yards beyond the gate. Behind it, I knew, were the kennels, because I could hear the many dogs joyously barking. We were hastening along the path when, through an open window of the house, came a savage roar; a vibrant barytone it was, expressing such authority that my friend and I came to an abrupt halt. And what looked to be the biggest dog I'd ever seen—certainly the longest and most powerful—was sailing through the window toward us. Yes, I was scared. And yet another kind of excitement was making my heart behave in a most foolish way—I was seeing the dog I'd been searching for. I knew him before his forefeet struck the ground. And I guess I must have forgotten my fear, for as my friend started to rush for the gate I called in no uncertain tone: "Stop! Stand still!"

(Continued on Page 106)

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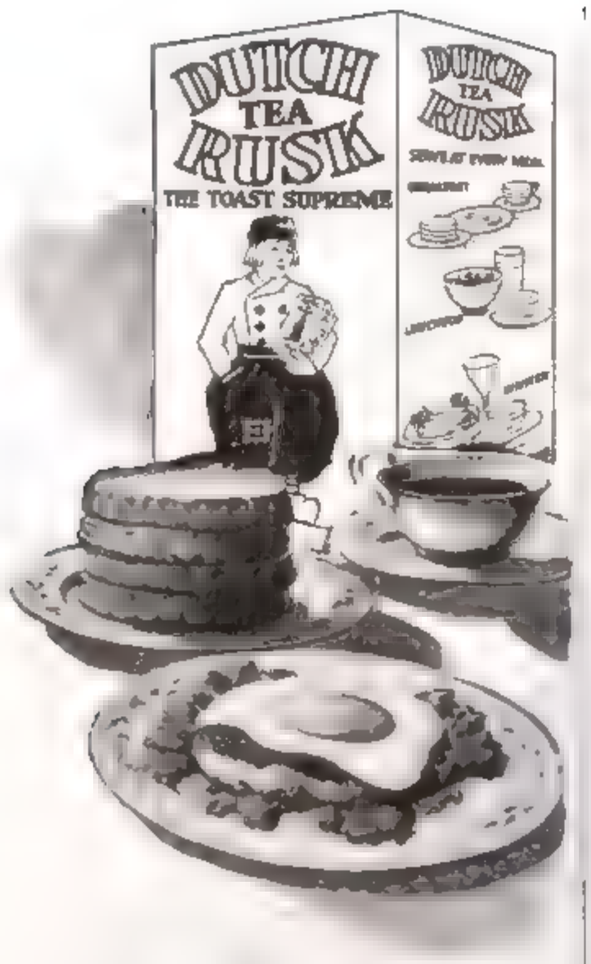

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Send me your free book of breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper dishes.

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(Continued from Page 104)

Fortunately my friend heard and obeyed and, fortunately, so did Etzel Von Oeringen, the enormous police dog.

I was the first person whom he had heard say anything in English which he was willing to heed. And there I stood midway between the gate and the house. My friend stood halfway from me to the gate, and the dog stood about the same distance between the house and where I stood.

A man came hurrying toward us from the kennels.

"Don't move! Don't move!" he was advising.

The dog rumbled and bristled. My friend began to tread water. "Stand still! Stand still!" begged the man with a German accent, as he made for the dog to get hold of his collar. I had a hunch my friend would dive toward the gate and that the dog would pull him down. So I said: "Stand still yourself!" And the man stood.

For a long second or so none of us four moved. Then the dog turned his head and calmly looked at the man, gave me a searching once-over, and glanced at my friend, calmly walked in front of me, circled around me and came to attention at my right hand. Having taken the position he had been trained to take beside the officer in command, he calmly awaited orders.

"Come," I said, and started across the lawn.

He came, marching like the perfectly trained soldier he was.

Remember that in buying a dog money pays only for his body, gives you legal ownership—just that. That something else—call it what you like—but the whatever that makes you just have to have one is something the dog alone can give you. And as you give him of yourself, so will his gift to you be the priceless thing you have perhaps been missing.

Oliphant '99 Visits Oliphant '29

OLIPHANT '99: Well, old boy, it's great to see you, and it's nice to find you so comfortably fixed. These dormitories are certainly marvelous. The place looks kind of disorderly, to be sure. One thing you've got to learn is orderliness.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: There's nothing that's more important for a successful business career than habits of order. And in these beautiful quarters you have every encouragement to learn to care properly for your possessions. It was very different in my time. I lived in a rickety old boarding house over on Huestis Street. Lord, what a gang of ruffians we had there! A grand bunch, but a harum-scarum lot. Bill Stevens and Hank Howell and I lived together. Ha! I remember the fellows used to call it the Garbage Flat. What times we used to have! When we beat State 12 to 11 in '96, we took our desks and chairs out and burned them in the middle of Huestis Street. For two weeks we didn't have any furniture in our study except piles of newspapers. We had a wonderful system for taking care of expenses. We had a big tobacco jar on the mantelpiece, and when anyone got any money from home he had to put it in the jar, and when anyone needed any money, he would take out as much as he needed. That was friendship, hey?

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: My, my, my, what a crew they were! Always in trouble. I was telling you about the State game in '96. Well, that night we burned up our furniture—it was my idea in the first place—everybody else joined in and they brought out their furniture and we had a bonfire—oh, I guess it must have been forty feet high. Pretty soon some old landlady got scared and sent in an alarm. When the volunteers arrived with their engine we wouldn't let them get near our bonfire. Hank Howell led a charge and we captured the old hand engine and turned the hose on the fire department. I suppose you're wondering where the police were.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Well, they were right there. Only you wouldn't recognize them. One of them tried to use his club on me and I caught him a welt on the jaw, and Bill Stevens got hold of his arms, and then I cut his brass buttons off, and we carried him through the town in a parade wearing his coat turned inside out. Gee, he was mad! I guess you never knew that your daddy spent a night in jail, and pretty near went up for a month, did you?

OLIPHANT '29: No, father.

OLIPHANT '99: I still have those brass buttons around somewhere. I'll show them to you sometime. By the way, you'd better not mention this story to your mother. And you want to remember that all that sort of rowdiness is very foolish. You don't come to college to raise heck. You come to college to get an education. It's always the fellow who has sense enough to tend strictly to business and keep out of trouble who wins out.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Your studies are the most important thing. Don't let anything interfere with them. Live straight and clean, get to bed early, and—oh, yes—don't touch any alcohol. I suppose you have taken a drink, now and then, out of curiosity.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: That's right; you can be frank with me. But I suppose you realize that it's wrong, as well as foolish and dangerous.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Law is law, and must be obeyed. Particularly with this rot-gut stuff you get nowadays. If you want a drink, wait till you get home and I'll give you some of that wine I put down last year. It's turned out wonderfully. Smooth! I swear it's as good as the average wine you get in France. And when I think that when I was in college we used to get really good wine at the corner drug store for twenty-five cents a quart! I remember once Squdgy Dwight and I got a couple of quarts of twenty-five-cent wine and we went up to Taughannock Falls to look at the view. Well, we finished our wine, and then Squdgy decided he was the Pie-eyed Piper of Hamelin. He was a great fellow for mimicking animals, and he baaed at a flock of sheep till they all followed him; and he led them up on the front porch of the old Taughannock Falls Hotel. Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me! Just twenty-five-cent wine, mind you! By the way, you might omit to mention that yarn to your mother. But I guess the boys have quieted down a good deal since those days.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Sometimes it seems to me they haven't any spirit any more. But it's a good thing. There's no percentage in all that sort of foolishness. Well, son, I'm glad to have had this good talk with you. Your mother was a little worried at some stories she had heard. But I'm glad everything is going so well and there's no cause for alarm. She thought it would be a good influence on you for us to have a little heart-to-heart talk, to put you right about some of these things.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: As long as everything's all right, I might give you a little present. If I advance you about fifty, I suppose you could use it sensibly.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Lay it out in good books. You ought to be building up a library for yourself.

OLIPHANT '29: Yes, father.

OLIPHANT '99: But maybe you'd better not say anything about it to your mother.

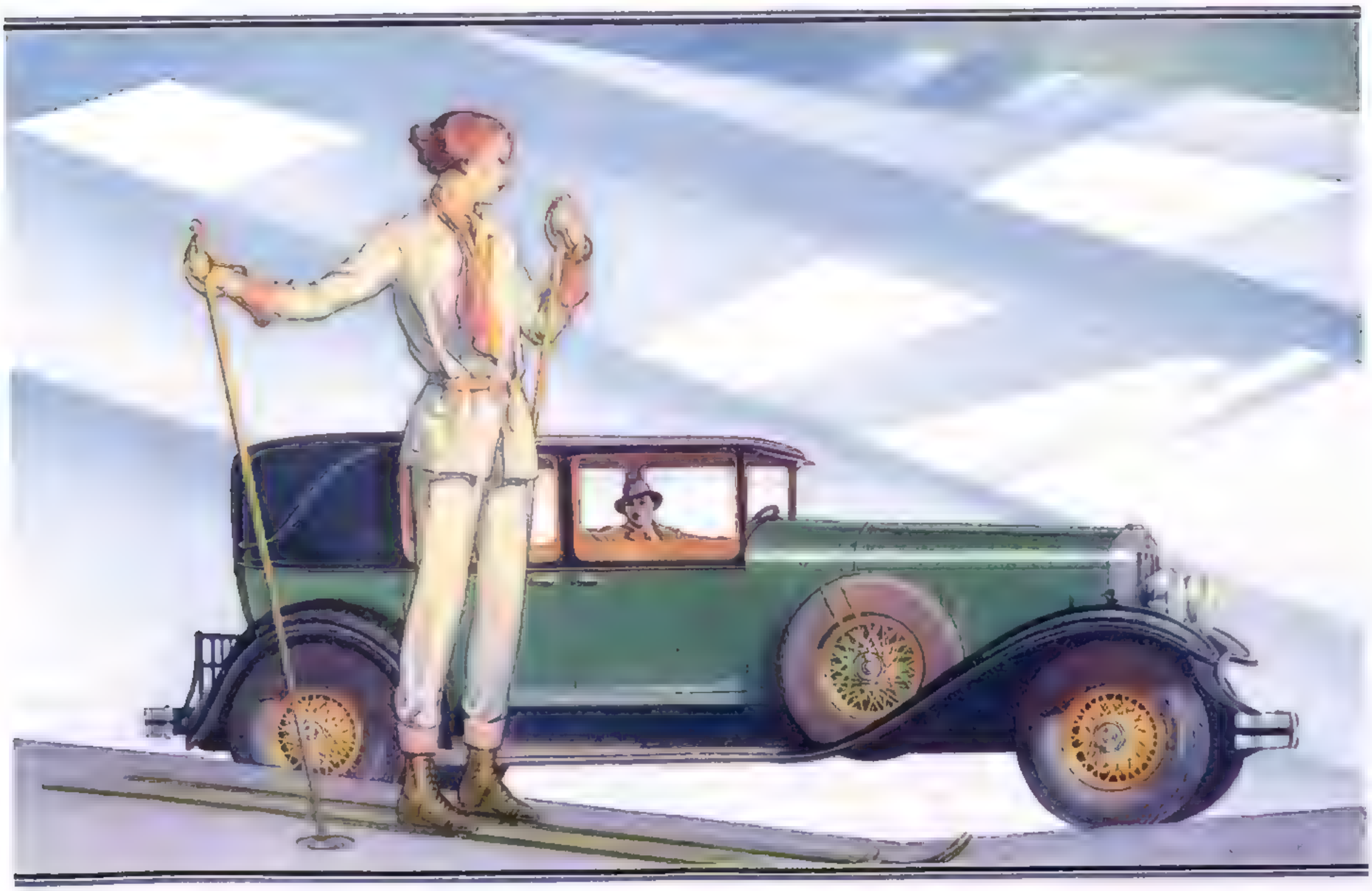
OLIPHANT '29: No, father.

OLIPHANT '99: Well, do you think our little talk has been of any help to you?

OLIPHANT '29: Oh, yes—oh, yes, indeed, father.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

Individualist—"Ha, Out of the Rut at Last!"



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THE ONE-THIRTY SEDAN
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$2775

BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 21)

The time was the night of the dinner and dance. In passing, even then the talk she'd had with him had been curious. Bantering at first, then in turn more serious, McCord had laid down his proposition.

"Look here. I heard you at dinner—you and Veith. You were laughing—you know, poking fun at the way people make money—in the market, I mean. Like frying doughnuts, easy, you said; but I don't know, I never fried any doughnuts. I'll tell you, though, what I'll do. It may be you are right. It may be, as you say, that the Street is an easy place to knock down cash and that all you need is a little luck. Yeah? Well, that's what I'd like to find out. You let me stake you to a couple of hundred shares and see what you can do, you to pick the stock yourself. If you win, all right. If you lose, all right too. Say the word," said McCord, "and I'll put up the money. Well?"

She had listened, her lips parted. "You will?" Her eyes were lit; the color came and went in her face. One could have seen, in fact, at that instant what, in her imagination, the offer invoked. "But what if I were wrong and lost?" she'd asked. McCord had laughed, the laugh light. It had been a little too light she'd thought afterward.

"You won't lose," he'd bantered. "Aren't you cocksure you won't?" And he added, she perhaps might be right. If she were right, too, and won, she could help him. She could tip him to the winners. "Hunches" was what he called the tips. Valuable.

Valuable, indeed. McCord, anyway, had won little of late. One trade, then another, had gone wrong. Not that he admitted it, however—traders who think themselves "hep," "wise to the market" and "in the know" rarely, if ever, admit it when they get stung. Addie, though, had guessed shrewdly that McCord's trades were going wrong, or why else would he have made this offer?

Her face, when she answered, was white. "And if I win, what about the money? I mean the money I win."

"Oh, that?"

Again he had laughed, the laugh again insincere. If she won they could settle about that later. Addie, however, had settled it then and there. When she won, the first thing she'd do would be to pay him back the four thousand dollars. Besides, she'd said, she meant to share with him a part of her profits.

"You know, when I've won," she'd said.

When she won!

It was after Rita's dinner, just before they'd left for the country club. "Yeah, when you win," McCord had grunted. Frankly, it had looked for an instant as if he meant to laugh, though he didn't. Leaving the room, he'd returned a few minutes later with the check. "There you are. Now go to it!" he'd said, and after a glance about him, McCord had slipped the check guardedly into her hand. His air as he did it was as if he were up to something covert, underhanded. What was as curious, too, was that after this he seemed to lose all interest in the transaction. But Addie hadn't. Her face was bright with excitement. She was breathing swiftly.

"Don't forget, Jim, I'll ring you up every day. You'll want those tips, my hunches!"

"Oh, those?" he had drawled.

"I'm going to win, you know'" She nodded. "I feel it in my bones'"

What is more, she had! Luck, blind chance. Somehow, though, the way the luck was here, it had proved the truth of her assertion. However, if she, with a beginner's fortune, had pulled down one trade after another, something else at the same time is to be said. Though she had won, and though every day she had religiously called up McCord to give him her promised hunches, McCord had only lost. Now she needed only a glance at the man across the table to see the truth. McCord, Addie saw, was on the rocks.

The waiter at last had gone. They were alone; she could speak now. McCord, his eyes fixed moodily on his plate, picked at the food with his fork, yet he made no effort to speak.

"Jim."

"Well?"

"Jim, if, as you say, you've lost money lately, why was it?"

He shrugged. "Dunno. Got in wrong, that's all."

She was looking at him fixedly. "Then you didn't play the tips I gave you?" McCord shook his head. "Why not?" she asked, her face for some reason stony. "You would have won, you know, if you had played them."

McCord still stared at his plate. His air was listless. "I know. I'd have won, of course; only it all seemed so foolish—playing a tip like that, just a hunch. Anyhow, it looked that way—a joke."

She nodded quietly. "I see. So that's what you thought it—a joke."

McCord laughed aimlessly. "I wish I hadn't now."

Probably. His tone, at all events, was rueful.

"Then you didn't play a single one of my tips," she asked—"not one?"

No, he had not played even one. "You were right, though, Addie. It's as you said—the game's just luck, nothing else. If you have luck you win. If you haven't it, you don't. Tell me; are you going to play Neutro again tomorrow?"

She didn't answer. She still was gazing at him fixedly, the look in her eyes queer. "Jim," she said slowly, "if my tips were jokes, if you never intended to use them, then why did you give me that money?"

McCord looked up sharply. He seemed startled. "What?"

"Answer me!" said Addie. "You said, you remember, that I might be right—that beginners always are lucky. You said that if that were so, any tips I gave you would help. That was why you gave me the four thousand dollars, you know."

"Yeah?" growled McCord.

His face was sullen. He looked, too, as if he were suddenly on the defensive.

"Just why did you give me that money?" demanded Addie.

Her face was set. Her eyes, too, were hard. Back in her eyes, though, was a look, a shadow, that somehow belied her show of determination. In it was a suggestion of fright, trepidation. In short, men don't pass out money like that without some valid reason for it, and her look now was as if she had guessed a reason.

"Are you going to answer me?" she persisted.

McCord's eyes were uneasy and evasive. His discomfort was evident. "Answer what? What's the use of talking 'bout it, anyway?" he mumbled.

"You mean you won't tell me?"

McCord didn't reply. White now, she began fumbling with the hand bag on her lap. Clumsily, she seemed to be having trouble with it too. McCord, meanwhile, was gazing at her curiously when she snapped open the bag, delved into it for a moment, and then, leaning forward, she laid a strip of paper beside his plate. As she did so, she spoke, her voice snapping.

"There's your money!" said Addie. "Take it!"

McCord stared stupidly at the check. "Pay to the Order of James McCord" was penned on one line. On another were the words and figures "$4000," and he still was gazing at the check when Addie pushed back her chair.

"Take it," she repeated; "there's your money, and that's why I telephoned you this morning to meet me. It was to pay it back. And now," said Addie, her voice harsh—"now that it's paid back, you may as well make a clean breast of it to Rita."

The start McCord gave was a jump almost. "What's that?" he ejaculated.

She looked at him for a moment, her lip curled. "I know what you thought, of course. I know, too, what everyone else probably thinks. It's as Rita said this morning."

"Of what?"

"Of me, Jim."

Another low growl came from McCord. "So she got at you, did she, finally?"

"She telephoned," said Addie. "She rang me up to tell me what she thought of a woman, a girl, who would take money from a married man. A man, the husband of a friend," Addie added.

"She said that?"

"Why not? You gave me the money, didn't you? I took it, didn't I? You may imagine what Rita would say to that. Just the same," said Addie, her teeth set, "it's hard to believe even yet that you should be so despicable!"

"I?" McCord's voice rose sharply. "What're you talking about? I?"

"Yes, you! You!" Addie was saying, when a rumble—it was almost a roar—came from McCord.

"That's a lie—a lie! If they say I gave you the money for that reason, it's a lie!" He almost choked, his anger and resentment heated. "Get this now! Get it, you hear?" rasped McCord, his finger leveled at her so that the lunchers at the near-by tables stared. "I didn't give you that money. It wasn't I at all that did. I only passed it on, handed it to you! Yeah, what d'you take me for?" rasped McCord, when Addie gave a gasp.

"You only passed it on?"

"That's what I said!"

"It wasn't your money?"

"No. I've told you that!"

Her eyes were rounded. She fairly gaped at McCord. "Then whose money was it? Who gave it to you to give to me? Why was it given?" she demanded.

McCord's face was shot with a sullen glare.

"That's my business!" he snapped.

She made another effort: "You mean you won't tell me?"

"You heard what I said!" he snapped again.

"You won't?"

"No!"

It was flat, final. There was nothing more to be said. Rising, she picked up her hand bag and gloves. A moment later, her luncheon left untasted, she had marched down the aisle between the tables and was gone.

XIV

"NEUTRO, an eighth!"

The ticker beside the quotation board was clanking and chattering, the tape streaming from its maw; and at half-past two, a half hour before the close, one of the regulars, a seedy, middle-aged man with a soft hat pulled down to his eyes, had dragged out a high-legged stool from somewhere and perched himself on it beside the machine. Now, regardless of the other instrument with the ground-glass front and, as if its illuminated tape was not plainly visible to all, to express his rising excitement, he was bawling out each quotation in turn: "Neutro, a quarter! A half for Neutro! Zip! See her shoot!" He gave another cry, his voice booming: "Neutro, a thousand at three-quarters!"

Brent, his face grave, pushed open the door of the customers' room. It was the third time he had returned there in the hour. Customers' rooms, all else to the contrary, were no novelty to Brent. At odd intervals, the occasions more or less frequent of late, he'd had business to transact in them; the business, however, of a nature somewhat different from that of the dabblers, those shoestring plungers who nowadays were flocking in droves to brokerage offices. In short, it was when he had a little money to invest—that is, to put away—that he sought a brokerage house. So far he never had been tempted to dabble. However, it was for a reason apart from all this that he'd returned the third time today to the uptown branch. Closing the street door behind him, he halted for an instant, his eyes roaming about the room.

Again the place was crowded. Early that day the news had gone out that something was doing in Neutro, a dozen other specialties as well; so that from all quarters of the uptown district—from all classes, too, one might add, from a look at the place—the firm's customers had come, pouring in. Men and women together, the men in the majority, but the women making up in their excitement what they lacked in numbers, they were packed in elbow to elbow.

Near Brent was a little knot of these women. All regulars, they were of varied ages. Obviously, they were of varied stations in life as well. Their emotions evident, some gleeful, others not so elate, they watched either the quotation board or the lighted tape overhead.

"Yep, heading for a new high," commented one, a large woman with massive features and heavy-lidded, somnolent Oriental eyes—a Mrs. Birnbaum. She licked her lips as she spoke.

"You said it, dearie!" a woman beside her exclaimed. She nodded sagely. "I'm told they're talking two hundred for Neutro."

Another woman raised her voice. "Gee, if it only did!" she exclaimed. Brent was only a few steps away. He could hear plainly what was said, and he already had remarked the woman—one with faded hair, faded face and faded eyes. It was Mrs. Brock, in short. "Say, I got my Neutro parlayed—pyramided, y' know. It's account of that young girl that deals here—the one that calls herself Miss Jessup." She cast a knowing look about her, a smirk on her faded face. "She's being tipped, I guess. I guess someone in the know is tipping her off. She gave me the tip to buy."

A grunt signaled the remark. Its author was Mrs. Birnbaum.

"Tips, eh? Tuh! Only the boobs play tips. She is no boob, that girl; I have watched her. Of course," added Mrs. Birnbaum shrewdly, "if it is someone in the real know, that is different."

"But that's what I mean!" cried Mrs. Brock. "She always wins. It must be some big operator that tips her to it."

A third woman spoke—one with a hard jaw, tight-drawn skin and knowing eye. Her voice, too, was knowing.

"Yeah," she said, "they would—one of those big boys—a good-looking baby like her."

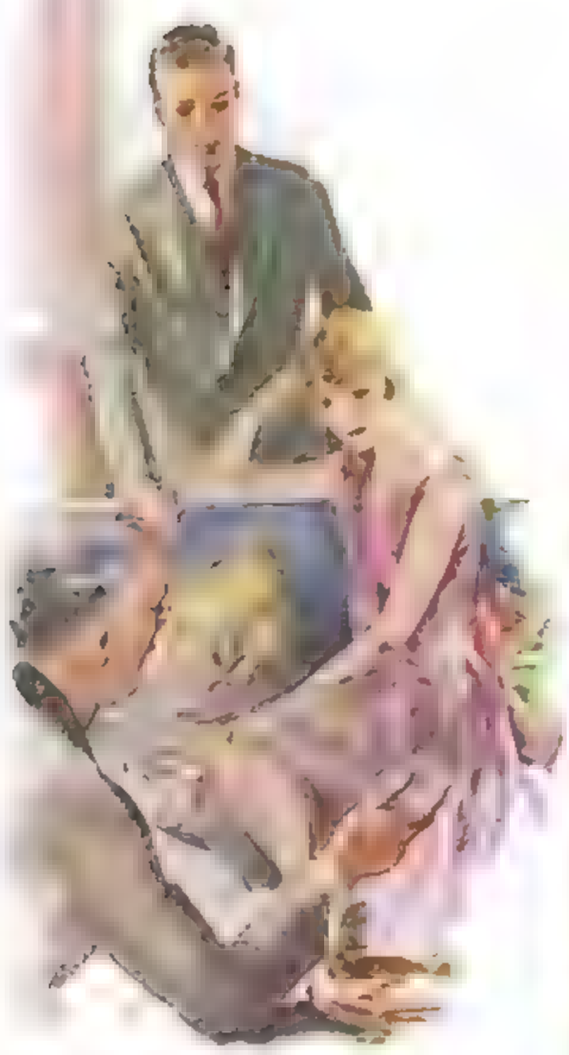
Brent started as if he had been struck. So that was what they thought, was it? He edged away, his face dark. She was a good-looking baby, was she? And because she was, one of the big boys was favoring her, what? It was not alone the vulgarity of the speech, however, that shocked and disgusted him; there was the implication saddled to the term. True, he knew its falsity, but what galled and angered the man was that she had put herself, even if innocently, in a position to invite such talk. And why? He wondered momentarily if, after all, it was not the mere money that actuated her—a sordid desire to get her hands on money, and in any way she could. But no! He knew her too well for that, and troubled, he still was pondering it when the door of the inner office opened and a figure he had grown to know now—to distrust, too, for that matter—emerged. It was Veith.

Briefly, Veith glanced about the customers' room. As briefly, his eyes, searching through the crowd, rested on the man standing against the wall. He gave no sign

(Continued on Page 110)

When your children criticize the old home

. . . maybe they know best



WITH a shrug and a "What is the younger generation coming to?" it is easy to dismiss the children's eager suggestions for modernizing. The old home is good enough for you, it should be for them.

But ponder the matter. Your children think much the same as hundreds of their friends; the buyers, the renters, the bankers of tomorrow. A few years from now, they are the ones who will measure the value of your property by their new-fashioned standards and appraise its worth—or worthlessness.

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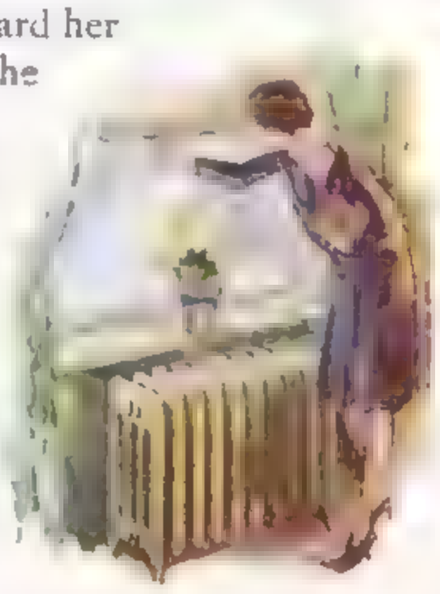
The new generation talks when your son grumbles about the leaky and clogged piping; the hungry and cantankerous heating plant that takes so much of his time and your money, yet fails to warm his back bedroom.



Not merely to draw the home circle closer (though that is reason enough) but to protect your investment in your property and to increase its value *now* beyond the cost of the improvements, call in a master plumber and a heating contractor. They will gladly make a health examination of your home and show you how profitably the young ideas may be carried out.

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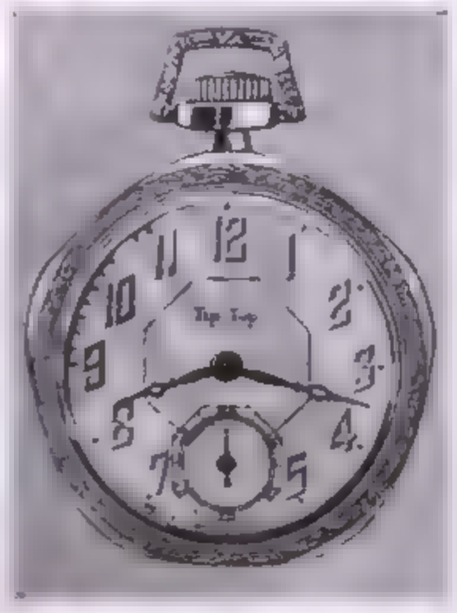

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$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial $2.25.

(Continued from Page 108)

of recognition, however, nor did Brent. They merely glanced at each other, their expressions unchanged, but as Veith, a vague, mocking gleam in his eye, turned away, Brent's jaw tightened, his face hardening.

Just the same, as much as he might distrust and dislike the other, he was fair enough to admit the facts. It was less Veith than it was McCord that he had to thank for his troubles; McCord—he and Rita, with their splurge and show. Somehow, though, knowing, as he did, all this, for McCord, Brent felt only a pang of pity and regret. He knew, in fact, what had egged on McCord into that mill of hazardous money grabbing—the reaching out for money, then more money. That was, in short, the nub of the matter. It was the nub, too, of what he, Brent himself, now faced. If, like Rita, Addie too ——

These were his reflections. He had gone that far in them when a new commotion, another ripple of excitement, ran through the crowded room.

"Zowie!" The man at the ticker again. Neutro, lagging for a few minutes, all at once had come to life, and now, with the close only a minute or so away, in less than half a dozen transactions the stock was run up two points and a half. "Whoop!" bawled the man at the ticker. "Go it, you Neutro!" he vociferated. In vivid pantomime he rose on the stool, and with elbows flopping and hands playing, he gave a representation of a jockey urging a race horse down the home stretch and in under the wire. And at an eighth to a quarter at a clip, Neutro seemed to respond, jazzing upward as the fellow on the stool cried it on.

Brent's lip curled. His eye murky, he glanced about the place. Fed by the excitement, more than one of the dabblers, the women among them, had cast aside any pretense of reserve or reticence; and now, their eyes on the quotation board or the tape winging by overhead, they either were chattering volubly or, on the other hand, watching tensely, their faces moist, and hardbitten calculation—call it greed—frankly evident in their looks. "Gad!" said Brent. His distaste was evident. It was to this, too, in her determination, that Addie Jessup had put herself. She, like these other women, had become a part of it, a figure in that daily drama of money getting—easy money—that is, if you got it. Be that as it is, though, this was not uppermost in his mind. Why was she doing it? What was she up to, anyway? What would she do with the money, now that she had it? In short, it was to find out that Brent had come back again to the place; and leaning back against the wall, he was looking on again when another whoop came from the man at the stock ticker. Neutro Common, up sixteen points for the day, had burst through to a new high, and as a fresh stir surged through the throng, Brent himself stirred abruptly.

The street door had opened. The girl he was waiting for had come in at last.

For a moment Addie stood at the door. Briefly she glanced at the quotation board. She must have seen, at the glance, the extent of the killing she had made that day; though few could have guessed it from her air. Then, still tight-lipped, her eyes as impassive as her face, she looked away from the quotation board to the man who wormed his way through the crowd toward her. Brent, his haste evident, was hurrying. His relief that she had come at last was clear. Whatever it was, though, that he meant to say to her, he got no chance to say it then.

"Hello, dear!" he exclaimed, and as he spoke she drew back her head.

Her lip was curled. For a moment, the moment prolonged, she looked him over from head to foot. Then, her voice like a rasp, she spoke.

"What is it you wish?" she said.

The fact was, she knew now who had put up that money—the four thousand dollars. She had guessed it while she sat in the restaurant with McCord. Why the money had been given to her she still had to guess, of course, but that it was a trick, some underhanded game, she had no doubt. Brent, startled, still was staring at her when she spoke again.

"Well?" she asked.

In short, it was Brent himself who'd done it.

XV

BRENT, yes. It was Brent himself—he of all persons—who'd handed out the four thousand dollars. Having given the money to McCord, McCord in turn had passed it on to her. Why it had been, though, was quite clear, once she had demanded an explanation.

"Why?" he repeated. He looked at her, his air and face as harsh, as determined as hers. "I'll tell you why. It was the only thing I could think of doing. Kill or cure—that's why I did it."

"Did you?"

"I did!"

White, she lifted one corner of her lip. Scorn, anger with it. "So that was your game, was it?"

"Kill or cure," repeated Brent.

The market closed at three. Afterward, in the way such details somehow vividly impress themselves on the mind, Addie always would remember the moment, the place as well. It was not, at the most, more than a minute after she had come in that the market closed, and in the interval, brief as it was, the list, with Neutro in the lead, went hectic. However, to her at the moment, this detail was of minor importance. It was of equal unimportance, too, that in that last uprush of the market she had knocked down some hundreds of dollars additional.

The thing to remember was the way she had been played with, treated like a child—a not-too-responsible child, into the bargain. Kill or cure had been the prescription. Her waywardness was to be overcome at all hazards, any cost. In other words, that was why Brent had given the four thousand dollars to McCord. It was in the hope that she would lose it offhand, thus effecting the cure.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"You hoped I'd lose, then?"

No, not that. His jaw set, Brent neither quibbled nor split straws. "No, I didn't hope so," he said deliberately; "I made up my mind you would."

"Lose?"

"That's it."

She laughed, her scorn contemptuous. "Yes. Don't forget, though, I've won!"

He nodded indifferently. "I know." His indifference, in fact, was so patent that for an instant she forgot her rôle of cool scorn.

"Don't forget, either, how much I've won!" As she said it, she again curled her lip.

The amount now, her day's doings included, was well on toward forty thousand; more, perhaps; she did not know exactly. More than any statement of the amount, though, was the implication she put into the speech. A taunt was in it, a suggestion that the forty thousand dollars exceeded anything he ever had made; or might; but if Brent caught the taunt, he gave no sign it hurt. Indifferent as ever, he nodded briefly.

"Yes, paper profits. They'll melt quick enough."

She was, for a moment, again white with anger. Clearly, in spite of her heat, she saw his object now. He was like the others. Because she was a woman, he—they too—thought it unwomanly that she had struck out for herself, striving as she had to obtain the independence money gives. Her father himself had voiced it. It was that because she was a woman she must keep clear from men's ways—the ways, in essence, by which they—men—got money, independence. A woman, a girl especially, if she tried it, would find herself marked *déclassée;* more than ever so if, in the effort to get independence, she did as she, Addie Jessup, had

(Continued on Page 113)

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FACTORIES: NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y., KANSAS CITY, MO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., VANCOUVER, B. C.

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done—that is, picked it out of the air, playing the market, stocks. Tuh! Ridiculous! As if the method had anything to do with it! However, the thing went further than that. It was not only that he, Brent, had put up the money in the hope she would lose it; thus, as he said, "curing" her, she knew now why he had been so dead set to effect that alleged cure and had been willing to hand out money for it. "Gambling" was what he'd termed her effort, but it was not the mere gambling against which he'd set his hand. No! In so many words, he was like all men—most men, at any rate. If she had money, independence, he would not find it so easy to run her, regulate her. Men didn't, if their wives had money. His wife! There still was something to be said about that!

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

Brent smiled dryly. "You think that's why I did it? You believe I put up the money for that reason?"

Why argue? She shrugged again, the shrug contemptuous. "You said as much. You did wish me to lose, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I did."

"And you thought, if I lost it, then I'd be in your grasp?"

"Grasp?"

"That I'd marry you."

He smiled quietly, the smile a grin almost. "Is that what you call marriage?"

She looked at him coolly. "Why not? If, as I say, I'd lost the money, you thought I'd marry you. You figured, too, that if I lost it, then was married to you, that you could run me the way other men run and rule their wives." Still cool, she glanced at him from under her lids. "What was that money—the four thousand? That was the amount of your savings, wasn't it?"

She saw his eyes flicker.

"Yes. That was my savings."

"What you'd saved up to marry on, wasn't it?" she added.

It stung—that. She knew, too, it would. She saw him start. Then, quite quiet yet, he nodded gravely.

"Yes, to marry on," he assented.

"It was all you had, too, wasn't it?"

She could not quite deny herself the pleasure of that jab. Still outraged, infuriated at the game he had put up on her, she was, as any woman might have been in her case, for the moment merciless. She was, however, not altogether prepared for Brent's reply.

"All I had then," he answered.

"Then?"

Brent didn't reply.

The market had closed now. Now that it had closed, its excitements done for the day, the major part of the crowd had gone, only a few of the dabblers remaining to paw over the late market dope or to discuss with one another the doings of the day—that and what might happen on the morrow. To all purposes, she and Brent were alone; but alone or not, in her present mood she would have vented on him the icy anger and resentment that stung her, if she'd had to shout it in a crowd. However, she was for the moment disconcerted by his remark. What did he mean by the "then"?

She was glancing at him sharply when Brent spoke:

"So that's what you think, is it?"

"Think what?" she flashed.

"Get you in my grasp." He grinned again as he spoke. To her, the grin was as infuriating as any of the rest of it; but evenly, quite amiably now, Brent went on: "I'll tell you, if you'll listen, just what I had in my head. You may not understand, of course, but I'd like to let you know. I'd like you to believe, too, that what I'm saying is the truth. And don't think for an instant that I blame you for anything. Not I, Addie. I know what you feel, what you've been put up against; only that day on the train, the time when you told me you weren't willing to let things go on as they were, I wasn't just upset, I was very nearly wild."

"Were you?"

The accent was on the "were." There was jab in that, too, of cool contempt; Brent, however, didn't seem to heed it.

"I was. I saw which way things were heading with you. I was crazy about you—I still am—but I realized it was no go, not for me—not unless something could be done. . . . No, let me talk; don't stop me," said Brent as Addie flung back her head to speak; "I've got to get it out. You'd been up against this McCord business—you know, Rita and the way Rita's gadded on Jim, and though Jim's got her what she's after—got it, anyway, for a time—I made up my mind I couldn't be put over the jumps like that. Not I! Not by anyone!"

"Indeed?" She curled her lip again. "Couldn't you?"

Brent, perfectly pleasant, nodded. "Not even by you."

"Yes?"

"Right-o! Only understand me," said Brent; "it's not because I didn't want money. I want it as much as you want it. It isn't because I didn't mean to get it, either. What I'm trying to make plain is that if I did get it, I meant to get it in the regular way—by work -the only way I know how. Not," he added, "overnight, out of the air. Not the way Jim McCord got it. Not I!"

She had her head back again. "You mean, I see, the way I got it?"

That was exactly what he meant. "And least of all," said Brent, "did I want to get it that way."

"Oh, really?"

"That's what I say!"

She could have laughed, had she not been quivering so. "You got fooled, didn't you?"

Again Brent nodded. Again his air was pleasant.

"Got fooled, yes. Kill or cure, as I say, was what I had in mind, and that's why, that night, I went to McCord with my idea. It was a fool idea, of course—I was desperate—but McCord—well, he was willing. At that, too, he didn't think the idea so foolish. He said, 'I wish before I got into this muck, someone had done that trick to me!' That was what he said—he with his paper profits, his house mortgaged, bills pouring in, his flock of installment cars only a jump ahead of a replevin. And there was Rita too! She had what she wanted, but McCord still knew the facts. While he had it she'd stick—might, anyway—but let him once lose it, then what? He was sweating. It made me sweat too. . . . Yes," Brent said deliberately, "I put up that game. I played that trick on you. I wish, too," he added piously, "that it had come through the way I planned it!"

No doubt of that. No doubt, either, of his fervency. Though he smiled, there were beads of moisture on his brow. With a quick movement of his hand he wiped them away.

"The trouble was," Brent added ruefully, "Rita forced my hand."

Addie had been staring at him fixedly. Her cold wrath, through his recitation, had grown even more implacable. A trick, a dirty, contemptible one! Even yet she could hardly believe it. Now, however, at Rita's name she involuntarily started.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "So that was it?"

Brent looked at her sharply. "Was what?"

"Rita. You told her too?"

"She!" Brent shrugged. The shrug was expressive. "I told her nothing!" Then, before Addie could speak, he gave her another glance, the glance shrewd. "So she did get at you, did she?"

"You seem to know," retorted Addie.

Brent nodded grimly. "I know her. She'd threatened, too, to do it. It was something I hadn't counted on. The fact is, she found the check McCord gave you—it's stub, rather—in McCord's check book. It was that same night—— And would you like to hear the rest? As Jim, poor devil, had given me his word he'd tell no one, Rita jumped to first conclusions. Along with that, she wrung four thousand dollars out of him. It was to keep her mouth shut that he gave it to her, and I—I ——" Once more he grinned, the grin rueful. "I guess the laugh's on me again. I may have to pay it back to Jim."

"You?" She looked at him, the corner of her lip lifted anew. "Four thousand?"

"Perhaps."

"Where would you get four thousand—four more?"

Brent eyed her briefly. Somehow the glance again was disconcerting. Covert, quizzical, it hardly was the look a taunt like that should provoke.

"I? Oh, I dunno," drawled Brent.

She still was gazing at him suspiciously, a thought darting through her mind, when Brent shrugged.

"The joke is, the four thousand didn't stop her. Not Rita! The easy money was too easy. A couple of days ago she took another lick at him. She rapped for another check—it was eight thousand this time—and when he wouldn't give it to her—he didn't have it to give—she made good her threat—had a shot at you, as you know."

Yes, she knew. She boiled, too, at the remembrance. As she also remembered, she had him to thank for this also; and her lips taut, she was making ready to flay him with another taunt when Brent gave an abrupt ironic laugh.

"What a joke! What a comeback for all of us! I suppose you've heard what she did with the money. She's like you there," he grinned.

"Like me? You dare!"

He still grinned. "I'm telling you," drawled Brent, and he added: "Thank the Lord, I'm not in his boots—Jim's! Think of having that on your hands!"

She did not bother to think of it. She did not even try to think what it was that he so piously begged her to think about. It was demeaning enough that she had listened this far to him. At that instant Lent, the room manager, looked out from an inner office. As Lent glanced toward her, then withdrew again as he saw she was still occupied, she was reminded she had affairs to transact. Business. Something of importance.

"Yes, think of it!" Brent was drawling, his air almost humorous, when, with a gesture of unutterable scorn, she cut him short:

"Just a moment! Was this why you wished to see me?"

"Why what?" inquired Brent.

"Your views? Your ideas of that woman?"

"Rita?" He grinned again. Once more the grin was quizzical. "Hardly."

"Then what was it, please?"

He considered for a moment. Though he went on grinning idiotically, a little pucker drew his brows together. "Well, to be frank, I don't just know," he replied; "I had a dozen things I wished to say, but somehow I don't seem to have got anywhere. There's this money, though—the money you've made. How much did you say it was?"

How much? She drew herself up. "That's my affair!"

So it was. Brent nodded, his good nature unalterable. "Forty thousand, isn't it?" As she didn't deign to reply, he smiled. "Well, as I was about to say," he drawled, "wouldn't it be a good idea if you cleaned up now? You've got forty thousand, so why not make sure of it before you lose it?"

"Yes?"

"Forty thousand's forty thousand, you know."

Addie stiffened rigidly. "Is that what you wished to say? Did you come here to tell me that?"

"Why, yes; that was one thing," drawled Brent. A retort leaped to her lips, but he gave her no chance to utter it. He went on, his speech laconic: "That was one thing. another was: Why do you want this money? What's the money for?" As he said, forty thousand was quite an amount. Quite. It meant, at 6 per cent, an income of twenty-four hundred dollars a year, and on twenty-four hundred dollars a year, said Brent, a girl could do quite a lot—a girl like Addie. She could travel, she could dress. She could have a good time generally. In fact, why she didn't was what he couldn't see. No. It was at this point, though, that she cut him short.

Her eyes were flashing, her teeth were set. She never had known herself to be so cold with anger.

"Yes!" she snapped. "She could marry too!"

Brent nodded. "Marry too," he agreed; and she laughed aloud.

"What? When she had all this money?" She laughed again. "When she knew she could make it herself?"

He looked at her quizzically. "You mean you'd rather? You'd rather make it than marry?"

She cared little what she said now. He'd sneered and jibed at her as long as she cared to stand it.

"I suppose, too," she said deliberately, "you think I could marry you?"

That ended it. There was a pause. He still was smiling. "No, not I," said Brent.

"What?" she exclaimed.

Brent shook his head slowly, his eyes grave. "No. As much as I love you, you can't marry me. Not if I know myself!" he said. She gasped in spite of herself. "I'd be a fool if I did," he added.

XVI

PERHAPS. It's as one chooses to think. A fool or not, though, there was no doubt of the conviction put into that remark. She still was gaping at him when the clock in the office struck. It was half-past three.

The office was empty now. The close, belated fifteen minutes or so, had come in on the machines, and clanking on, they were grinding out the final bid-and-ask quotations.

In the inner office a telephone rang, and Lent, lolling over on his chair, picked up the receiver. Someone spoke on the wire and a grunt left the fat man.

"Wait a sec," he said; "I'll see." Then, after setting down the instrument, he removed his feet from the desk and pushed back his chair.

Cautiously, Lent opened the door on a crack. As guardedly, he peeped through the opening; after which he closed the door and returned to the telephone.

"Yeah," he reported, "still here. Still talking too. Looks like they were crying the banns or something." Indulging himself in a brief laugh at this witticism, he was about to say something additional, when he was interrupted. "What say?" he inquired.

Veith was at the other end of the wire. Veith spoke sharply. "You gave her the message, didn't you?" he demanded.

"Which?" inquired Lent.

"The message," repeated Veith. His voice was hurried, irritable. "I gave you a message for Miss Jessup."

"No, you didn't!" Lent retorted. "You gave me three. You said first, where could you see her. Then, later, you phoned to have her wait; you were coming up. After that, when you couldn't come up, you asked, could you see her at the ferry. What's all the worry, anyway? Must be something important."

Apparently. Again Veith spoke, and, grunting, Lent replied: "Yes, I know; that's all right too. I'll give her the message now, if you'll let me; only that bird you speak of is still here. They're still talking, too, sixteen to the dozen. What's more, from the look of 'em, I'd let 'em talk it out if I were you, I would. . . . What?" He paused for a moment, listening. "Oh, that? I've got it here on my desk; wait a minute." Setting down the telephone, he fumbled among the papers on the desk; then he picked up the receiver again. "Here's the figure—$42,811. Yeah, she got in another lam at Neutro today, y' know. . . . What?"

The receiver snapped and clicked: "Forty-two thousand dollars!"

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 113)

"Right-o, my boy! Forty-two little old grand! Run up, too, from a shoestring! Only if she's any friend of yours, son, I'd put her wise. This market's going to blow, take it from me! It's going to blow pronto too, unless I'm gaga, awry-eyed! I told her so myself this morning, but she gave me the laugh. She's out, she said, to make her shoestring fifty grand."

There was a rattle on the receiver: "Fifty thousand?"

"Fifty. . . . What's that?" After listening, Lent emitted another grunt. "Not I, not your Uncle Marmaduke; tell her yourself. They're all alike. Yeh, you know, as I told you, first it was ten—ten thou. Then, when she had the ten, it was twenty-five. Now it's fifty, yeah, and then —— What's that?" He listened momentarily, then he grinned. "All right, if you say so. I'll give it to her now. At the ferry, you say? . . . The 5:56 . . . Yeah, I know. . . . Yeah, I get you. . . . Yeah. . . . Good-by."

As he hung up the receiver he grinned. After the grin he gave his coat collar a twitch. This effected, for a moment Lent adjusted his necktie, and then, his face suave, he crossed the room and opened the door. There he stopped. The two were still talking. As he saw them, Lent stared for an instant. Then, quietly, he closed the door.

Said Brent: "A fool, if I did. I'll tell you why, if you care to know."

She didn't particularly. She had heard all she cared to hear. After the first gasp, though, she shook herself together.

"Don't bother yourself!" she rasped.

"No bother," grinned Brent.

She could have struck him as he spoke. Anger—call it rage—sometimes is a stout armor—for women, anyway. Sometimes it saves tears, and tears give one away. Perhaps, though, she wouldn't have cried, whatever the case. A couple of clerks were still in the room; they were slapping up the final prices on the board; besides, this was hardly the place in which to indulge in a woman's usual solace—usual or, at any rate, so alleged. Not in a brokerage office, anyway. But as dirty as that other trick had been—the game he'd played on her—this was dirtier. She saw, too, the tactical error she had made. She should have been first to say what he'd said.

She came, too, out of her haze to hear Brent speaking:

"It's this way, you know: I don't care a hoot about what you've done or the way you set out to do it; I don't give a tinker's hurrah, either, about the cash you've managed to rake down. That isn't the point. You could have gone out, if you'd liked, and stuck up an express car to get it and I still would have stood by and waited. Waited for you, you know. Waited till you got out of quod. This business, though, is different. It's all right, maybe, if it's your regular business and you can give all your time to it; though that, too, isn't the point. It's the fact that you'd never be satisfied. No matter how much I raked up and brought in, you'd be hankering for a little something extra. Something on the side. You know—something easy. Say you wanted a new hat or a new fur coat, a couple of pearl dingle-dangles, maybe, and say I wasn't there with the well-known little old family check book—well, what odds? Next thing you know, here you'd be, off on the easy-money chase again, your household left to run itself, and you with next month's rent and the butter-and-eggs bill put up as margins on Consolidated Dishrag common, American Stewpan preferred—that or some other cat-and-dog. Of course," added Brent, "I may be old-fashioned, out-of-date. It may be, too, that I expect too much of a wife. Just the same, if any woman's willing to take the chance and goes so far as to marry me, I'd somehow expect of her—somehow, you know—that she'd stick about on the job. Part of the time, anyway. Enough, anyhow, to make a stab at it. Not off, I mean, all the time. Not trying to beat a game like this. We men try it, I know. I've often had a hankering to try it myself, only —— What?"

She had spoken. "Stop talking to me!" she said sharply.

"Stop?"

"You heard me!"

"All right," nodded Brent, and he grinned. "I was only going to say ——"

"Mr. Lent!" Addie called abruptly. Lent, it seemed, again had appeared at the inside office door. "Mr. Lent!"

"Who's he—the room manager?" inquired Brent. Indolently, deliberately, she turned her back to him. She heard Brent speak. "Oh, very well," said Brent.

She paid no heed, however. "That Neutro, Mr. Lent; I've changed my mind."

"Eh?" inquired Lent.

"I gave you an order to sell—you know at what price. You needn't, though. I may buy more in the morning."

"More?"

She nodded lightly. "More, Mr. Lent."

The smile vanished from Lent's face. "There's a message for you, Miss Jessup. I've been waiting to give it. Mr. Veith phoned."

"Mr. Veith?" she murmured.

She didn't turn around. For an instant she was a bit disconcerted. It was only for an instant, though. Lent gave her his message, and as she heard it her heart leaped. She'd show him how!

Brent, of course, was the one she'd show. She still didn't turn around. Brightly, the smile on her face glittering, she nodded as she heard the message repeated.

"At the ferry, you say? The 5:56, you say? . . . Yes, of course. I'll be delighted!"

Delighted, yes. Triumphant now, as well. But when she turned about, all set now to flaunt her little triumph—the ferry, Veith waiting there for her!—the smile all at once died. Brent had gone.

XVII

HALF-PAST FIVE! The train boat left at 5:56, and burdened down with his bundles, Mr. Jessup hurried. Dodging across West Street, he picked his way through the crowded traffic and headed toward the ferryhouse.

Whatever the case with other members of his household, the days gone by had not effected much of a change, if any, in the routine of his daily doings. Every day, promptly at nine A.M., he punched the time clock in the Pine Street insurance office. Promptly at five P.M. he punched the clock again. After that, to be sure, his time was supposed to be all his own, but there were moments when the insurance man himself may have had doubts. Somehow, it gradually had borne in on him that life, after all, was a fixed, static business, varied only by doing over again at stated intervals the selfsame things he'd always done. Thus, tonight varied only in that it was fish night, not the night, say, for roast beef; and Mrs. Jessup having dictated to him a preference for Spanish mackerel, fresh, and there being no Spanish mackerel in the market, either fresh or otherwise, he had sighed. In short, habituated to routine, it upset him when the routine was broken. However, "Make it cod," he'd said to the fishmonger, knowing, as he did, the discussion cod in place of mackerel would excite in a certain quarter; and now, with the four-pound fish under one arm and two heads of lettuce, a quartet of grapefruit and six French chops under the other, he pushed on into the ferryhouse, his commutation ticket held between his lips and his eyes somewhat furtive and uneasy.

The fact is, ever since his daughter's remarks about making himself a pack horse, the insurance man had worn that same look each night he arrived at the boat.

She had not spoken of it again. Neither had Mr. Jessup brought up the topic. For one thing, it would have done no good; for another, conversation, not to speak of confidences, rather had languished between them of late. He knew, of course, her views. It was no secret to him that she looked down on the existence he led, on the things he did to make even that existence possible. He knew, too, her opinion of him for silently suffering these indignities. But why protest? Why complain? He couldn't help himself. If, as in fact, she had pointed out, these bundles he bore were a badge of his defeat, his failure in life, what could he do about it? It was too late now to change; though that didn't make it easier. Conscious now, both of the bundles and what they signified, he sidled into the ferryhouse each evening, his manner uneasy.

"Gee!" said Mr. Jessup.

He held his ticket in his mouth. That was because, with his parcels, his hands were otherwise occupied.

"What say?" inquired the ticket taker, looking startled.

Mr. Jessup made no answer. Somehow disengaging one encumbered hand, he took back the ticket from the man and bore on into the ferryhouse. The place was jammed; the usual crowd was surging up to the gates. It wasn't just the bundles, though, or what they signified, that had evoked the momentary expletive. It was rather a memory that the bundles invoked. On the train that morning he had ridden in to the city with that young man, Walter Brent. Brent had told him what was going on. Staggered, Mr. Jessup had gasped.

"You did that? You gave her four thousand dollars!" Again he gasped. "You mean she lost it—stocks?"

Brent had grinned. "No such luck! The joke's on me—she won!"

"Won!"

Brent nodded. "Thousands," he replied; and appalled, Mr. Jessup had sat upright.

"How many thousands?"

Brent had told him that, too, and Mr. Jessup had gasped again.

He could not believe it. It was incredible, out of all reason. A girl like that? No, no! Preposterous! And he was still stammering when he heard Brent laugh. That exactly was the case. It was because she was a girl like that, inexperienced, untrained, guileless, that she had managed to get away with it. Luck. Blind chance. Guesswork. Had it been otherwise or had she been experienced, the first brief taste of luck such as that might have stopped her. She might have seen how preposterous it was. Mr. Jessup, though, hardly could wait till Brent had finished. A new thought had leaped into his mind. He must see her. At once he must talk to her. However, he no sooner had said this than Brent cut him short. What Brent said, too, was brusque.

"You must do nothing of the sort!" Brent had intervened.

"What?" Mr. Jessup had cried. He was bewildered. "What if she loses it?"

The reply had been still more staggering. "That's exactly what she must do," had been Brent's reply. Staggering, inconceivable.

"But—but ——" Mr. Jessup had stammered. If, as Brent had said, she had all that, think what she could do! Why, she could marry! She could marry now! "You want to marry her, don't you?" Yes. No doubt of that. Brent, indeed, wished to marry her. He wished it more than all else in the world; and relieved, Mr. Jessup had hurriedly wiped the moisture from his brow. "Well, then, with the money—all that money—you can, can't you?" he was saying when Brent again cut him short:

"Not that money! Not if I know myself!" Brent had said.

"You won't?"

"Never!"

"Not till, as you say, she's lost it?"

Brent had replied, "I don't know even then, Mr. Jessup."

In short, as he stood now in the ferryhouse, his arms burdened with his bundles, that was what Mr. Jessup knew. He knew that; he knew, too, what went with it. What stuck, though, in Mr. Jessup's mind was less that discovery, the knowledge of his daughter's doings, than it was their consequences. At any rate, all his life and the struggle he had made seemed to have come down to this one moment, a bleak climax to his efforts. No use, though. Nothing he could do. It all was up to her. Of age, full-grown, she was her own mistress. A free agent, she was the one to direct her own affairs, and, as he saw, he seemed to have failed here as he had failed otherwise. And how little he had asked too! All he'd wished was the one thing—this marriage. Nothing much. Not a great deal to ask. A good home, a man good enough for her—that was all. Oh, well. . . . Pushing on into the ferryhouse, he again heaved a sigh and was heading toward the inner gate when he halted short, the sigh dying on his lips. There was his daughter now.

Alone, she had just come in. Halfway to the gates she'd stopped and was alertly looking behind her. As he saw this, Mr. Jessup saw something else. A man, his hat raised, was worming his way through the crowd. It was that young man, the one he'd seen at the ferry before; the same man, too, he had heard talking to her on the porch; and shambling, his face all at once guilty, Mr. Jessup shrank back into the crowd.

There he was, his arms bulging with his bundles! What should he do? Never had the bundles seemed so huge, so demeaning. Well, this time, anyway, he'd see she wasn't shamed, and slinking back, Mr. Jessup was plunging deeper into the crowd when a hand reached out and caught him by the coat. A voice, too, at the same instant spoke.

"Give me that," said the voice. It was Brent. As he spoke he took the bundle from under Mr. Jessup's arm. It was the fish. "Give me your other bundles, too!" snapped Brent.

One by one he took them. As Mr. Jessup stood speechless, he tucked them under his arms. "All aboard!" a ferry hand shouted, pushing back the gate; and Brent spoke again, his voice composed: "Come along, Mr. Jessup," he directed. Then, the bundles conspicuous in his arms, Brent strode across the ferryhouse, smiling faintly as he passed Mr. Jessup's daughter and the young man with her.

Mr. Jessup, his face moist, followed at his heels.

XVIII

"ALL aboard!"

As he got out of his cab and made his way into the waiting room, Veith was very nearly running. Almost to the last minute he had been held at the Broad Street office.

What a day! To Veith, at all events, it was such—a day to be marked up in red ink and further signaled by an exclamation point. Again at the close the market had gone wild, and back eventually from his bootless excursion to the uptown branch he had found the customers' room filled with feverish dabblers querulous at his absence. "Where's Veith? What's become of Veith?" Nor was that all. Gage, the head partner, was out in the midst of the throng, and as Veith came in, Gage glanced significantly at the quotation board, then back as significantly at Veith. After that, he directed at the office clock an equally meaning look. "Back, eh?" he inquired curtly.

A lot Veith had cared! Fed up with it, he was in a mood to chuck the whole affair. Nothing happened, though. Perhaps, in Veith's look, Gage saw his assistant's state of nerves. Perhaps, too, he considered for the instant the business his assistant brought to the firm. Good business, a lot of it; a part gilt-edged investment trade, the best. However, having contented himself with a stare, Gage spoke again:

"Your man McCord—you'll have to call him again. McCord's short on Neutro."

It was the last straw. Veith gaped. Short? How could that be? When he had left the office at noon, McCord had bought Neutro, been long.

"Yes," nodded Gage, a square-set, middle-aged man with a brusque, brief way, a business manner, "yes; but after you left he switched." And that wasn't all of it, either. Veith out of the way, McCord had gone short an additional thousand

shares, and Neutro at once turning in its tracks, McCord had found himself whipsawed.

Loser's luck! It comes that way just as it comes the other way. Thus, as Neutro had turned, rising till it had burst through to a new high, McCord had been squeezed both coming and going.

Veith, however, hadn't called McCord. McCord hadn't come back to the Broad Street office that day; and unable to locate him a few minutes before the close, his margins raga, his paper profits tatters, the firm had closed out his account.

"Step lively! All aboard!"

Veith stepped lively. He had reason to make haste. Over the telephone the person he wished to see had sent word she'd meet him there; yet he wondered. What, too, if he missed the boat? Tomorrow might be too late. And even if he saw her, would what he had to say be of any purpose?

Fidgeting, his nerves unaccountably raw, he joined the line strung out in front of the ticket window. Fagged, he was momentarily sunk with a sense of apprehension, gloom. What stuck most in his mind, though, as he stood there in the ticket line, was his own part in this business—McCord's, hers, all the others like them. He had no illusions, of course—or, if he'd ever had them, they long had been lost—but why the devil should he have been put on like this? Why, in other words, should he always and inevitably be taken by people for what he wasn't? He was no Midas. What he touched wasn't inevitably turned to gold. All the same, you'd have thought so, judging from them—their effusiveness, their eager friendliness. It was as if he had money to hand them for the asking. Veith wished that at least a part of this effusiveness, this friendliness, might be due to his own charms, whatever they were, and not, as it was, to this fancied belief in his ability to make them rich overnight. And here was that girl too—like them!

"Where to, please?" It was the ticket agent. He had to speak again, though, before the young man at the window seemed to comprehend. "Where to, I said."

Veith laid down a dollar bill. "A ferry ticket," he said hurriedly. There was need, too, of hurry, he saw, but to his exasperation the man waved him away.

"Pay at the ferry entrance," he directed; and swearing under his breath, Veith snatched up the bill he'd just put down and made a dash for the wicket. Just as he got to it he saw her. She was waiting. She waved gayly to him as he saw her. Veith smiled with relief.

"All aboard!"

Those few minutes in the ferryhouse were destined to be remembered. They would be recalled, at all events, by Veith. They would be recalled, too, by the girl he had gone there to meet. Though she had been there only a few minutes at the most before he arrived, the delay, while she waited, had consciously had an effect. Veith had said at what hour he would be there, and purposely, for reasons known to herself, she had delayed her arrival so that she would not get there before him. Meanwhile, having failed in this, she had fixed her eye on the ferry clock, her feelings mixed, a nervous wonder uppermost.

Why had he telephoned to meet him? Why, too, had the message been so imperative? Imperative—that was the word. True, she had a notion; and what the notion was, a faint smile, a trace of sudden color in her skin gave some hint; in fact, it was for this reason that the delay proved disconcerting. However, she still was smiling, the frail color still tinting her when of a sudden the smile waned. Her father had just come in at the entrance. Behind him she saw someone else, besides—Brent; and tense, her figure all at once rigid, she had just turned her shoulder toward them when Veith appeared in the offing.

That, however, was not what Addie Jessup always would remember.

Each by itself, each small happening was recorded. There was, first, the little comedy of the bundles. She saw Brent take them from her father's arms, and she was for an instant nonplused. Then, as the significance of this came to her, as again, too, she colored faintly, she managed, with a shrug, to rid herself of what she felt. Veith was nearer now. To her brief regret, too, she saw he had no hand bag with him. Naturally, since he'd said to meet him at the ferry, she'd inferred he meant to go out on the train with her; and so, inferring in turn that he meant to spend the night, she had debated whether to ask him to her house. However, be that as it may, she had little chance to consider now.

Veith had his hat raised. Brent, too, was coming toward her. She smiled brightly, and with no further ado, ignoring Brent, she turned her back on him. This, though, was now what, afterward, she would remember. As much as she might recall this, the other happening she hardly would forget.

Veith was speaking: "Sorry to be late," he said hurriedly, and, as hurriedly, he spoke again. "Sorry, too, I can't go out on the train with you; I ——"

Then, his breath caught, Veith stopped short.

Addie was looking up at him. She saw him catch his breath, heard the sound. Then, what was in the nature of a gasp came from Veith.

"Look! McCord! Good Lord!" said Veith.

It was McCord, indeed; and it was a McCord she would remember!

His face like putty, his eyes wild and fixed straight before him in a blind, unseeing stare, McCord was blundering along through the ferryhouse. He passed within an arm's reach; yet he neither spoke nor did he seem to see them. Addie heard him breathe as he lumbered by; the breath escaping between his dry, white lips in a whistle. Nor was that all of it. Behind McCord came Rita, her eyes sullen, covertly smiling; and she, too, went by without speech or so much as a glance at the man and the girl who stared at her as she passed.

"Did you see that?" Veith said in a whisper.

They did not stand there long. Only for an instant the spell lasted. Again Veith gave an exclamation and, his eyes fastened on the two figures passing through the ferry gate, he spoke abruptly.

"Wait for me. I'll see you on the train. I'm going out to Brightwood," he said rapidly.

"With them?" asked Addie.

There was no reply. He had gone.

She did not see Veith, though, on the train. It was not until hours later that she saw him. Then, in the dark, out on the porch where she'd been waiting expectantly, she heard his footfall as he came striding up the walk.

She was in a thin evening dress, her bare arms and shoulders gleaming in the starlight, a thin scarf their only protection. As she rose the scarf slipped from her. She was smiling. "Well. Late, aren't you?" she murmured.

Late? He looked at her for a moment.

"I came when I could," he said soberly. Then, without pause he added: "McCord shot himself tonight. I had to wait there for the coroner."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ROBE DE STYLE

(Continued from Page 19)

Someone called to her to hurry up, that John loathed waiting.

Fanny went. She went because she had come with the John Carmichaels, who were ready to go home. She could probably have managed a ride with someone else later, but Mary Carmichael wouldn't have liked that. Fanny knew what people liked and what they did not like. It was part of the business of being a poor friend who got lifts in other people's cars, and she knew that business thoroughly. She was rather an expert in it.

The Carmichaels dropped Fanny at the door of the apartment house, and as she went in, Fanny could hear their car slide down the street in the direction of wider ones and the Carmichael house, where Mary's bed would be turned down and the right lights left for her, and she would have nothing to do except enjoy her luxury and think of new kinds to demand from John. Mary Carmichael was getting heavier, thought Fanny, and reflected with a kind of jealousy that Mary could. Mary didn't have to be alluring. She didn't expect people to turn when she came into the room and admire her effects. She could just put on a dress and know that she would be as highly regarded in one as in another. She didn't have to keep on interesting people and surprising them and charming them. And Fanny knew only too well what hard work that was, and how poorly paid.

Her apartment was one flight up in an old, hand-me-down, made-over building that boasted no elevator. Sometimes Fanny pretended that she liked it, spoke of what she called its pleasant Victorian reserve, called attention to its wood-burning fireplace. She had learned to speak casually of her little *pied-à-terre*, where, as she said, she parked her independence. But tonight she was all out of pretenses. When she turned the light switch by the door and came into the room, she detested it. She could dress up this place with the right mood and make it attractive to an occasional guest for tea, but not to herself. She knew that it was a stuffy room, always too hot or too cold, and that the fireplace could only be trusted when the wind was in the right direction, that the wood for it had to be cut to pigmy size. She picked three mourning, discolored roses out of a luster vase and tossed them into the wastebasket. She hated the charcoal sketch of herself on the wall, which had been holding that impudent pose of the head for eleven years, and the stale magazines on the table and the ebony cigarette box and the furniture, which had neither the smartness of youth nor the charm of age, but was a little older than it ought to be, like herself.

There was so little in the room that meant anything to her any more. The room itself meant nothing. She would have liked a new apartment done in the modern manner, with furniture made of beautiful woods into odd shapes by master craftsmen. But there was no chance of that. Hallie Graves wanted Fanny to help her furnish such a place and they had gone about together, choosing and admiring. But it would be Hallie's house when it was done. Poor Hallie!

Looking at the wood box, Fanny suddenly thought that if that man came to tea, she must get some more wood for the fireplace. There was hardly any left. Perhaps he wouldn't come. For a while there—what a grand sport Mrs. Vetter was—he had been easy to manage. Then someone had got hold of him. Well, if she saw him again, she'd have to set up her own line of defense.

She reflected on Cuyler with some concentration. Men like that didn't turn up very often. He didn't seem very bright, she thought, and he was full of mottoes and copy-book ideas. But he was handsome in a mature way, and he must have seen and done things of importance. There weren't very many unmarried men like that. Fanny knew. She was asked about enough to know. She was asked to amuse some elderly judge who wasn't the marrying kind, or to make up a couple with some man whose wife was away, or to be a fourth at bridge, or merely because everyone knew she could be trusted to be decorative and stimulating to all the men and so help to make a party go. She was not asked to meet eligible, marrying men, partly because there were so few of them of her age, and partly because the few there were wanted to be with young girls. Fanny knew that she was an old story. She was an old and tiresome story to herself, for she had strangely little vanity.

In the little room which adjoined her living room she turned on a merciless light and looked at her face in the mirror. There were lines in it. She could see them, for she knew just where to look. They were around her mouth; just indicated, as if time were using a very light pencil. She lifted the soft satin dress above her head and put it carefully on a hanger, speculating incidentally on how long it was going to take to pay for it. Then she sat down and unscrewed a jar of cold cream. It was almost empty and she thought drearily of how much it would cost to refill it. But it would have to be done. She was very tired and her back ached a little. The narrow bed tempted her. But Fanny sat there, patting the cream into her face, as if her face did not belong to her at all, as if it were something she was entirely responsible for, but did not like.

"Why didn't I go to work six years ago?" she thought. "Or marry? Why didn't I break away?" She knew that there were defenses, but tonight she was arguing against herself. She knew that she had not gone to work because she had no training and that the gap between professionalism and leisure is difficult to bridge without guidance. She knew that she had not taken those chances to remarry because the thought of ever trusting a man again had been impossible then. As for breaking away, there had been no money to do that. Her own family background had disintegrated. There was a brother, but there was also a suburban sister-in-law, with cold glances at Fanny's scandal and preoccupations of her own. The Henry Castles had taken Fanny on a Mediterranean cruise that first winter, and when she had come back it had seemed that she could live better among people who knew and liked her than she could anywhere else, and also have more chances to supplement what little income she had with a part-time job once in a while. But just now the excuses and the reasons seemed all false. She was wishing fiercely, as she skillfully patted her face, that she could have met that man tonight without having to cajole him. That, when he had talked about being disillusioned, she could have told him a few things!

It was a small fire, but it did all the work of a large one. It had been gay and crackling, and now it had fallen into the comfortable stage of resting on its fat red coals and asking for confidence.

"This is a delightful room," said Cuyler, "a charming room."

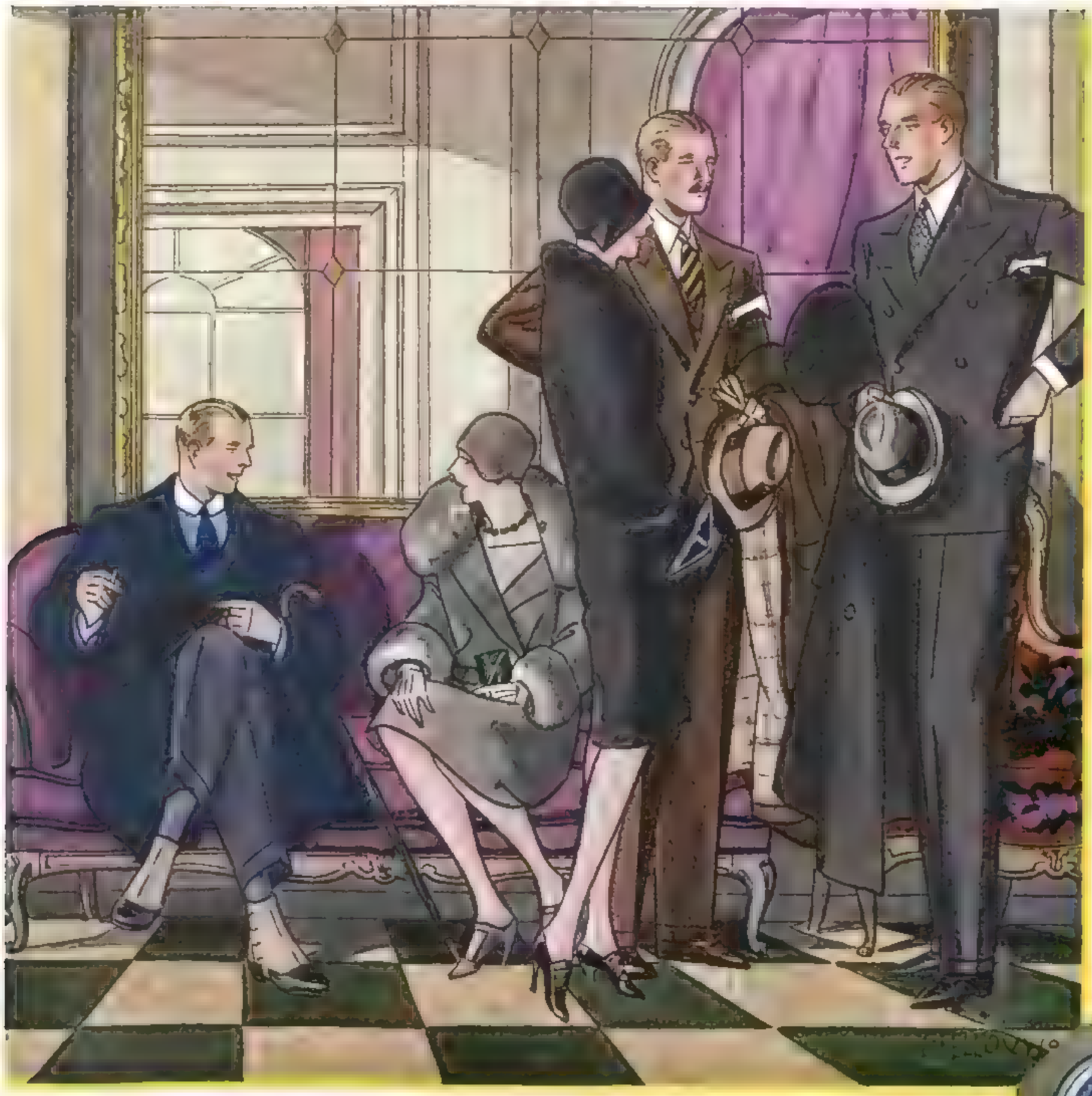
He was in the large basket chair, the place where he usually sat. For he had come in the last month to make rather a habit of Fanny's tea. Sometimes there were other people there; sometimes—as today—no one except Fanny.

"It's a very ordinary one," she answered.

"No. You seem to have a kind of genius for making a home."

Fanny took that tribute in silence. She was wearing her red Doucet dress, which was wool and fitted closely around the base of her throat; the dress that Hallie had given her in a fit of generosity. It was a plain dress that made Fanny look very young, but its lines were cut by someone who knew a great deal about beautiful women, and the brilliant color took up the

(Continued on Page 118)



A rendezvous at the Ritz. . . . In that moment of first impressions, it is clothes (though they may not make the man) that make the introduction.

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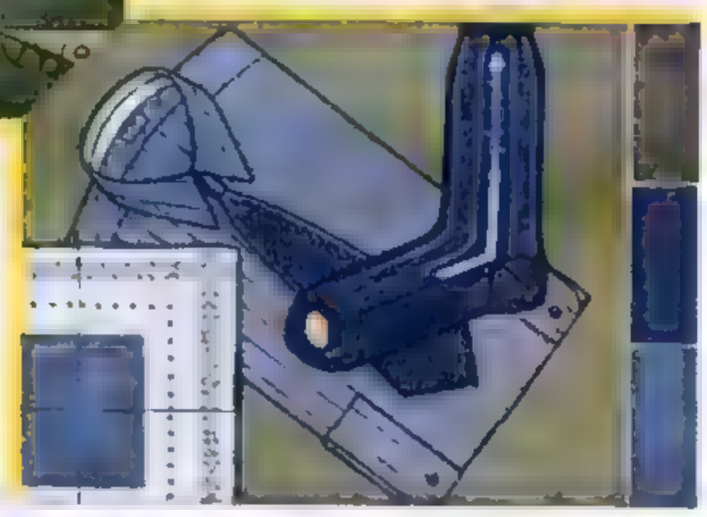
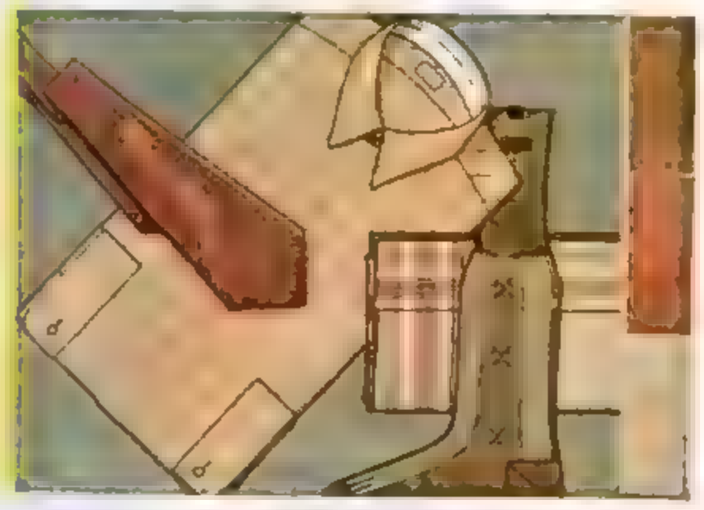


IMPROMPTU IN BLUE *by Wilson Brothers: Shirt with separate starched collars; silk hose; hand tailored tie; roll-edge handkerchief; blending from the lightest to the deepest shade of blue.*



IMPROMPTU IN TAN *by Wilson Brothers: Starched collars match the shirt; silk hose, self-striped and embroidered; Jacquard silk tie; roll-edge handkerchief; blending from tangerine to tan.*

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(Continued from Page 116)

work the firelight had begun. She had made tea and served the English muffins that the bakery would make on a day's notice and some maple paste that someone had sent her from Vermont.

And at the florist's she had hesitated between a potted white hyacinth, which she could buy for a dollar and a half, and six freesias at the same price. Fanny loved freesia. But she knew that six made no effect and would be lost, even in the luster vase, and besides, they were exotic flowers. The potted hyacinth had a domestic look.

"And you don't know what a home means to me," Cuyler went on.

"Have you wanted one?" asked Fanny. "I supposed you were a citizen of the world. That you didn't want to be tied to one place."

It was so easy to tell her after that. He did not realize that she had given him the opening. He only felt that she didn't know about him, and he wanted her to know. He told her of what living away from his own country does to a man, and how he hoped that he never would have to do it again. Of course now and again he might have to go to China, but not to stay for any length of time. He spoke also of the sadness and dreariness of his mother's house, where the old lady lay paralyzed and failing. The house was managed by servants. It was no longer a home

"Of course I'm not a young man," he said. "I don't know whether I've managed badly or life has handled me in its own way. But I've missed a lot. And I don't think I'm really too old yet for some of the things that come naturally to younger men."

She was a little sorry for him and for a moment almost forgot the answer. Then she said that he wasn't old.

"Not much older than I am," she admitted gayly.

"You look like a child."

She knew she did—in the firelight in the red dress, with just enough make-up and not too much, and one slim leg curled under her.

"Perhaps I am just growing up," she answered thoughtfully.

He thought—as of course he would—that it was because of him. That she had slid through all her experiences unscathed until now.

"You've never been awakened," he said almost pityingly.

They were stock words. Almost every man who made love to Fanny had used them. But today they actually made her wonder if they meant anything. It hadn't occurred to her previously that they did.

"That's a frightening thought," she said. "I'm not sure I want to be awakened."

"I didn't mean it to be frightening. I wish I could make it reassuring. Doesn't it depend," he asked, and left his chair to come and stand beside her and watch the shining copper of her hair in the firelight—"doesn't it depend on what you wake up to? Aren't the deepest realities in life the most beautiful?"

That hadn't been Fanny's experience, but she let it go uncontradicted.

"The first time I saw you," Cuyler said, "you stood out among all the other women in the room, not just because you're beautiful but because I felt that for you things hadn't gone stale; that there was—do you mind if I call it an innocence?—about you that was utterly different from the attitude of most modern women."

Fanny thought back to that first impression, remembering the blue satin dress, the pink sash—that picture dress which she was a little afraid was a blunder when she bought it. That Callot model had been very expensive, but she knew that she could let the bill drag for a while, and perhaps this month she'd be lucky at bridge. Anyway, the dress had been a good investment. Its ingénue idea had certainly gone over. He has nice hands, she thought irrelevantly.

"Do you think," he was asking, "that I could awaken you to some new things in life? If you gave me a chance? Will you give me a chance?"

Of course she did. She had been intending to. Her friends were watching the situation with some eagerness and a shade of anxiety, because, as Mary Carmichael said, "Fanny has a particular talent for going right up to the water and then refusing to drink." They were relieved when it was a matter of an engagement on record. Everyone had been very fair. For most people liked Fanny, wanted to see her break even, and were glad to see her go from the nebulous, drifting, hand-to-mouth social existence that she had lived for seven years into the security of the wealthy married woman. Things took on shape rapidly. There was to be no display, for Cuyler said he hated those noisy weddings which seemed to be handled by a professional organizer and an advertising association. Fanny agreed. She let him lead the way. It was rather fun to be taken care of.

He did that very completely. After a few weeks Fanny began to see why he was such a success in reorganizing some of the decrepit companies which he had put on their feet in China. He always had a plan of organization before he began to do anything, and he did not depart from it. He also had a mind for detail, and to him a decision was almost synonymous with performance. And he had decided about Fanny, what was good for her, what was not, how their lives were to develop. He was working in a kind of ecstasy on perfecting the details.

Of course the first time he took her home at half-past eleven from a party that was all set for at least three more hours, Fanny thought it was only funny. She said that she wasn't tired, that she didn't need a lot of sleep, and anyway, she'd had plenty the night before. But Cuyler said that he wasn't going to let her run herself ragged, and he was so tender and devoted that she did not raise any further argument, but went home and lay awake for hours as she had known she would.

She was going to be rich. And as there was now no use in regarding her small capital as so sacrosanct as it had been, she made certain inroads on it and paid all her outstanding bills and went at the business of getting clothes. Not the cream satin and lace of a first bride, for she did not want to renew the associations that went with that sort of dress, but clothes for the person who would be shortly known as the excessively smart Mrs. Cuyler Morris. It was a delightful experience to buy clothes for that lady, for Fanny liked her.

The black-and-white ensemble, with its flat white caracul fur as flexible as ribbon, was to her mind the best-looking thing she had seen in years. In all the welter of clothes, things like that didn't appear every day, and Fanny knew that she was one woman in ten thousand who could make the most of it. She was very careful about the hat Thorpe made for it, and when she was finally completely satisfied with the effect, she looked as if she might have been a pen-and-ink drawing of herself by a clever, rather satirical artist. Not a touch of hair showed under the hat. She wore no rouge, although lately she had been careful to keep color in her cheeks. And she made up her lips in a shade that was just sufficiently artificial to show that she knew exactly what she was about. Then she went to meet Cuyler, who was taking her to lunch.

He looked startled.

"Hello," he said. "All in black today! You don't look like yourself."

"It's new," she told him. "Do you like it?"

"I liked what you had on yesterday better. It was more your type, I think."

Yesterday she had worn a vagabond felt hat and a sport coat and been one of a hundred good-looking women. Today she was an individual. She was disappointed that he should not recognize that, see how perfectly these clothes suited her, and her disappointment curdled into anger.

"You look a little tired today," said Cuyler.

"I haven't any rouge on," she answered.

He looked at her lips.

(Continued on Page 121)

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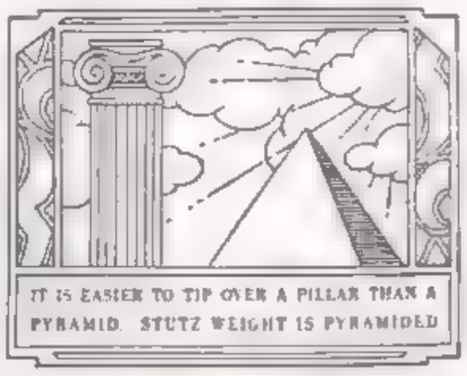

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Isn't that a new wrinkle—the stuff on your lips?"

"Do you mind?"

"Of course not. But you somehow don't look like my sweetheart today."

"No," she said, "nor America's sweetheart either."

He seemed utterly nonplused, and she was suddenly sorry and put her hand on his. Then she went into the dressing room of the hotel where they were lunching and rubbed the coloring off her lips and put some rouge on her cheeks and pulled her hair down in two shining tabs on her cheeks and unbuttoned the high-necked satin dress, so that the white V of her neck showed. It was like altering a masterpiece, and her lips were clean of red paste, but they curved with irony as she did it. When she rejoined Cuyler, he was delighted.

"I'm glad you rubbed that stuff off your lips," he said. "You look better. That is a pretty outfit, after all."

It was a small incident, but it fitted into other incidents and made a pattern. There was the time when Margot Jackson was talking about money and made quite a story about the fact that she had run over her allowance again and was overdrawn at the bank.

"I guess that allowance plan usually works out like that," said Cuyler, with the kind of chuckle that laughs a good many modern feminine improvements out of court.

Someone asked him what he would do to improve it.

"Why," he said, "it seems to me artificial. A home is the common unit. The money all comes out of one pocketbook, doesn't it? My father paid every bill in the house and my mother had all she could do to look after the house without turning paymaster."

Fanny asked him more about it when they were alone.

"How shall we manage about money?"

"You don't have to. I want you to have everything you want and need. I want you to be happy," Cuyler answered fondly. . . . "I love the way your hair grows."

"Yes," she said, "of course. But you mean you expect me to ask you for money when I want it?"

"You don't think I'd ever refuse it, do you?"

"No. I was thinking of the asking."

"You don't have to worry about that. You're the spender. I'm the earner. All you have to do is to send the bills to me. Of course I don't think we ought to waste money."

"No," she said again. She was remembering some things that she had heard about the rather notorious closeness of Cuyler's mother. And there was some story about his father which had the same theme. She remembered, too, that Cuyler, who played very indifferent bridge, did not believe in playing cards for money. There were quite a few things he did not believe in, when you started counting them up.

There were times when Fanny felt as if she were continually acting in a play. She wore the dresses Cuyler liked. Not the black-and-white ensemble, not the green one, not the backless flesh-colored velvet. She let him love her. She let him tell her again and again that he was going to awaken her. She thought, as she listened, of all the things she knew, which had been revealed to her in the lonely, bitter years since she had married Gilbert Starr—that loyalties are few and that cruelty is common and that the relationships of men and women cannot be summed up in maxims or books, or in anything else except eternity. She knew that she ought not to be lonely now. Cuyler was continually telling her that she never could be again. But sometimes she felt that the rather tired Fanny Starr, whom she knew and liked best, had never been so lonely, for she had never been so completely misunderstood. She told herself that after they were married she could be herself much more. There was so much that was fine and kind and true to the bone about Cuyler. But perhaps, if she let him marry her, taking her for this ingénue soul that he preferred to think she was, it would be only fair to continue the rôle. Fanny was fair. Anyone and everyone who knew her admitted that.

Hallie came on for the wedding. As soon as she heard that her beloved Fanny was to be married, she came straight across the continent, dragging drama and scandal in her trail. She made no bones about anything. Indeed, she had broken down so many reserves that now she rather liked to talk about her troubles. She was a nervous, excitable woman of forty whose beauty was wearing very thin, who wore clothes that other women feared, and who had a scandalous aura of publicity.

Cuyler met Hallie one evening. He was courteous but brief, and he remained grave all evening, glancing at Hallie every now and then. Her hair was brushed back from her forehead as if it were oiled, and she wore a beaded dress that glittered and displayed her notorious and lovely body, and the most absurd French net gloves.

It was one of the nights that he wanted to break away early, but Fanny showed more resistance than usual, so they were both a little on edge as they left. About Fanny's neck was a string of rose quartz crystals, and Cuyler touched it as he stood inside her door with her, saying good night.

"Pretty things," he said. "Where did you get them?"

"Hallie Graves brought them to me."

He frowned. "Do you take presents from her?"

"If I get them," said Fanny. "Hallie's one of my best friends."

"I wish you wouldn't say that."

She stared at him. "Why not?"

"Surely you know. Mrs. Graves is an unfortunate woman. I know nothing about the merits of her affairs. But she has certainly given color to the stories about her by her own actions. She's obviously contemptuous of society. Wants to be bizarre, conspicuously dressed, attracting attention."

"You're thinking of the net gloves," said Fanny, laughing. "You have to be frightfully smart to get away with those. And Hallie is. She certainly has style."

"She's not your kind of person. Why should we bother with her?"

"She came from California to be at my wedding."

"I don't want her to be at our wedding."

Fanny looked utterly blank. "Well, I don't know what you can do about that. She's here."

"It's our wedding," he said—"yours and mine. It's an intrusion to have a woman like that—a woman who's been mixed up in scandals—force her way in at such a time. A sacred time."

"Oh, well," said Fanny in the coldest voice in the world, "if it comes to that, so have I been mixed up in scandal. I think we're both better off if we're not at your wedding. Both Hallie and I."

"You don't mean that."

"I do mean it. I'm going to tell you just what I do mean. You're all wrong about me. You've set up this little foolish idea of me that isn't me at all. You saw me in a trick dress and decided I had the mind that went with the dress—one of those pink-and-blue ingénue affairs that don't exist any more except in sentimental songs. At least I hope they don't. I know I played up to you. I've been doing it for months and it's been a low-down business. But you're getting out in time. I'm not the person you think. I'm thirty-three years old and I know my way about. And you can't awaken me to life. I've been awake for years! I've been in a scandal as well as Hallie Graves."

"I know," he said, "but that was different. I've never even asked you about that. I never would."

"I'll tell you without asking. I'd been a fool. I was half crazy with disillusions. I've had more disillusions than you know exist. My husband didn't have any right to sue me for divorce. I'd been decent. But I'm not sure that, if he hadn't been killed, I could have proved it."

There was a hush that was harder to endure than words. Their very thoughts seemed to clash noisily in it.

"So there you are," said Fanny. "Hallie's much as I was. If I had her temperament and her bad nerves and less luck, I might be playing it as badly as she is now. She's generous and she's unhappy. She loves her husband, which is more than I did after the first year or two, when he began ——" She paused again. "And I'm standing right by Hallie. She stood by me. And I'm a pretty hard and very modern woman. That's the kind of woman I want to be! I want to wear the kind of clothes I like, not picture things for you to stroke. I want to have a decent allowance instead of being an old-fashioned married beggar. I've been a hypocrite with you every time I met you, but I'm straight now. So good-by."

And against the crisp finality of her tone, the very accent which he so much disliked in modern women, Cuyler went.

Mrs. Vetter, sitting in the back of her limousine while her chauffeur collected packages, rapped imperiously on the window as Cuyler passed, and caught his eye. He stopped with some reluctance. He was all wound, all ache, all resentment, and he didn't want to see anyone who might press upon the sore points. Nor did he trust Mrs. Vetter to avoid them. If it had not been for his mother, he could have left town. As it was, he'd have to let people gabble around him. At her insistence he got in.

"How are you?" she said, and answered for him: "You look as if you'd been drawn through a rat hole."

"I'm quite all right," he told her stiffly.

"Don't act like that with me," she said, chuckling. "I didn't refuse to marry you. You know that's what I think happened. Though they all say that you threw Fanny down."

"It's nobody's business," he said hotly, "and of course that's absurd. Why can't people mind their own business?"

"Because other people's—and especially poor dear Fanny's—is so much more fascinating. I'm sorry. She was a different person while she was engaged to marry you. The hardness all went out of her."

"All fake!" he exclaimed before he meant to.

"You don't know very much, Cuyler. You're stubborn. But then, your father was a hard man too. Fanny wasn't acting. Of course she wore her simple dresses for you and went home early—we all noticed that. A good many people thought she was going to have rather a dull time with you. But don't believe that Fanny Starr would do that for everyone. Fanny, I say, was a different person. I've an idea that Fanny ——"

"Don't," he said, for he guessed what she was about to say, and could not bear it.

Old Mrs. Vetter looked at him. She had her hands on some of the finest gossip in town—the gossip that had been stirring everyone for three weeks—and she knew that she would make no use of it.

"Well," she said, "Fanny Starr's always been loved by many people. She's a woman you can love."

The chauffeur came back and Cuyler got out. He walked away with the mere semblance of farewell. The world had shrunk to the size of Fanny. Or grown. The world was Fanny. He must see her.

She had just come in when he knocked, and she opened the door of the apartment. Behind her a few dead flowers drooped in the luster vase. There was no fire and the room looked shabby and lonely. Fanny stood there in the defiant black-and-white ensemble, with not a vestige of hair showing, with a pale face and red lips. And never had she seemed more the woman he loved. For there was something in her eyes that welcomed him, that belonged to him; something so young that it had just been born.

"My dear," he said, "let's not go on like this. I want you. I love you. On your terms. On any terms."

"You take the words out of my mouth," said Fanny softly.

My idea for an all-star audience—

Glenn Hunter

"LAST SPRING I played in George C. Tyler's spirited all-star revival of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

"Playing in all-star casts is most enjoyable. They spur me on to do my best work . . . Sometimes I wish there could be an all-star *audience*, too. Such an audience would be a *coughless* one.

"An audience which does not cough helps the actors—and (I am sure) helps itself to a greater enjoyment of the play. How can an audience become 'stars'? Simple—Smith Brothers' Cough Drops will do the trick." . . .

* * *

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5c. Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.

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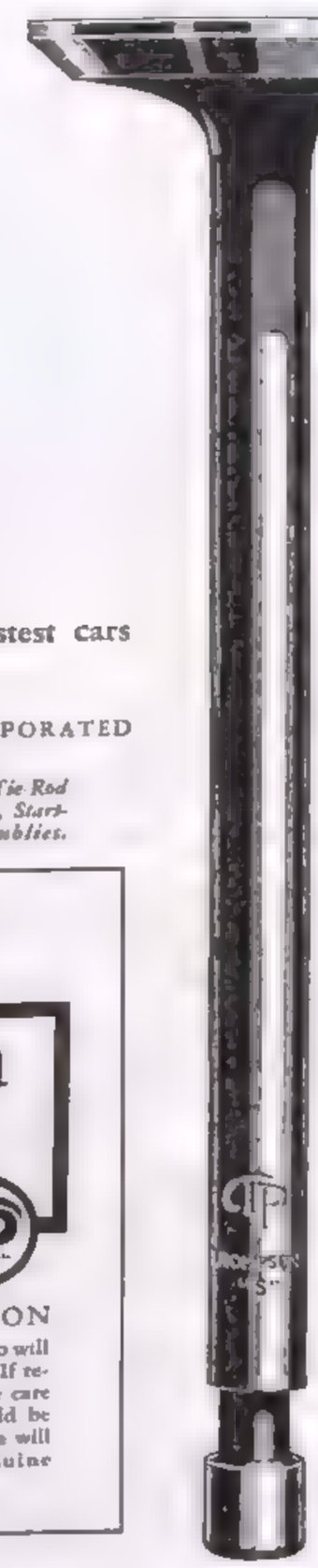
TO RIDE ON THE CREST OF THE POWER WAVE



THIS is the day of the high-speed car, the anti-knock fuel, and the big job for valves. As the high compression engine in your car rises to the crest of its power wave, explosions come faster, faster, faster, until the valves are working in a blur of speed, in the heat of a blast furnace, under a mountain of pressure.

Only a super valve can stand this punishment. Less hardy valves soon warp or burn. Regrinding warped or burned valves simply starts a wasteful cycle of grind, wear, grind. The real remedy is a set of *new* Thompson Valves. Your repair man will confirm this statement.

The car that has Thompson Valves runs faster, smoother, and for a *much longer* time *before* valves need attention. That is why Thompson Valves are standard equipment in today's fastest cars and today's finest airplanes.

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Thompson Valves, Kmg, Shackle and Tie Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks, and Brake-Rod Assemblies.

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FOR YOUR PROTECTION

This sign identifies a repair man who will give your valves a square deal . . . If regrinding is what they need, he'll take care of them . . . But if replacement would be more economical in the long run, he will tell you so—and will install genuine THOMPSON VALVES.

Thompson Valves

TRADE MARK

NO PAR

(Continued from Page 23

say 8 or 10 per cent, and if it is steadily getting notably more than the normal rate, the fact naturally raises a presumption that there is some trick or fraud about it which ought to be investigated and corrected. Hence the excitement over stock watering.

When the United States Steel Corporation was formed it issued $500,000,000 of common stock that was all water. Not a dollar of tangible physical property stood behind it. That created a sensation. About that time a congressional investigating committee went extensively into this subject of stock watering and published a report in two or three fat volumes that used to cumber my library shelf. The idea behind it was that money invested in business was entitled to earn a reasonable, normal profit, and if it earned more there was probably some unfair special privilege to account for it—an unwarranted tariff advantage, a price-fixing combination, rebates from railroads or some other fraud. High profits were suspect. Only about a dozen years ago our revenue laws adopted the same general view. Profits above 8 per cent a year on the capital actually invested were called excess profits and roundly taxed.

But the same revenue laws, by requiring every business to report its yearly profits to the Government, soon began to disclose that the old idea of a normal rate of profit is wrong. There is no such thing. In the same line of business in the same community you find all sorts of rates of profits. One $25,000 haberdashery store flourishes; another, in the next block, withers. Broadly speaking every national bank is required to do the same kind of business; what it must and must not do is prescribed by law. Yet profits of national banks differ widely in the same state and the same town. So on all through the business lists. There is no normal rate because profit is not a product of money. It is a product of ideas, of management. To indict a concern simply for having abnormal profits is like indicting Edison for having abnormal ideas.

What the Traffic Will Bear

Also, though money—investable capital—is about the most fluid thing going, capital that has once been invested is fixed forever. For example, $1,000,000 invested in a New England cotton mill is there for keeps. You cannot take the mill apart and get the money out of it. So it may struggle along time without end earning 4 per cent while the $1,000,000 radio plant across the street earns 40 per cent. If business were static and no dynamic new ideas came into it, probably we should have a normal rate of profit. But as business is, to talk of a normal rate of profit is as pointless as to talk of a normal batting average for a baseball player.

Two great lines of business—railroads and public utilities—have been taken in hand by public authorities. The price at which they sell their products is largely controlled by Federal and state commissions. If price is to be fixed by public authority, there must, of course, be some theory or base line for doing it. So in those fields the old idea of a normal rate of return on the capital actually invested is pretty generally applied. It might be said that even in those fields the other idea of "what the traffic will bear" would give better results for all concerned. But railroads and public utilities are quasi public, in monopolistic positions. A rule of profit for them has no significance in a free field.

Further, to get the point of the banker's argument, we may turn to some stocks that have been most enthusiastically boosted of late. General Motors, for example, was put up to 224¾ in November. At that price its 17,400,000 shares would be worth, in round numbers, $4,000,000,000. Taking up the latest balance sheet, you find that if you sold all of the company's tangible physical property for the amount at which it is carried on the books, and paid off all the prior claims against it, there would remain, to be distributed among the common stockholders, $622,206,000 or not quite thirty-six dollars a share. The market valuation was more than six times the book value of all physical property. If you write off half the market valuation on the ground that it represents nothing but temporary speculative inflation, still the stock would be worth three times as much as the physical property behind it, and the excess over physical values would amount in round numbers to $1,300,000,000, or more than two and a half times the Steel Corporation "water."

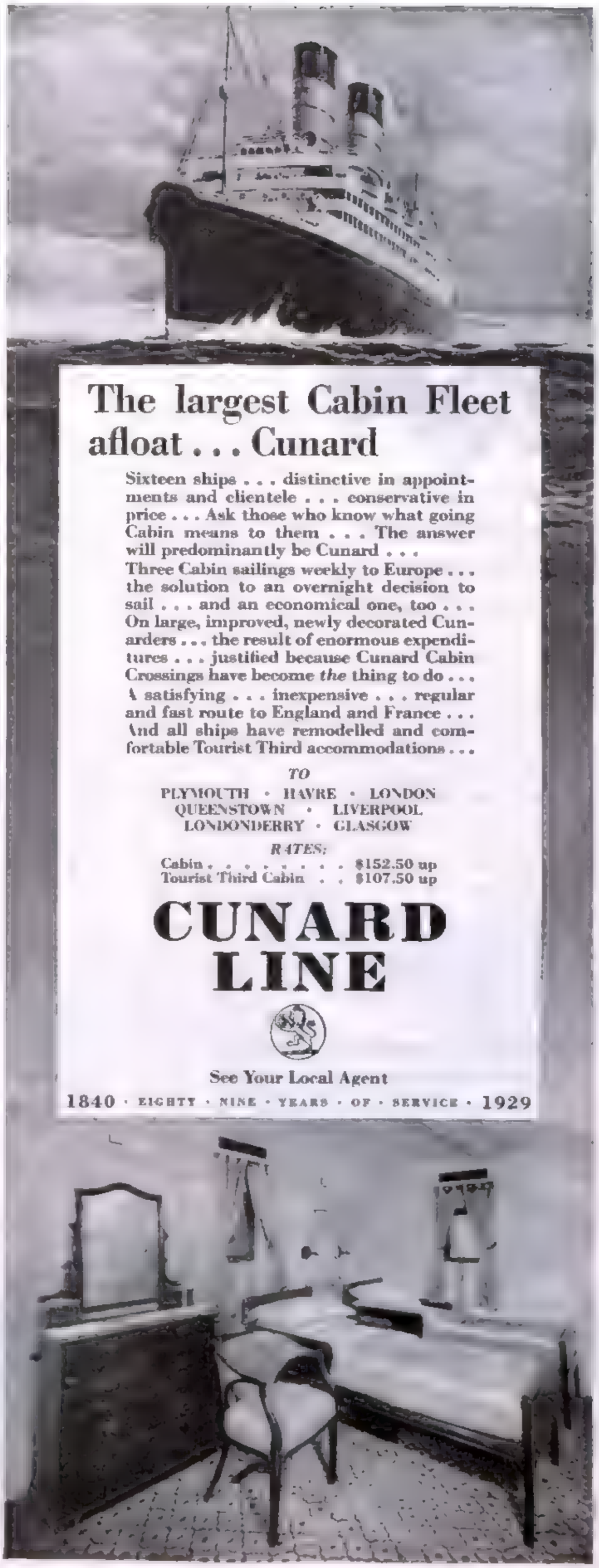
Everybody knows that General Motors has no special privileges in an invidious sense. It owes nothing to tariff, price-fixing combinations, rebates. As against many other businesses, it has the good fortune of operating in a field that has expanded amazingly in the past ten years. But the same field was wide open to everybody, and there are now many powerful, able, aggressive competitors in it. It is a field, moreover, that has been conspicuous for steady decline in the price of the product. It is matter of common knowledge that whatever price one wishes to pay he can buy a better motor now for the same money than he could ten years ago or five years ago.

The High Value of Intangibles

Nine years ago General Motors had outstanding 1,570,000 shares of common stock. Some additional shares were exchanged for other stocks, but most of the additional shares were presented to stockholders, with no new contribution of capital by them, to represent increased earnings. And the 17,400,000 shares now outstanding are soon to be further increased in the same way. Meanwhile plants, inventories, cash on hand and other physical property owned by the company have been augmented out of accumulated earnings. Mainly, the company has made its capital as it went along. To turn back now to the original investment of capital and compute a supposed normal or reasonable yearly profit of 10 per cent on that, as though the result of the computation would give a true line on the company's justifiable profits, would be fantastic. Such a procedure would limit Mr. Ford's present justifiable profits to $5000 a year or some such figure.

At the price of $410 a share, common stock of the Radio Corporation of America would be worth $473,714,000, which was twenty times the book value of the property as shown by the balance sheet in the latest annual report. If you strike out half the market valuation as temporary speculative inflation, intangibles would still be worth ten times as much as tangibles. Again there is no special unfair privilege to account for it.

Take Montgomery Ward stock at $439 a share. At this price the 1,141,251 shares outstanding would be worth $500,000,000 in round numbers; but the latest balance sheet values the physical property, less prior claims against it, at $41,000,000, and if you discounted the market price by half, the intangibles would still be worth five times as much as the tangibles. This company sells merchandise of all sorts at retail; surely a field in which there is no limit to competition. In the opinion of people who are buying its stock the company has worked out a superior method of retailing merchandise. In that case, people who buy merchandise at retail must benefit. It is clear enough that all three of the companies mentioned above must be still more serviceable to the consuming public if they are to realize the profits which stock buyers expect. The first must sell still more cars of a quality and at a price that satisfy consumers, who have a free choice of taking the cars of other makers; the second must


The largest Cabin Fleet afloat . . . Cunard
Sixteen ships . . . distinctive in appointments and clientele . . . conservative in price . . . Ask those who know what going Cabin means to them . . . The answer will predominantly be Cunard . . .
Three Cabin sailings weekly to Europe . . . the solution to an overnight decision to sail . . . and an economical one, too . . .
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And all ships have remodelled and comfortable Tourist Third accommodations . . .
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A Folding Table should never be Embarrassing to your Guests

NOW that more and more social demands are being made upon the convenient folding table, its behavior looms up importantly. It's so awkward to apologize for a wobbly table—there's the chagrin of realizing that the annoyed guest considers you careless of her comfort. Worse yet, a faulty folding table most blatantly condemns your otherwise good taste. Before any of your tables give embarrassment to a guest, you'd better replace the potential culprits with the sturdy, upstanding Carrom tables that your dealer recommends. So easy to handle, so splendidly built. And they're so good looking that you'll hate to put a cover over them even when lunch is served. You can identify this reliable folding table by the Carrom name and the exclusive Carrom push button.

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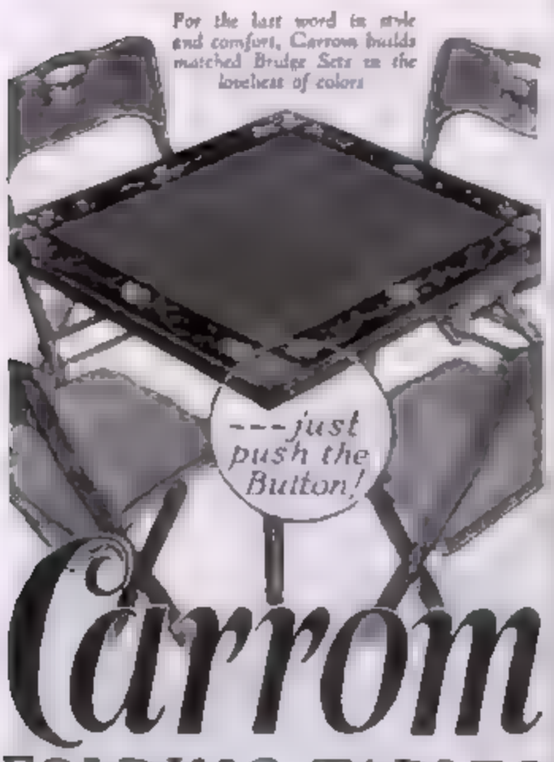

Carrom
FOLDING TABLES
AND FOLDING CHAIRS
At Home With Fine Furniture

extend wireless communication, the use of radios, and so on; the third must sell still more merchandise at retail in a free competitive field. They can realize greater profits only by being more useful.

A great many other illustrations might be picked out of the stock list, but these are sufficient to illustrate the banker's argument that this frenzied stock speculation—however disserviceable in some other respects—has finally blown away the old mistaken notion that there is some fairly fixed normal, reasonable, proper relationship between the old wealth invested in a business and the new wealth which the business can legitimately create year by year—that is, between invested capital and yearly profits. Whatever any of the above stocks may be worth in the future, a great many people bought them at prices which showed complete disregard for mere physical property or the amount of capital actually invested.

The Wonderful Isle of Erewhon

Ingenious Samuel Butler imagined an island of Erewhon where a man who got rich was forthwith exempted from all taxation on the ground that he couldn't have made that much money for himself without having made a great deal more money for other people. It might well be argued that in a free field a high-profit concern is more useful than a low-profit one, because it must be providing goods or services at less cost than its low-profit competitors, and though the greater part of the saving went into the pockets of a few stockholders, or of one stockholder, there would still be a national gain; hence, instead of being taxed on excess profits, it should be given a bonus for them.

It is an axiom of classic economy that any country's industries must be strictly limited by its supply of capital, for in all industry outlay precedes income. A cobbler cannot have a pair of shoes to sell without first laying out money for tools, leather, thread, and so on. To make shoes in a factory requires a far greater initial investment, that must be made out of somebody's capital. So industry is limited by capital; but a high-profit business accumulates capital so rapidly that it not only meets its own needs for increased plant and equipment out of accumulated earnings but furnishes a surplus for other businesses.

The earnings that it pays over to stockholders in dividends are mostly invested by the stockholders, for they wish to get a return on the money, and it is impossible to get a return on any money without spending it on something from which income may be derived. The high-profit businesses, such as steel in its earlier stages of rapid expansion, and oil and motors, have played a great part in accumulation of capital, and consequently in industrial expansion generally. Probably at a rigid 8-per-cent-a-year rule the country would still be somewhere around 1850 industrially. No par means no limit to industrial expansion and the production of new wealth.

High profits make big fortunes. It has often been said that Carnegie took $300,000,000 out of the steel business. Of course he did not and could not take a dollar of capital out of that business. All of the $300,000,000 is still invested in it. He received something like that sum in 5 per cent bonds, constituting a lien on the income of the business to the extent of $15,000,000 a year or thereabouts. It would have come to the same thing if the business had granted him a perpetual pension of $15,000,000 a year. A part of that pension was assigned by him to college professors, who now receive it. Other parts were assigned for libraries, organs, and so on. Carnegie owned an interest in iron mines, blast furnaces, rolling mills, bridge works, and so on, that are said to be worth such and such a figure. But it makes no real difference to anybody what that figure of nominal worth is. It is only a bookkeeping convenience. The real thing is the new wealth, or income, which the mines and mills can produce. Obviously, if the bonds were perpetual and it had pleased Mr. Carnegie to have them printed as $300,000,000,000 instead of $300,000,000, no one need have raised any objection, provided his claim upon income remained fixed at $15,000,000 a year.

The Census Bureau's latest estimate put the wealth of the United States at $320,803,862,000. That was the supposed cash value of all the physical property in the country in 1922—a grand, fat figure to amuse ourselves with. But within a short time life-insurance policies outstanding in the United States will amount to $100,000,000,000. These are all valid contracts written by solvent, state-regulated-and-supervised companies, mostly mutual. Of course all the insured will die, and except as some policy holders allow their contracts to lapse, there is hardly a doubt that every dollar will be duly paid over to the beneficiaries. They will, of course, be paid out of income, and that single lien on income amounts to nearly a third as much as the supposed cash value of all property of every sort in 1922. Moreover, the income value of the life-insurance policies is a much solider thing than the supposed capital value of property.

Translated Into English

Perhaps most people still from habit think of the wealth—the supposed value of tangible, physical property that you can walk on, hold in your hand, weigh on a pair of scales—as the real thing, and of income as only a sort of shadow cast by it. But it is the other way around. The income is the real thing and the so-called wealth is only a shadow cast by it. For one little illustration, all the land comprised in farms in the United States was valued at $54,829,563,059 in 1920 and at $37,721,018,222 in 1925, a shrinkage of more than $17,000,000,000 in five years. There was little difference in the amount of land in farms at the two periods. It was just as good land in 1925 as in 1920. But 1920 came at the end of a series of war years when farm profits were extraordinarily high. High farm income was reflected in high prices for farm lands. Then came a great slump, a sharp fall in farm income and, consequently, in the price of farm lands. Farm income was the real thing and the price of the farms only a shadow cast by it.

Time was when all the real property in England was owned by the king. The feudal system made him the sole landlord and all other occupiers of land his tenants in varying degrees of subordination. Perhaps that is why, in common, everyday speech, the English still say of a man, "He is worth £10,000 a year," whereas Americans would say of the same person, "He is worth a million dollars." The English way of putting it is the truer.

Of course this hysterical stock speculation is a very extravagant way of advertising the facts that income is the reality and there is no normal, reasonable, proper, justified and sanctified rate of profit; 40 per cent may be not only just as reasonable and proper as 4 per cent but actually more useful to the country. The facts, however, are getting advertised. Probably that implies some difference in people's ways of thinking about wealth in general and about their own wealth in particular.

In the Pursuit of Income

In the past, I suppose, about ninety-five savers out of a hundred have thought of what they were saving as money, and have put every other consideration in the background for the sake of what they considered a practical certainty of getting their money back when they wanted it. To think of what one saves as income may make a difference. For one thing, it gives a new importance to income; for obviously if a man can increase his earnings by $1000 a year, that is like finding $20,000 of 5 per cent bonds. To be sure, the increase may be easier to lose, but while he has it, it comes to the same thing. Or if he can cut down expenses $1000 a year, without really lessening his comforts and enjoyments, that is like finding $20,000 of 5 per cent bonds. First, then, he will really study his own income and see what more he can make out of that. Then he will study investments for their income possibilities—which, in cold fact, few savers do. The country's enormous investment business is largely organized for the purpose of sparing them the trouble of such study, by just offering them a safe 4½ or 5 per cent bond that meets the money saver's requirement of security of principal. But an income saver will want to investigate further. Probably this excessive stock speculation represents, in some part, a revolt of money savers who finally concluded that 4½ or 5 per cent was not a satisfactory share in industrial income, and rushed over to a broker's office to buy something or other on margin and a hot tip in order to trim the ship. Four and a half per cent on one hand, and 6,000,000 share days on the other, indicate a highly erratic course in the pursuit of income. By studying the subject a more reasonable course may be laid out.

An Old Stone Bridge at Leeds, New York

Cartoonist now draws bright ideas from his favorite pipe-tobacco

303 North Union, Independence, Mo.
June 24, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps you would like to know in just a word or so how I am in partners with Edgeworth in a business way.

By profession I am a cartoonist, who you probably know is called upon to create new ideas. While this is ranked as the hardest part of the profession, I have proved it may easily be mastered, if a person will but recline in any easy-chair, light a pipe, and live with imaginative persons in the aromatic smoke clouds that will soon fill the room. Edgeworth has given me more ideas than any other brand of tobacco, so I "married" my pipe to it quite a while ago. The result has been wonderful. The more you use Edgeworth the more you crave it, as a wholesome pleasure.

Complimenting the standard quality (which means more than the words signify) of Edgeworth, I am a devoted and profound user.

Yours very respectfully,

JAMES W. BRIGHT

THEY say that every artist has a favorite mood in which his best ideas are born: Shelley wrote easiest while toasting himself in the sun. Mozart composed more readily after a full dinner. Schiller worked best with his feet in ice water. And now comes a hot tip from Mr. James W. Bright, a cartoonist, who claims that he has derived so many more ideas from his favorite pipe-tobacco—Edgeworth—than from any other brand, that now he has "wedded" his pipe to it!

And judging from the convincing tone of Mr. Bright's letter it is reasonable to conclude that his pipe and Edgeworth are safely coupled, as the old rubric has it, "to have and to hold."

If you would like to know *why*—let us "marry" your pipe to a few helpings of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these trial pipefuls, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for the likable quality of Edgeworth Pipe-Tobacco *never* changes.

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand. Sold in all sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va., the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

Making the 7:52 more comfortable for you

GOOD NEWS, Mr. Commuter! The 7:52 is now equipped with Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings.

Many of the railroads which have already provided Hyatt Journal Boxes for the Pullmans, diners and coaches of their through trains, are also making Hyattways . . . *Comfort Ways* . . . out of their commuter service.

One western railroad alone now has in operation over 120 Hyattized suburban cars.

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HE GOT ANNOYED

(Continued from Page 61)

upon Thursday, at daybreak, for the arrest of the governor of the department; pending, of course, the arrival of his ammunition during the previous night. It was weather that changed his plans. Through Sunday and most of Monday a hurricane raged, toppling over three miles of telegraph line between San Fernando and Puerto Durango, the sole means of swift communication. The overland route was long and difficult, through jungle and over mountains; by boat the trip was around the entire length of the peninsula.

Rodriguez, as colonel in command of the garrison, was directed by the governor to send his engineers to repair the broken line, also to send a telegrapher to the end of the break to put through a coded message to the home government. The dispatch never got farther than his own pocket; the telegrapher was given another message, written by Rodriguez, exaggerating the damage to the line and reporting in the name of the governor that at least one week would pass before communications could be restored. The engineers, instead of repairing the line, pressed twenty-five miles into the jungle and tore down wires.

It was, according to Rodriguez's lights, Napoleonic. He seized the governor, who was a dopey old fellow more interested in his siesta than anything else, and the leading loyalists in the name of Balopian liberty, rallied his troops and deployed them in the jungle with the promise of ammunition to come.

So far so good, but news inevitably leaked through—a lieutenant deserted—to Puerto Durango and the week of security from suspicion upon which Rodriguez had gambled was cut to three days. When Thursday dawned and no ammunition had come, he commenced to worry; by noon he commenced to sweat.

It was noon when Alan Riley left Julia Shaw and her father at the warehouse. He walked along the dirty street, with its cushion of hot yellow dust, until an empty hack came. The driver, under the influence of Rodriguez's speech, demanded five times the usual fare to take him to the field where his planes were parked. Hickey, his mechanic, was there, standing guard.

"Been nobody around, boss," he said. "What was all the shooting in town?"

"Celebration. Rodriguez is afraid he's going to get licked, so he's having his celebration first. Are both ships ready to shove?"

"Yep. You planning to clear out, boss?"

Alan Riley was ideally set to lose his temper; he was tired, hungry, hot and troubled. "How the devil do I know what I'm going to do?" he demanded. "Everyone wants to know what I'm going to do!"

"I got a girl in town I want to say good-by to before I shove," answered Hickey simply.

"You'd better stay away from these native maidens or you'll get a knife stuck in you. They don't like us today. Stick here for the night and I'll send some chow out to you. Have everything ready for a quick get-away. We'll have to leave one plane, if we go, and trust to luck they don't make a bonfire of it. So long."

He returned to Ling Fo's hotel, a sprawling shanty upon stilts, with a corrugated metal roof that baked the interior. In his room he undressed and sloshed a bucket of water over himself, piled into bed for his belated siesta, cursing the tropics and Balopa Peninsula. Why the devil, he asked, couldn't Rodriguez have started his comic revolution at some other time? It was difficult enough to make a go of commercial aviation without having to contend with governmental colic. He had worked hard for months to get these contracts and now—pouf!—the whole thing might be ruined.

It was more pleasant to think of Julia Shaw. He wondered if she were as pretty as he thought, or if it was just that he hadn't seen a real girl in such a long time that any blond Nordic female would look good. If he never saw another limpid-eyed, sallow-skinned brunette, he told himself, it would be sixteen years too soon. Finally he drifted off to sleep.

It was late afternoon when he was awakened by Ling Fo. The fat Chinaman came close to his bed and said quietly: "General wanchee go-by office chop-chop."

"What's happened?" He knew that Ling Fo had something on his mind.

"Soldier boy say puttee Missy Shaw and Master topside."

That might have meant a good many things, but Ling Fo's gesture toward the barracks made it mean that they had been arrested

"The devil you say!" Alan hopped out of bed and grabbed clothes. He sent Ling Fo chop-chopping for a carriage. Julia and her father arrested! This, he decided, with some profane reflections upon the character of General Victorino Sebastian Rodriguez, was a little too raw.

By the time he reached headquarters the first rash of anger had disappeared. He was admitted at once.

"You know, I suppose," said Rodriguez after a moment of hesitation, "that Señor Shaw and his daughter have been placed under arrest."

Alan merely nodded.

"It will teach the rest of you *Americanos del norte* that General Rodriguez"—he planted his stubby, dirty hand upon his chest—"is not a man to be played with. Tonight Señor Shaw will be tried by court-martial."

Alan showed polite interest. "Upon what charges?"

"Attempting to communicate with the enemy. We captured a messenger this afternoon and we have reason to believe that it was Señor Shaw who sent him." He slapped the desk. "Also, we have reason to believe that you were the source of much of the information contained in the message."

"And why are you holding Miss Shaw?"

"She is as dangerous as her father! Worse!" he roared. "A spy for all the whelps of Gandarios! Due only to my clemency she is not to be court-martialed. Rodriguez does not shoot women."

Alan Riley's blood felt hot and clotted in his veins. His eyes squinted. "You'd better get this idea of shooting Americans out of your head, my friend," he said venomously. "You'll get yourself into trouble."

"Ha! I like trouble! General Rodriguez likes trouble!"

"You have enough, I believe," snapped Alan, wondering if he could continue to speak Spanish when his whole nature demanded an outburst in Anglo-Saxon. He let a few seconds go by in silence while he composed himself. "And what," he asked, "is the idea of telling me all this? Am I under arrest too?"

"That depends upon you, my friend."

He put aside the impulse to assure Rodriguez that he was not his friend. Instead he smiled coolly.

"I thought it would come to that. Let's not waste any more time." He leaned across the desk toward Rodriguez, whose little eyes were studying him brightly. "You want your ammunition spotted. That's all that interests you—and well it might! You want me to spot it for you. I might be willing to do that—under certain conditions."

"What conditions?"

"That Señor Shaw and his daughter are released at once, allowed to go aboard their boat and leave San Fernando. That means, of course, that you must dig out their engineer and have him repair the engine.

"The engineer tried to get it running this afternoon, but he couldn't I suspected him and I put him in jail."

"That's very convenient. He can repair it when I show him how."

"I prefer to have the boat for my own use. I will agree to release Señor Shaw and his daughter on condition that you repair the boat and leave it here with me. The Shaws may remain in San Fernando."

"So that you can arrest them every time you want me to fly for you? Ah, no!"

Rodriguez's eyes narrowed and his mouth twisted angrily. "I can arrest you, too, and have your aeroplanes destroyed. I am master here!"

"I'm not at all worried. Two burnt aeroplanes won't help you locate your ammunition. You might just as well come to my conditions. I have something that you want and you have something that I want."

"You will fly immediately? Now?"

"That is impossible. I will fly tomorrow morning at dawn."

Rodriguez weakened. His scowl collapsed into an expression of petulant worry. "I will agree to everything you ask if you will fly tonight."

"But that is impossible. By the time I got into the air it would be dark." He could get into the air within ten minutes after reaching the field, but Rodriguez had no means of knowing that.

"*Bueno!*" exclaimed Rodriguez finally, with a vast expulsion of breath. "I agree." He summoned his scribe, the erstwhile schoolmaster of San Fernando, who, without excessive tongue chewing, could put things upon paper. Rodriguez scratched his name at the end of the completed order, passed it to Alan.

"I shall send Emilio Santaolario with you in the aeroplane," he said.

"Very good. Tell him to be on the field at five o'clock tomorrow morning. Of course if the ship arrives in the meantime, there will be no need of making the flight."

Rodriguez lifted his hands as though to say that he would take up that problem when he came to it.

Alan left the office, found a hack and went directly to the barracks, where he presented his order. He waited for ten minutes in the malodorous guardroom before Julia and her father were led in. Their eyes lighted when they saw him, and before either could speak, Alan said, in Spanish, for the benefit of the officer present:

"The good General Rodriguez has been so generous as to release you both in my charge. Your engineer also."

At that moment the engineer entered under guard. He was wilting with fright. His face was pale and his dark eyes were staring.

When he saw Olin Shaw he bleated pathetically: "Ah, señor ——"

"Enough!" exclaimed the guard and made a motion as though to swing a gun butt at him.

Alan waved the guard aside. "Let's blow while the blowing's good," he said. "I've a carriage waiting for you."

When they were in the carriage, the engineer perched in front with the driver, Alan told them about his bargain with Rodriguez.

"There seemed to be nothing else I could do," he added.

Shaw nodded, scowling. "I'll see that it's explained to President Gandarios," he said. "The fact that you are making the flight for Rodriguez won't be held against you. I'll promise you that."

"I hate to have you help Rodriguez!" exclaimed Julia.

"There's no other way out," Alan told her, "unless you're willing to go back to jail."

She shuddered. "It was a vile place! There were bugs! I sat upon a stool in the middle of the cell. Ugh!"

Alan addressed Olin Shaw: "I think it would be wiser for you to go to Puerto Durango, instead of going to the mine. Have you gas enough?"

"Yes."

"Tell Gandarios that his best chance is to drive in and attack the ammunition

(Continued on Page 130)

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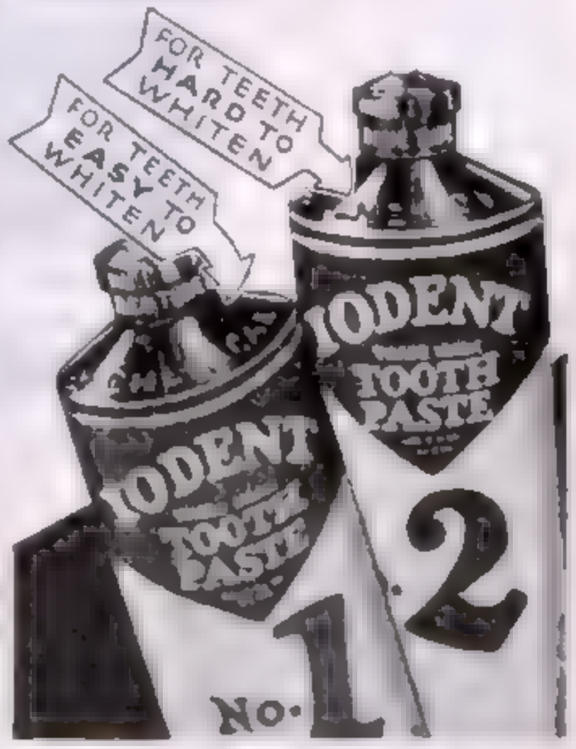

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W. P. Chrysler

(Continued from Page 127)

parties as they come up. The devil with Rodriguez's troops! Hit the ammunition supply and Rodriguez is cooked. Gandarios will take your word for the situation here, especially if you're there to urge him."

"That's the best thing to do," agreed Shaw. "I'll hit out for Puerto Durango. Rodriguez has played his hand well."

"He called our bluff," said Alan. "No two ways about that. Perhaps it will be our turn next. We'll see."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Julia bluntly. "You have something up your sleeve, haven't you?"

"Nothing much." He frowned. "It depends upon too many things."

"What, for example?"

"Luck. Whether or not that ammunition arrives before morning."

"Anything I can do to help you?" asked Shaw.

"Yes. Give me the keys to the warehouse and a letter saying that I have complete charge of your stuff there."

They went directly to the water front and were rowed out to the boat. The engineer, meekly submissive and rolling his eyes to heaven under Olin Shaw's *sotto-voce* cursing, was told to dig into the can of cup grease and retrieve the missing part of the magneto. He had repaired the timer earlier in the afternoon, just before his arrest. The engine started obediently.

Alan, with the warehouse keys and Shaw's letter, got back into the rowboat and returned to shore. It was dusk by the time he reached the flying field. Hickey was sitting glumly upon a box, wondering when, if ever, he was going to eat.

"Hickey," said Alan, "I may be completely crazy, but I think I've got an idea. Come here."

He took him to the larger of the two planes and drew back the tarpaulin from the cockpits.

"I want you to rig me a spark plug, right here," Alan continued. He designated a point just outside the pilot's windshield. "Rig it securely and wire it to the connections of the after cylinder. That cylinder'll have to fire on one plug. Get me?"

"I see what you want, but it looks cockeyed to me," replied Hickey. "Will you tell me what you're going to do with a spark plug sparking out there?"

Alan, imagination working frantically, became jubilant. "Ask me no questions," he said. "We'll probably shove off tomorrow morning. And you don't get a chance to kiss any dusky daughter of Balopa Peninsula good-by, either. You'll stick right here all night, my lad. I'll be out about 4:30. But get that plug rigged this evening."

He swung off toward his waiting carriage and Hickey yelled after him plaintively: "Hey, boss, how about some chow?"

"I'll send it out."

He went next to Rodriguez's headquarters, exhibited Shaw's letter giving him charge of the warehouse and commandeered the services of two soldiers and one wagon. They were to be waiting for him at Ling Fo's hotel at 3:30 in the morning. He explained that he had some things, necessary for the flight, to be taken to the field.

Then he went to the hotel, sent dinner to Hickey, washed and had his own dinner. But his mind was too actively engaged for him to eat tranquilly or sit quietly. He strolled over to the plaza, where the fagged musicians of the regimental band were tooting again. Most of the carnival spirits of the revolution had been exhausted and the people were beginning to wonder, a little apprehensively, just what was going to happen next. Groups of them stood in the street, talking earnestly and glancing at the lighted windows of the Sociedad Comercio, where Rodriguez had his staff working overtime. Alan returned to the hotel and called Ling Fo into his room. "Tonight you no lockee door," he said.

"No lockee."

"I go out takee look-see. If man come wanchee me, you say master very tired, he go bed catchee big sleep. Can do?"

"Can do."

He went out again and by a circuitous route, making sure that he was not being followed, he arrived at Shaw's warehouse and let himself in. He lighted the lantern which hung over the desk where freight for the Biyobi Mine was checked in and out. Since the only window looked out over the harbor, he was reasonably certain that the light would not be seen. He began to examine the contents of the warehouse. Rope, cable, bales of wire, chemicals, machine parts, long shafts of drill steel, dynamite in small boxes, fuse, and then, at last, boxes of fulminate-of-mercury caps.

He opened a case of dynamite, wrapped six sticks in tar paper, added three feet of fuse and wrapped the whole thing in a burlap ore sack, binding it tightly with wire. Sitting upon the floor, he presented a picture of industrious anarchy. Dynamite, mercury caps and fuse were spread about him. Sweat streamed down his face and into his eyes.

Bundles grew beside him until there were thirty-six. It was after two o'clock when each bundle was wrapped in burlap, wired securely, each with a short stub of fuse exposed. He ripped off his shirt tail and tore it into short strips; then he slit the fuse ends and bandaged them neatly so that the powder could not escape. Finally he filled three sacks with twelve bombs each and placed them near the door.

San Fernando was silent, sleeping under a star-splashed sky when he locked the warehouse and hurried back to Ling Fo's. The Chinaman was waiting for him, nursing at a pot of tea. He said that no one had come. Alan took a cup of tea and went to his room, set the alarm clock for 3:30. Sleep came grudgingly and it seemed that he had just commenced to doze when the clock set up its racket. He looked from the window and saw that by some miracle the cart and the two men he had requested from headquarters were already waiting for him. That augured well.

They went first to the warehouse and picked up the three sacks of dynamite; then to the field. Hickey was awake and waiting disconsolately.

"What a night!" he exclaimed.

"You've had nothing on me," answered Alan. "Those three sacks are full of dynamite, so don't get fresh with them." He told the two soldiers that they could return to town.

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Hickey.

"Yes. You and I are going bombing. Have you got that spark plug rigged?"

They examined the plug and Alan bent the support more to his liking. "Get her turning over," he ordered. Hickey leaped through the dim light of morning at the propeller blade, swung it over and the engine caught. The spark plug gave a fat, healthy, bluish spark.

It took only a few moments to stow the bombs: some of them in the racks of the photographic equipment, some of them hooked by their wires to the bracings of the fuselage, anywhere so that they were within reach and couldn't foul the controls.

"And we're going to ride that piece of bad news?" demanded Hickey.

"Yes, sweetheart, and if anything happens they won't have to bury us, either. We'll be nothing but a pink mist'"

It was nearly five o'clock and time to get the engine of the other plane warm. The engine was idling when Emilio Santaolario drove up. He was a little man, twittering with excitement at the thought of taking his first flight, profoundly impressed by the heroic rôle which Rodriguez had given him to play.

"No news of the ship?" Alan asked him.

"Not a word! Thirty-six hours overdue!"

Alan gave him goggles, helped him into the plane and adjusted the belt; then he slipped into his own cockpit, let the motor roar full-out for a moment before he waved to Hickey to withdraw the blocks. The plane sped down the field, took the air and headed into a course along the peninsula.

The mist and the rising sun made observation difficult, but Alan, with eyes trained to spot objects from the air, eventually discovered a small ship directly ahead of them. He pointed toward it and Don Emilio bobbed his head excitedly.

It was a disreputable little packet, limping along under a vapor which rose from her engine-room hatches. Probably, Alan said to himself, her packing was blown out in a dozen different places. With phenomenal good luck, and the fence wire which held her engine together still holding, she might make San Fernando within twenty hours.

He throttled down and let the plane come close to the water, circled steeply about the boat. On deck the crew gesticulated frantically, apparently sending out messages of misadventure. Don Emilio, beside himself, lifted his arms to wave in response and had them nearly yanked from their sockets by the wind blast. That subdued him. Finally he nodded in answer to Alan's motioned question as to whether they should put back for San Fernando.

Rodriguez and some of his staff were upon the field. Don Emilio was rushed and surrounded. Yes, they had seen the boat. It would arrive almost instantly, he said. A matter of a few hours.

Alan winked at Hickey. "A little inaccurate," he said. "The tub's ninety miles up the coast, with her screw just barely turning over."

Rodriguez began to swell and take on a Napoleonic bearing. He hurried away to his carriage, giving orders as he went. As soon as they were alone, Alan and Hickey started the engine again and taxied the plane up the field. They covered it with a tarpaulin, after staking down the wheels and tail skid; then they uncovered the plane that was loaded with dynamite.

"Let's go," said Alan. "Let's go and settle this bum fracas."

The plane swept down the coast. As the boat became visible Hickey sprawled along the fuselage, head close to Alan's.

"I'll smack one down in front of her!" yelled Alan in his ear. "Then I'll plant a couple alongside! No use hitting her! Might hurt someone!"

He throttled down, put the plane in a sauntering glide and took up a bomb. Holding it between his knees, he slipped off the piece of shirt tied around the fuse and spread open the slit at the end; then he shoved the fuse against the trembling blue flame of the spark plug. The fuse began to spit sparks.

"Throw that thing!" yelled Hickey.

Alan shook his head. "Got three feet of fuse. Here goes."

He pulled up the stick and heaved the bomb overboard. It splashed into the water about one hundred yards ahead of the boat and a little to port. The plane whipped about just in time for them to see a geyser of water shoot up and to hear the noise—woomph!—above the roar of the engine. There was consternation upon deck.

They circled and headed back for the boat. This time a geyser spouted up along the port side. The old tub had been shaken to her very innards. There was panic aboard her. The captain, arms waving, hopped back and forth across the bridge like a grotesque marionette. The crew waved shirts, sheets—everything loose and faintly white. Then the bow swung toward shore.

"They're going to run aground!" yelled Hickey resentfully.

Alan smiled and planted another bomb at her stern, then another.

The boat ran her nose into the sandy beach, stuck there, her screw lazily churning the water. Alan circled overhead, watching the panic on deck. A dozen men were scrambling about, trying to get a lifeboat overboard. The bow line slipped and the lifeboat, dangling from her stern, finally reached the water. The crew piled in, got oars out and headed for shore.

"We'll have some target practice!" yelled Alan.

He came down just over the ship and shied another bomb at her. It landed upon the forward deck, rolled against a hatch and lay there. The explosion ripped up part of the hatch cover. The next bomb went amidships, the third went overboard and exploded with a terrific ramming effect about four yards from the engine room. A cloud of steam arose; the ship appeared to be leaking steam from a dozen openings. Presently the propeller stopped its idle thrashing. Another bomb struck the forward hatch.

"That's the place to lay your eggs!" Hickey yelled excitedly.

Seven more bombs tore at the hatch; then the eighth went into the hold. Flame and black smoke belched out. The ship jumped visibly. A terrific woomph made the air shudder. No need of using any more bombs. The cargo was finishing off the job.

Alan put the plane in a climb, and when he had enough altitude he shut the throttle and glided down again silently. They could hear the prolonged racket of ammunition cases exploding.

Then a terrific explosion blew off the covering of the after hatch. Both hatches were shooting flames like gigantic blow torches.

"Guess that settles this revolution!" shouted Alan. "It'll teach that bum Napoleon a few things!"

The explosions had stopped and now the ship was in flames from bow to stern.

Julia Shaw came into their rooms at the hotel in Puerto Durango and found her father. Her eyes were shining and she was breathless.

"It's been wonderful!" she said excitedly. "The whole town has gone mad about Alan. Savior of the republic! Bravest of the brave! You should hear the oratory. The poor dear blushes scarlet. When the telegram came through from San Fernando that Rodriguez had skipped and that the governor was in control again, the people blew the top off! Gandarios took Alan out on the balcony. Men yelled and women pelted him with flowers. Why, I've never had such an exciting time in my life! Isn't it glorious?"

"Uh-huh," said Olin Shaw.

"I skipped out because I have to rig up some sort of dress for tonight. Gandarios is giving a big dance at his house and there's going to be a grand fiesta for the whole town. And, listen, I know a secret."

"You do?"

"Alan told me. Gandarios is going to have a flying squadron and who do you think is going to be honorary colonel in command of it?"

"You are," suggested Shaw.

"Alan! And he's going to have the work of buying the planes and training the men. Gandarios is going to announce it tomorrow, so don't tell anyone."

She went into her own room.

"Dad," she called back, "I've invited Alan to come to the mine and visit us. He's coming just as soon as he can, and he says that if we can fix some sort of landing field he'll be able to fly over quite often. Won't that be nice?"

"That'll be fine," agreed her father.

"Heaven knows," she said, appearing at the door between their rooms with a newly purchased dress in her hands, "how I'm ever going to make this look like anything. I'm sort of guest of honor, you see, because I'm always with Alan. I don't want to disgrace him by looking like a frump."

"Alan didn't tell you, did he," asked Shaw, "what put it into his head to blow up Rodriguez's ammunition? I've seen a good many revolutions down in these countries, but that's the dangedest thing I ever heard of!"

"I asked him," answered Julia thoughtfully. "He said he just got annoyed when Rodriguez put me—put us, that is—in jail. That was the only explanation I could get out of him."

Shaw scratched his head. "He got annoyed, eh? He got annoyed! Some day when you know your young man better I wish you'd ask him what he does when he gets good an' mad."

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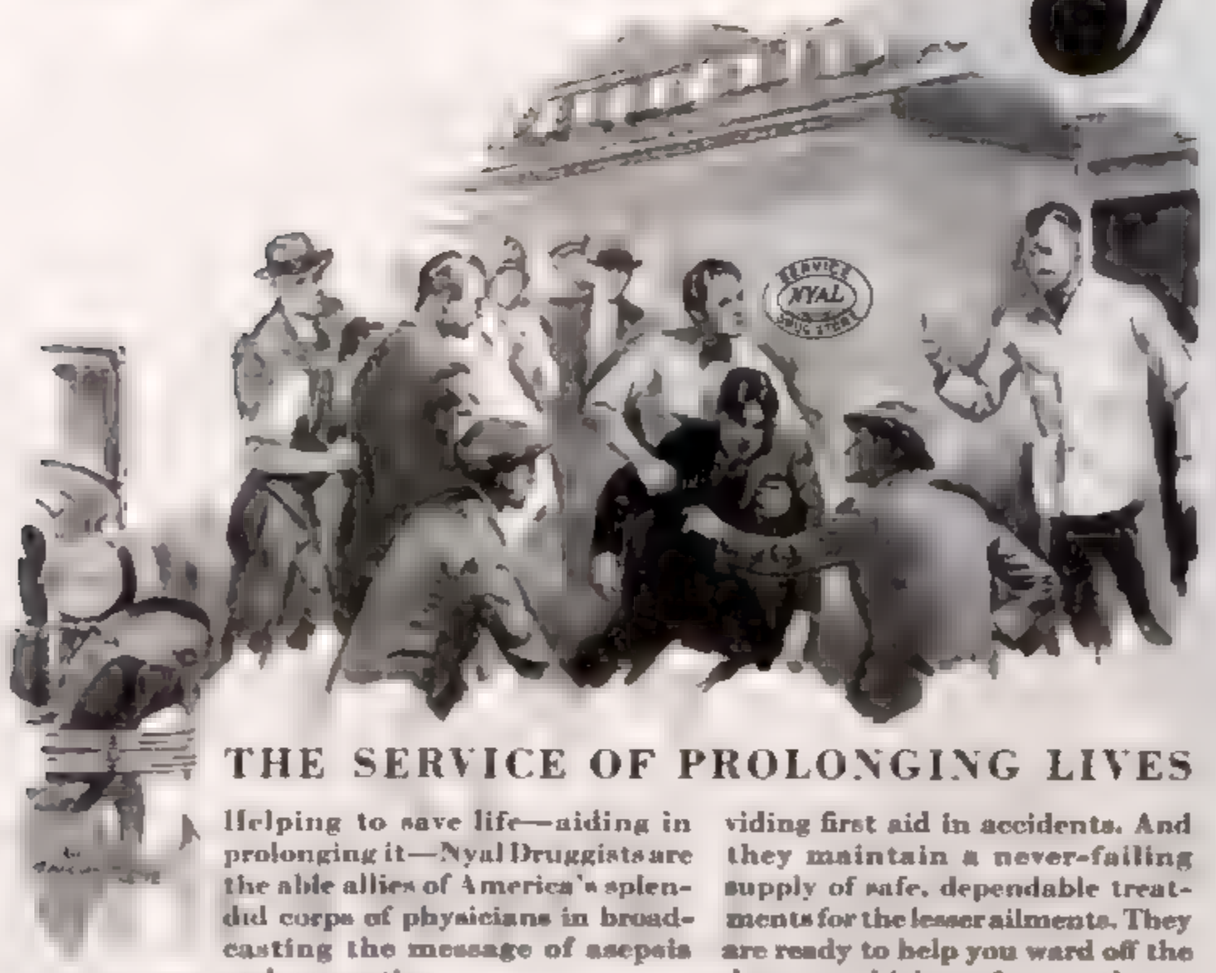

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DRUG STORES

QUALITY ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ FAIR PRICE ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ FAIR DEALING

CORPUS DELICTI

Continued from Page 11)

"Mis' Bradner's took bad, so I drove in to git ye."

"What ails her?"

"Turrible pains around her heart and stummick." The man seemed to hesitate. "You better fetch along a kit of tools."

"What sort of tools?"

"Doctor's tools—knives and probes and sich. Mebby ye might need 'em."

"Very well," said Brant. "I'll be down in two minutes."

It was not two minutes, but in five he was seated in the stranger's car, being driven at a reckless pace out of the village toward the westward and into the hills. He estimated that the drive must have been not less than five miles when they turned through a gate and stopped beside a large white farmhouse whose door opened suddenly to show a tall figure in shirt sleeves black against a glare of light.

"Got him?" demanded a voice.

"Sure, pop," said Brant's conductor. "Here we be, doc. Fetch your contraptions and come in."

He found himself in a broad hall from which ascended a carpeted stairway. The man who opened the door nodded curtly.

"Right upstairs, doc. Cal'late she needs ye bad. Wust spell she's ever had."

As Brant stepped toward the stairs he was vaguely aware of two other men who entered the hall behind him from one of the rooms at the side, and as one will do subconsciously, made note of the fact that not less than four adult males were in the house. The man whom he took to be Mrs. Bradner's husband led the way upward and opened a bedroom door, standing aside for the doctor to enter before him. Then he closed the door silently.

Brant walked to the bed. Upon it lay not a woman but a man of middle age, whose eyes were closed and whose stubbled cheeks were a waxy white.

"I thought you said ——" he commenced, and then turned to look at his conductor sharply. Mr. Bradner, if it were he, was not alone—three other men stood between him and the door.

"Just a way of speakin'," said Mr. Bradner grimly. "One patient's as good's another, hain't it?"

Brant said nothing, but turned to the bed and drew back the covers. There was blood. He made his examination swiftly: the man had been shot—twice. One bullet had passed through the shoulder, the second through the chest.

"Kind of an accident," said Mr. Bradner. "He didn't know it was loaded."

Whatever the facts, Brant's first duty as a physician was clear. That was to do what his skill might achieve for the wounded man. He ordered succinctly what he needed in the way of hot water and basins, which were promptly supplied, and then he went to work upon a task which his eyes told him would be futile. The man lived—that was all, and, Brant said to himself, his chances of surviving were so slight as to be negligible. Nevertheless, as a physician, he must fight to the uttermost.

It was almost daylight when he had done what human hands could do. The patient still lived, but Brant was convinced he would not see the sunrise

"Hard pull, doc," said Mr. Bradner. "Ye'll be needin' a cup of coffee and some rest."

"And I'll be needing to ask some questions," said Brant.

"To be sure—to be sure. And the'll be answers. Foller me."

Brant followed to the ground floor and into the dining room, where presently a second man came with a pot of coffee and plates of homemade bread and fried cakes.

"What's his chances?" asked Mr. Bradner

"None," answered Brant

"I'm " The man s bearded face did not change at this reply. "Wa-al, what can't be helped can't be helped," he said.

The young physician found himself exhausted, mentally and physically, and was grateful for the hot coffee—even though the circumstances in which he found himself were not clement soil for the rearing of the plant of hospitality. Bradner poured a second cup for him and left the room. Brant could hear the man climbing the stairs, could hear a second man stirring about in the kitchen.

He finished his snack and then walked to the haircloth sofa in the corner and stretched himself upon it to rest and to think. It was apparent to him a great deal of exact thinking would be required of him, but just what else would be required by his Hippocratic oath or by his duty as a physician and a citizen he could not estimate until questions had been asked and answered. Enough for the present that, instead of an old lady suffering from indigestion, he had found a man dying from gunshot wounds!

It might have been half an hour that Brant was left undisturbed. Then the man Bradner - if that were his name—came into the dining room again.

"Git a couple of winks?" he inquired affably.

"Thank you," Brant said. "Now, Mr. Bradner, you must realize I shall have to know more about this affair."

"To be sure—to be sure. But fust, doc, you better step up and see her ag'in. She makes out she's consid'able relieved, but I'd ruther you seen her ag'in before I have ye drove home."

This was reasonable enough—excepting for the use of the word "her," which Brant laid down to some usage of local dialect. He followed Bradner up the stairs to the bedroom in which the wounded man lay, and walked to the bed

Upon the pillow was the head of no wounded man, but the thin cheeks and graying hair of an aging woman. Her eyes were closed, but she opened them as the doctor bent over her.

"I feel a sight better, doctor," she said in a thin, quavering voice. "Cal'late I'm goin' to do all right now."

Doctor Perkins straightened slowly and turned to face the impassive Mr. Bradner.

"Where," he asked, "is the wounded man?"

"Dunno's I foller ye," said Bradner.

"Where is the man whose gunshot wounds I dressed?"

"Hain't been no man here, has the', ma?" asked Mr. Bradner. "Nobuddy but ma in one of her spells that we sent for you to come and see. Hain't jokin', be ye, doc?"

"I'm not joking," said Brant. "A man dying from wounds lay in this bed a half hour ago. I must know what became of him—or of his body—and why this woman was put in his place."

"Doc," said Mr. Bradner unemotionally, "I cal'late ye must 'a' had one of them nightmares down on the sofy—or suthin'. You was fetched out here to see ma, wan't ye?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, here she is, feelin' better fur your treatment. Ma'll swear to it and I'll swear to it, and the's three other men in the house that'll all swear to it. Folks' minds plays funny tricks onto 'em sometimes. Now if I was you I'd jest forgit that dream and go back to taown."

"Pay him fur comin' out," said the weak voice from the bed. "I can't abide owin' money "

"To be sure. And you kin warrant we'll talk up how capable ye was, doc. Bein' a new doctor here, folks is curious, and if he gives satisfaction in his fust cases, it's kind of important "

"You speak," said Brant, "with the tongue of men and of angels, which leads to the further observation that there are more things in the wor d than are dreamed of in thy philosophy, Horatio. And so forth, and so on."

"Hate to see a young feller git off on the wrong foot. Now if you was to go to Kidder's Dam and tell this here dream of yourn around, what 'ud happen? Why, somebuddy in authority 'ud come moggin' around, and what 'ud he find? He'd find ma was took with a spell and you give her medicine—with five folks ready to take their Bible oaths onto it, and nothin' but this here dream of yourn on your side. It 'ud cause talk. Folks 'ud look at ye sideways. There'd be whisperin's and nudgin's, which is fatal to a doctor, and you'd end up by havin' your goose cooked, seems as though."

"Mostly," said ma, "I take sody and hot water for these here spells. I wisht you'd leave me some of that there medicine you gimme."

"You found it better than soda?" asked Brant. "And I bet you believe in fairies. Ever see any fairies dancing around the farm, Mrs. Bradner? Cunning little folks, I hear. *Similia similibus curantur*. Which is Latin, and means a place for everything and nothing missing from its place. Also, *ignorantia legis neminem excusat*. And that's legal Latin, and I'll make a guess you can't translate it."

"I don't know no Latin," said ma. "We're Presbyterians."

"It means that every little nightmare has a meaning of its own. And I'm glad you've responded so readily to treatment. Take one of these before each meal until they are gone, and the world is so full of a number of things I think we should all be as happy as doctors. I'm pleased to have met you, Mrs. Bradner, and so good morning."

"Step down to the parlor and I'll pay ye," said Mr. Bradner. "I knowed ye was a sensible young feller."

"A word to the wise," said Brant, "is a waste of conversation. The charge is five dollars."

Mr. Bradner, when they reached the parlor, went to an old-fashioned combination of bookcase and desk and took from its drawer a wallet. From the wallet he extracted a yellow bill of the denomination of one hundred dollars which he tendered to Brant.

"That'll be about right, I cal'late," he said.

"Was it gastritis I treated, or gunshot?"

"Gastritis, to be sure."

"Then a charge of a hundred dollars would be a social error frowned upon by all books of etiquette. The laborer is worthy of his hire, but never overtip a taxi driver. Five dollars will be correct. And thank you almost to death."

"The car's standin' at the door. Ma'll be singin' your praises all over the caounty. Wa-al, good-by, doc. We sure appreciate your comin' in the middle of the night." He paused briefly. "Most folks has trouble rememberin' dreams when they wake up."

"This one," said Brant, "seems to have got sort of jumbled in my mind. . . . Good morning, sir. See that Mrs. Bradner takes her medicine regularly."

With that he entered the car beside the same individual who had fetched him in the night and drove away toward Kidder's Dam. He did not speak, nor did his companion. Only a nod was exchanged when the doctor alighted at his door and went into his office, where he walked to his desk and seated himself slowly. Having seated himself, he drew from his vest pocket a misshapen leaden pellet and laid it on the blotter before him.

"Looks like a 30-30," he said to himself; "and, young fellow, it's a talented dreamer that can dream a bullet out of a man's shoulder and into his vest pocket. No poetry, turning dreams into lead. Um—not the stuff that dreams are made of."

III

"WHO," Brant asked Mrs. Widget, "is the red-headed girl in pants that knocks out liners?"

"Her?" Mrs. Widget sniffed righteously. "That 'ud be the Peddy Orphan. And you better stop talkin' and git to bed, what with bein' out the hull night goodness knows where."

"I've got to drive to the county seat."

"After," said Mrs. Widget, "you wake up."

"Possibly you're right," Brant surrendered. "A head unclogged by cobwebs seems indicated in the premises. Why do they call her the Peddy Orphan?"

"Because her name's Peddy and she's an orphan."

"What an odd reason!" Brant said. "Homely brat. I suppose there's nobody to look after her."

"The Twelve Apostles wouldn't be capable of it," said Mrs. Widget. "And the bed's opened and the shades drawed."

When he awakened some four hours later, he put carefully the bullet in his pocket and set out across the hills to the county seat, as in duty bound to lay the facts of the matter before constituted authority. He broke his journey at the post office, where the Peddy Orphan was dropping a letter in the slot.

"Hello," she said affably.

"Damaged anybody today?" he asked.

"Are you going some place, or did you just come out to be smarty?"

"I'm driving to the county seat."

Her pert face grew suddenly interested. "What for?"

"This and that," he said.

"I guess I'll ride with you," she said casually.

"And I," he said pleasantly, "guess you won't."

"I guessed first," she said, and walked out of the post office to his car, into which she climbed with a very determined back. "If you're going over there," she said, "you want somebody smart along—and I'm smart."

"Why do I need a reserve of intelligence?"

"The courthouse crowd eat young doctors on toast."

"How did you know I was going to the courthouse?"

"Because I'm smart," she said, and settled back in the seat. "I kind of took a liking to you," she said, "because you're so big and you look so kind of dumb. So I'm going to look after you till you get to know which turn to take." She regarded him out of the corner of her eye. "You're kind of one-track, by the look of you, and probably you're disgustingly honest, and the first you know somebody's going to dump your apple cart."

"How you do conceal your thoughts!" he exclaimed admiringly. "It's probably what makes you so popular. How old are you, anyhow?"

"I'm of the age which custom doesn't stale."

"And are willing to admit your infinite variety."

"Anybody can quote Shakspere," she said, "but it takes an able-bodied citizen to play marbles with the sheriff and the county attorney. Better tell me what you're going for. I don't blab, and what I know about one thing and another in this locality would surprise you almost to death."

"You sit right in this car and recite the multiplication table to yourself," said the doctor. "What's the county attorney's name?"

"Diston," she said, and made a little face. "Go and burn your fingers, smarty." Suddenly she became grave. "Did he send for you?" she asked

"No"

"He would have," she said, as he drew up before the courthouse and alighted.

Brant shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little as he walked up the steps. She was a precocious urchin, he told himself, and

(Continued on Page 136)

The Joy of a Valspar Home!

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DELIGHT that comes from transforming something ugly into something beautiful—the pride of making your home modern and smart—the fun of doing it with your own hands! If only you could list *all* the joys of a Valspar home!

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LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

(Continued from Page 134)

rather interesting, though apt to prove a nuisance if encouraged. Allowed to run wild, was his verdict.

He found the county attorney in his office on the second floor and introduced himself.

"The new Kidder's Dam doctor," said that official affably. "Glad to meet you. Glad you've dropped in. What can I do for you?"

"This call," said Brant, "is official. I was called last night to visit an old lady who has spells. When I got there she turned out to be a middle-aged man with two bullet holes in him. He was dying. I did what I could and left the room for half an hour. When I returned, the party of the first part, so to speak, was occupying the bed and the body had disappeared. As a physician, I am bound to report the discrepancy."

"You have names, of course?"

"Bradner was the name given to me."

"You found a man shot to death. This man, you say, vanished, and Mrs. Bradner was left in his place?"

"Exactly."

"You commented upon this, doubtless?"

"I manifested some curiosity."

"With what result?"

"I was told I suffered from nightmare; that there had been no wounded man and that I had actually treated Mrs. Bradner for one of the more erudite forms of stomach ache—in which Mrs. Bradner concurred. There were three other gentlemen present who concurred. Concurring was done by all in wholesale lots."

"Ah," said Mr. Diston, "and what evidence have you to the contrary?"

"One bullet, extracted from a shoulder."

Brant laid the object on the desk and Diston regarded it with interest. "A 30-30," he observed. "By the way, are you subject to unusual dreams?"

"That," said Brant, "has never been considered one of my strong points."

"And your desire is?"

"I'm not desirous. I'm stating a fact where it will do the most good."

"As a lawyer," said Diston, "I'm bound to confess there isn't much to go on. Your unsupported word –and you unknown in the county—against the combined statements of a prominent citizen such as Mr. Bradner, his wife and three witnesses—isn't much to lay before a grand jury."

"Isn't a bit of investigation indicated?"

"Possibly—possibly. But, Doctor Perkins, the most essential thing to have in a homicide matter is what we call the corpus delicti."

"Which, I gather, means the delicious corpse. I haven't one for you. But I certainly did tinker with a person who was leading by a neck for the office."

"My hands are tied. I can do nothing until you—or somebody else—produce him." Diston paused. "Yesterday was your first day in your new practice?"

"The very, very first."

"Among a people with whom you are not acquainted?"

"I know 'em better than I did."

"You will know them still better after a lapse of time. . . . By the way, would you be able to undertake the extra work of house physician at the county farm? The salary is twelve hundred. Not much, of course, but also there is not much to do. The post of coroner will be open in November, and we like to have a physician in that office." He smiled. "Here at the courthouse we like to help our friends."

Brant's hand reached for the bullet and placed it again in his pocket. "You won't be wanting this, I take it?"

Diston shook his head.

"And what, may I ask in a purely friendly vein, do these offices and emoluments involve which you tender me so generously in addition to the actual labors of office?"

"A certain amount of discretion and some willingness to oblige," said Diston.

"I'll consider it prayerfully. And thank you for giving me so much time."

"As much as you like," Diston said pleasantly. "Good afternoon."

The young doctor walked down the stairs and along the corridor, past a door upon which the word Sheriff appeared in gold letters. This portal opened and a man with whiskers emerged. Brant paused and smiled broadly.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Bradner?" he asked. "I hope your mother is up and about."

"Your medicine done miracles," said Mr. Bradner. "Ma can't speak too high of you."

"You didn't bring in a corpus delicti, did you?"

"A what?"

"Never mind," said Brant. "Just an idle question. Never hesitate to call me, day or night."

He went out to the car into which he climbed thoughtfully. It was not until they were out upon the road toward home that the Peddy Orphan spoke.

"Fingers sting?" she asked.

"What fingers?"

"The ones you burned on Mr. Diston," she said.

He turned to regard her with reflective eye. "Little girl," he said, "as I walk through the lofty domes and corridors of yon stately courthouse, I note poignantly the unmistaken aroma of skunk."

"It's one of our endearing young charms," she said.

"I was offered a number of the kingdoms of the earth from the top of a low mountain."

"Did you sell out?" she asked with sudden glinting of eyes.

"Up to the present minute of going to press—no."

Those glinting eyes became clouded. "You'd better. What have you happened on that makes them want to buy you?" She compressed her lips. "Our affairs are none of your business," she said presently. "Why drag you in? You'd better take their offer."

"Why?"

"Because," she said, "a live doctor has a lot more fun than a dead hero."

"There's too much corpus around this county," Brant said irritably, "and a perfectly disgusting amount of delicti."

"You've got to live here—or have you? The sensible thing will be for you to pull up stakes and roll your pills far, far away."

"Aren't you a kind of a sort of a precocious child?"

"I think," she said, "I'm the only honest person with brains in Kidder's Dam. There's plenty of honesty and there's heaps of brains, but they don't get together in the same person. I suppose you'll stay, now you're here. I suppose you'll see things, for a doctor can't help it. Now what I want to know is—what will you do?"

"I guess," he said, "I'll just have to play the cards as they're dealt me."

"My father," she said, "was high sheriff of this county. He's dead."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"My father was an honest man—he's dead."

"How," asked Brant, feeling suddenly tense and somehow grim, "did he die?"

"He went to stop a drunken free-for-all fight in the bunk house down at the mill. He was shot in that dark room. Fifty Hunyaks and Italians and Frenchies were clawing one another, but someone was able very accurately to shoot father as he stepped in the door. No gun was found. Nobody knows who fired the shot."

He drove on silently for some minutes. Then he turned to the red-headed girl and nodded his big head. "I guess they'll have to find some other coroner," he said. Her keen eyes looked up at him and he was curiously aware that she did not seem so tremendously homely.

"Come home with your shield," she said slowly—"or on it."

IV

DOCTOR PERKINS' reasoning was much as follows: "I shall very soon become an object of interest to the boys.

(Continued on Page 139)

Rexall 26th BIRTHDAY SALE

THIS great Sale is to celebrate the 26th anniversary of America's largest drug store system. Throughout the United States and Canada, it will offer the public sensational bargains during February.

It will pass on to you the huge savings made possible when 10,000 stores buy direct from their own coöperative source of supply—the United Drug Company—which is the world's largest manufacturer of drug store commodities.

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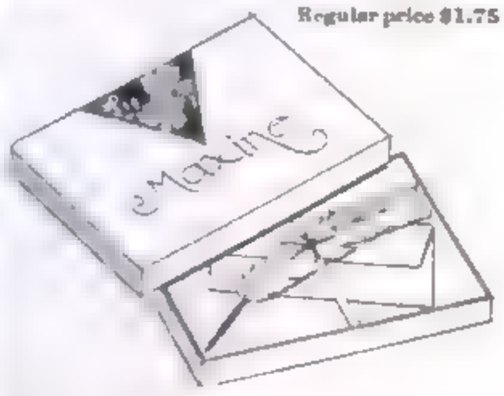

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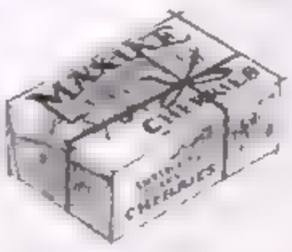

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Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures at about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills the disease germs of influenza, common colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases.

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This method of pressing destroys moth eggs and larvae which may lie within the weave of woolen goods. The eggs of other insects and the insects themselves are also destroyed.

VACUUM DRYING

Dry heat, harmful to fabrics, is not used in the Valetor method. Garments never have a stiff, *boardy* finish. They have the soft-dry, luxurious feel of new clothes. They are ready to put on instantly.

CREASES LAST LONGER

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crêpe or satin frock soft and fresh.

AVAILABILITY

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(Continued from Page 136)

If they are possessed of vision and initiative, which I suspect, they will wish to peruse and construe my comings and goings. Therefore, before they organize and go into committee, I had best stir my stumps - providing I'm going to stir them at all."

Which was excellent reasoning. Therefore, after darkness had provided adequate shelter that evening, he embarked in his car with certain implements not to be found in a surgeon's supply house, and went questing in the hills

"Where you goin'?" demanded Mrs. Widget.

"I'm prospecting for a corpus delicti mine," he said. "I hear the mountains are rich in them."

"I dunno," she said, "but what I'm a-goin' to git aggravated with ye."

"Wait till morning then, and serve it with the bacon."

The old lady stared after him, waggling her head and moving her lips; but her sharp gray eyes would have surprised you by their softness.

Brant had studied a map of the township, so he did not start off in the direction of the Bradner farm. But, a couple of miles from town, he turned to the left over a road not much frequented by day and not at all frequented by night, and this carried him into the neighborhood of his destination. At a point a quarter of a mile from Mr. Bradner's he backed his car among the witch hopple and proceeded the remainder of the distance on foot and across country. Before he reached the immediate vicinity of his destination, he paused to put his thoughts in order and to check up on probabilities and necessities.

"We have confronting us," he said to himself, "a bevy of individuals with a corpus delicti on their hands. It has been on their hands since dawn of today. It seems doubtful to me if an astute person would bestow permanently an unhandy corpus delicti in his front, back or side yard, where some unsympathetic soul—such as a youthful physician -might stumble over it. Also, we are aware that Mr. Bradner visited today in high places—which may or not be significant. From all this emerges important Fact Number 1—namely, the corpus delicti is still in the vicinity, because nobody goes traipsing across the landscape with one in broad daylight; and Fact Number 2 that the aforesaid corpus will be transferred at the first opportunity, which is from this minute on. Therefore the motto is Onward and Upward."

His further matured opinion was that the ultimate destination of the legal evidence in question was across the adjacent borders of the Dominion of Canada, where, if it were discovered, it could cause annoyance or aching curiosity only to a set of alien officials in no way connected with Kidder's Dam or its vicinage. The border lay eighteen miles to the northward.

"Once there," said Brant to himself, "there will be sly chucklings and elated thumbings of noses."

So he proceeded with some caution and with considerable silence for a city man of so many inches and such weight, and arrived finally within sight of Mr. Bradner's white farmhouse and red barn.

The first matter of an unusual nature which greeted him was a motor car standing hard by the barn. Unless Mr. Bradner was going some place, this car would, he thought, have been in shelter at this dewy hour of evening, and he decided to concentrate his attention upon the engine of transportation

He continued to perform the act of concentration for a continuous period of more than an hour, and a stone wall between farmyard and orchard concealed and protected him while so engaged. He could see the house, and from time to time through unshaded windows saw divers persons moving about their several concerns. One of these, he noted with satisfaction, was Mrs. Bradner, wholly recovered from such distress in her middle section as had vexed her on the preceding night. He saw Mr. Bradner also, and a second man, but the two other strangers who had come in so handy as witnesses were not visible.

Brant glanced at his watch and found it to be eleven o'clock a lamentably late hour for that portion of the earth's surface—equivalent to one or two or three in more cultured centers And now Mr. Bradner and his male companion issued from the kitchen door and proceeded in businesslike manner to the barn.

"Aha!" said Brant, nodding his head. "A mow of hay affords excellent temporary concealment for an irksome corpus delicti But temporary—very, very temporary!"

Brant thought the moment clement for abandoning his farmyard wall and exchanged it for a less solid but equally concealing lilac bush in propinquity to the automobile—within arm's reach of that vehicle in fact. Here he awaited developments and opportunities.

Presently appeared Mr. Bradner and friend bearing a burden, which, with sundry grunts and objurgations, they bestowed in the tonneau of the car.

"Nobody'll be on the roads tonight," said Bradner, "but ye better keep to the hills. Turn off short of the immigration inspector's place and the customs. Ye kin circle 'em by the Tenney Road and git within half a mile of the border. The boys'll meet ye by the Nixon schoolhouse, and then ye'll have to carry him the rest of the way through the woods. Be sure ye git him well into Canady, and then don't be bashful about diggin' too deep."

"You hain't doin' no diggin'," said the second man acidly.

"I got to be right here establishin' me an alibi," said Bradner. "I got to be able to prove I never moved off the place. I'm a-goin' to disturb a number of folks by telephonin' to 'em so's they'll be able to swear to it."

The second man climbed into the car and started the engine; then, as an afterthought, he turned to Bradner. "Seems like I'd feel more snug in my mind if you was to throw a hoss blanket over the hind end of this car."

"Sure," said Mr. Bradner, and departed into the darkness of the barn.

This departure was regarded by Doctor Perkins in the light of opportunity. Very swiftly he arose from his lilac bush and plucked the driver from his seat before the driver was aware that plucking or other distressing events were in contemplation. Brant plucked him with his great hands and powerful arms and shoulders; and then, before the man could bleat his astonishment, smote him with skill and force upon the point of the chin, so that the stranger became no more interested in events for that interval.

Before Mr. Bradner could emerge from the barn, Brant meshed the gears and headed the car out of the barnyard. The gate was closed, but it was not Brant's gate, nor were the mud guards of the car a source of anxiety to him. Therefore he went through the gate at speed and swerved sharply into the public road. He now found himself on the thoroughfare possessed of a car not his own, in which was deposited a corpus delicti which he regarded in some sort as justly his property.

He did not fear direct pursuit, for there was no other car on the farm; what he feared was interception. He placed himself in Mr. Bradner's place and circumstances and decided Mr. Bradner's reaction would be toward telephones. He would call certain interested persons in an agitated manner, and these other persons, having a stake in the matter, would busy themselves to make certain the missing corpus delicti continued to be missing and did not make an embarrassing debut, so to speak, in public and distressing circumstances. In short, Brant believed that if he were to head straight for the county seat or for Kidder's Dam, his arrival at either place was exceedingly problematical.

On the other hand, provided persons of astuteness were arrayed against him -such, for instance, as County Attorney Diston - they might figure on his taking a devious or even opposite route, and so scour the country throughout a wide radius. He must take this into consideration.

While he was driving at speed and inventing expedients, he also gave some thought to causes and effects. Just what had he got himself into? What was involved? Who was involved? He fancied he could detect a connection between the shooting of the corpus delicti and the courthouse. This indicated an affair of magnitude, against which, single-handed, he had declared a state of war to exist. All indications pointed to the fact that the county in which he had chosen to live was in a regrettable state as to official morals and manners. And where there is such a condition, money in large sums is involved Strangely, at this point, he thought of the Peddy Orphan and of her father. There must, he figured, be some pressing reason or the sheriff of a considerable county would not be shot down in cold blood.

"Being," he said to himself, "a physician in this locality is a hazardous employment."

He could, of course, continue to put distance between himself and Kidder's Dam, and eventually arrive ahead of pursuers at some town in an adjoining county, where he could turn over his evidence to its officials. But he did not want to do this. He had his idea of style and such a course would violate his artistic integrity. No. He knew exactly what art demanded of him and that was what he desired greatly to do.

So, as rapidly as possible, he drove to the southward, judging himself to be following more or less the western boundary of the county. He continued so for twenty miles, until he found a road which was little more than a lane running in an easterly direction. It was rutted and bumpy, so his speed could not be great, which he did not mind. His care was to check off miles on his speedometer so that he could keep a fairly accurate estimate of his position. Now and again he shut off his motor and his lights and sat silent, listening for the sound of other automobiles. He heard none.

Dawn was commencing to soften the blackness when he became aware of a rectangular blot at his right. He stopped and alighted to investigate. It was a log barn, dilapidated and fallen into ruin, roofless, but with walls standing uselessly. It suited him. No sign of dwelling or other building was visible.

He drove his car across the stony field, cleared rubbish from the door of the barn, and presently car and corpus delicti and doctor were sheltered and concealed within. There he remained until well toward noon, when he issued forth on foot and looked and listened.

Careful study of his road map had given him his approximate location; he was some eight miles south by west of the county seat, surrounded by a terrain of rough unbroken country sparsely inhabited and heavily forested. He imagined that anxiety was being experienced at his disappearance and at his failure to appear somewhere. He did not realize then that such anxiety was shared by Mrs. Widget and by the Peddy Orphan.

Vigilance, if vigilance were being maintained to this hour, would undoubtedly relax at high noon. Acting upon this hope, he backed out the car and drove straight toward his destination, arriving after some twenty minutes at a hard traveled road. Now the time for discretion had departed; speed and good fortune were the necessary ingredients. He found the car to be swift, and reason told him that it is not easy for the best of marksmen to hit an object moving at sixty miles an hour. Also it seemed probable to him he was inside the ring of those who lay in wait for his coming.

Farmhouses dotted the road and vehicles of one sort or another were frequent. Brant breathed more easily. Nor did he believe that the most hardy person would take measures against him once he was in the county seat and heading toward the courthouse.

He entered the town at speed, slowed down to pass up the main street, and presently came to a stop before the steps of the courthouse. Incredibly, his arrival seemed to have passed unnoticed at this somnolent hour of the day.

"Hey," he called to a loafer napping on the steps, "come here and lend a hand." The man got to his feet and shuffled down. "Take the feet," said Doctor Perkins; "I'll take the head."

"Sufferin' mackerel!" exclaimed the loafer, drawing back. "What's that?"

"It's a corpus delicti," said Brant. "A gift to Mr. Diston. Grab hold."

Halls were deserted and office doors stood open while clerks and officials were absent at dinner. Brant and the loafer proceeded with their burden to the office of the county attorney, pushed open his door and deposited their burden upon his rug. The loafer moved uneasily to the door.

"Better stay here," Brant said pleasantly. "This is in the nature of a sweet surprise. Sit in a large comfortable chair and snooze." The loafer saw fit to obey.

At one o'clock the door opened and Diston stepped inside. It was an instant before he became aware of his visitors, but he controlled very well whatever emotions the sight of them caused.

"Ah, doctor," he said

"Ah, county attorney," said Brant. He stepped forward, smiling. "I was curious to see how you would act with a corpus delicti on your hands, so I brought you one. I understand such impedimenta have to be accounted for—which is your concern and not mine. And I wish to assure you it is no nightmare. Also Mrs. Bradner is doing nicely. I saw her about the house. And so good-by, Mr. Diston—er—good-by."

"One minute," said Diston.

"Not more," said Brant. "I hunger and thirst."

"We have found another physician for the county farm," said Diston coldly.

"I imagined you would," said Brant.

"I'm sorry," said Diston. "By the way, the sheriff sent a man to Bradner's to investigate your story."

"And found," said Doctor Perkins, "that the Bradner family have ceased to be among us—have, in short, vanished. That's the idea, is it not?"

Diston smiled. "We seem to understand each other," he said pleasantly.

"Only too well," said Brant.

Then the door burst open and a small person with red hair appeared stormily.

"Where ——" she demanded, and then her eyes fell upon Doctor Perkins.

"I thought—I thought they had killed you," she said.

"I was otherwise engaged," said Brant genially. "Mr. Diston was embarrassed for lack of a corpus delicti, so I stepped into the breach. . . . This is no place for a kid. Come along home."

She turned meekly to follow him, but paused at the door for an instant and faced the county attorney. She cupped her hand to her ear and seemed to listen.

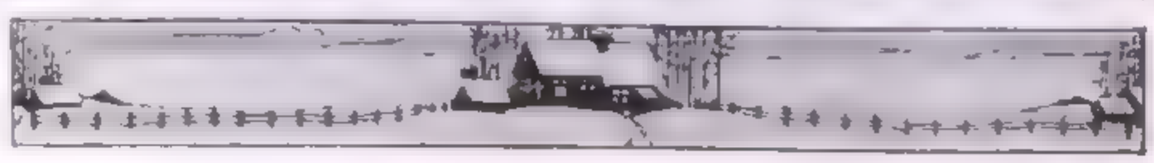
"Do you hear anything?" she asked.

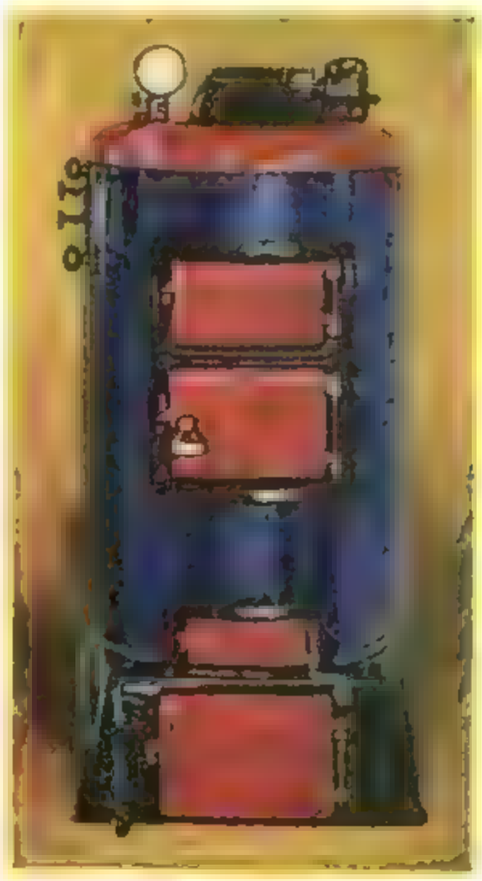
"Nothing," said Diston.

"I did," she said. "It seemed to be the hour striking. The hour always does strike, you know—if one waits long enough."

Brant seized her by the wrist and jerked her through the door. "Behave yourself," he said in parental manner. "Mustn't be saucy or I'll have to spank."

The Peddy Orphan looked up at him and giggled. It was some joke not perceptible to Doctor Perkins.





The JUDGE *vs.* WIDOW ANDERSON

BACK of his old wood stove was the sofa on which Justice of the Peace Tewksberry, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, did his heavy thinking. The dusty desk, scarred by boot heels, was a labyrinth of overflowing pigeonholes. Upholding the dignity of his profession the Judge sprinkled his conversation thickly with replevins, trespasses, and habeas corpus; while he paged fat dusty volumes.

"Dear, dear," said the Widow Anderson who had called about her farm deed, "being a client of the Judge is almost as bad as being sued by him. His words obfuscated me completely. I don't know now whether I even own the farm."

So technical terms may hide meaning and hinder understanding. In the heating industry for example, great confusion has existed about boiler ratings. Even experienced heating men have been puzzled, since boilers of different makes, rated exactly the same, vary widely in actual heating capacity.

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POLITICAL PUBLICITY

(Continued from Page 9)

that the people must be incited to the effort of voting, which is largely so, and that the popular mind is susceptible to publicity influences, argument and appeal, as to candidates, which isn't as so as may be supposed. So we have had, in our country, meetings, literature, parades, speeches, issues debated, issues and policies emphasized and explained and impressed, pictures spread about, buttons, flags, banners and such items of incitement and label. So, also, we have had personal derogation, slander, scandal, and influences of that sort, publicized one way or another, and the sinister use of money, not publicized at all if the users could avoid it.

There was little change in methods or mechanics of publicity for many years. The candidates made speeches, the newspapers printed the news and comment, and there were swings around the circle, by candidates and their spellbinding supporters, meetings everywhere, rallies, parades, incalculable tons of literature and sumless acres of pictures and banners. The telegraph brought a wider dissemination of campaign publicity, the telephone and the phonograph disk helped some, but there really was no great and novel change in methods until the radio was developed to its present stage of efficiency. That was in the four years between the election of Mr. Coolidge and the election of Mr. Hoover.

Naturally, the campaign managers of both parties, not unaided and unabetted by the radio people, grabbed at this new contrivance for getting their candidates across to the public. The Republican and Democratic national committees spent, between them, more than a million dollars for radio broadcasting of speeches in last year's campaign. The Democrats spent the larger amount. They went to the radio with enthusiasm and with liberality. They had the hard end of the fight, and they spared no expense when it came to putting their publicity on the air. Also, their candidate, Governor Smith, made many more speeches than the Republican candidate, Mr. Hoover, did, and it was deemed essential to have a national hook-up every time Governor Smith spoke. National hook-ups are expensive—very.

Talking Against Time

Not all this money was spent on the presidential candidates. Others got generous shares of the air. The use of the radio developed a technic among the publicity managers in the expert apportionment of its favors, and many a leading citizen was lured before the mike with a neat little sales talk about the vast number of people who would hear his voice. There are two ends to radio publicity as developed in politics, both for the speaker and for the person spoken about. And how they both love it. Also, the strict requirement as to time, the callous manner in which the radio companies shut down on the transmitting as soon as the time contracted for expired, the fact that there is a difference of three hours between New York and California, and such points, made changes in the old procedure necessary.

It was expert work, expertly done. Of course, the two candidates were laws unto themselves. They spoke at eight o'clock in the evening, or thereabouts, and Pacific Coast people tuned in at five o'clock and Mountain Time people at six o'clock, and so on; but if there was a message in New York, say, that it was deemed vital to get to the Pacific Coast after dinner, about eight o'clock or nine, when the radio listeners were most likely to be receptive and at ease, the speaker in New York had to sit and twiddle his thumbs until eleven or twelve before they let him have his half hour or twenty minutes at what the radio managers call the "invisible audience." I saw the governor of a great state, who was required to say something for use out West and who expected to get his message off his important chest soon after his dinner, coldly informed that he was expected to report in a hall in the Bronx at 10:45 P.M. and that the time allotted to him was thirty minutes, and not a second more.

Both Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith became adept at using all their time, which usually was an hour. Governor Smith was most adept, because he made the greater number of speeches. He ran over two or three times, and the broadcasting companies indulged him, but they indulged nobody else. Frequently, when some orator was just getting good, there would come the announcement, in the middle of a burning denunciation or an eloquent eulogy: "The time of the speaker has expired and this station will now resume its regular program," leaving the orator shouting at a cold and unresponsive mike, and his invisible audience listening to Hallelujah, I'm a Bum! as rendered by the Porous Plaster Pets.

Aid to the Speaker's Art

This great radio-publicity enterprise was mechanically successful, and, no doubt, millions who otherwise never would have had an opportunity to hear and get vocal contact with the candidates had that opportunity often. There is no way to catalogue the exact political effects of it. It would require a nation-wide canvass as extensive as the great hook-ups to determine how many votes were made and lost, and no such canvass is possible or practicable. Several fairly accurate generalizations can be made, however, on the basis of information that has come to me from various parts of the country since the campaign closed.

The first and most important of these is that, without doubt, the wide political use of the radio during the last six weeks of the campaign had the effect of concentrating the minds of the people on the campaign and its candidates and had much to do with the enormous vote that was cast. Not all to do with it, for there were basic issues in that campaign that stirred the people deeply, and without the radio there would have been a vast procession to the polls. With the radio in a large proportion of American homes the effect was this: There was a continuous renewal of interest and determination.

In many presidential campaigns hitherto the initial interest at convention times has died away and it has been hard to revive it. Ordinarily, before this latest election, about 55 per cent of the total vote was cast in our presidential elections. As far as I know, the exact percentage of the eligible voters who went to the polls in all the states has not yet been compiled, but the figures for California are at hand. Out there the vote was almost 80 per cent of the total possible vote—79 per cent and a fraction.

What the radio did or did not do for the candidates themselves is entirely speculative. Governor Smith made twice as many speeches as Mr. Hoover over a national hook-up. The first and greatest interest was in the speeches of acceptance, for these were the radio introductions of the two men to the voters. As far as can be learned, they both got away to good starts. Governor Smith had bad luck because of the rain and was compelled to go indoors. This interfered with his broadcast to some extent in some localities, but all in all, the two men had an even break. After that the governor did not fare so well. He got a lot of radio publicity, but whether it was good publicity or merely publicity will long be a subject of political discussion. There is no doubt that in some sections the publicity was not very good.

At best, Mr. Hoover is not much of a public speaker. He is an informative speaker, a solid speaker, a man who knows his subject, thinks clearly and has a complete grasp of his ideas, but he is no platform orator in the popular sense. He has a depressing mannerism of looking down when he is speaking, and that does not help the general effect of his addresses any.

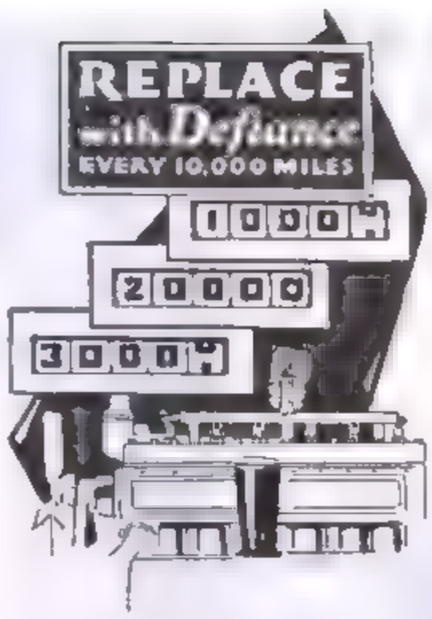
His best speech during the campaign, in a popular sense, was his Iowa speech, although his speech of acceptance was well received. His best speech in a political sense was his state-socialism speech in New York, and there were two reasons for that. The first was that the speech was intended to put Governor Smith more on the defensive than he was, which it did. The second reason for it was to notify certain important factors in his campaign that he is unalterably against government ownership, which these factors favor, and thus put himself on record before election rather than wait until after election, when these factors might, conceivably, demand a government-ownership pound of flesh or two as reward for their support. That was accomplished also.

Hoover's poorest speech as to reception was his Boston speech, and the reason for that was his tendency to look down as he is talking or reading. Hoover's radio managers provided for this habit by elevating the microphone so Mr. Hoover had to lift his head to talk into it and thus remedy the looking-down mannerism. The Boston microphone was not elevated, and the result, especially on the Boston audience, was not good. His radio managers saw to it that that did not occur again. When Hoover made his speech in Madison Square Garden, in New York, he almost had to stand on tiptoe to get his voice into the microphone. There was no looking down on that occasion, for if there had been, not half the people in the hall would have heard him, to say nothing of his enormous radio audience. That speech went over with excellent effect in all parts of the country.

A Continuous Performance

Another generalization on the use of radio in politics is that, after the invisible audience has heard a few speeches, it is well to vary programs and use entertainment for publicity, rather than argument or exhortation. It is doubtful if, even when Hoover and Smith were speaking toward the end, the invisible audience was as attentive as in the earlier stages of the campaign As far as I can inform myself, there was a tendency, even when Hoover and Smith were speaking, to listen for a time and then turn the knob. Of course large numbers of earnest folks listened to the end each time, but many did not. Both national committees arranged entertainments by actors and singers, entirely propagandistic, to be sure, but not speeches, and these entertainments were happily received. They did their work in keeping the candidates in the active consciousness of the people, but did it pleasantly and not by assault on the national thinking machinery. Thought is very disturbing to many people, and these entertainments were very good publicity.

It is quite idle for a layman to speculate on what the developments and improvements in radio and its associated agents for publicity will be during the next four years. However, the success of the talking-picture stand the Democrats had at Seventh Avenue and Broadway, New York, during the latter weeks of the campaign makes it seem probable that some such agent will be extensively used hereafter. This was a contraption that showed continuously a succession of moving and talking pictures of Democrats, topped with Smith himself, who appeared in rotation on the screen and made brief, forceful speeches. The appearances of the speakers were adroitly enlivened with bands playing popular airs and, especially, Smith's battle hymn, The Sidewalks of New York, which, by the way,



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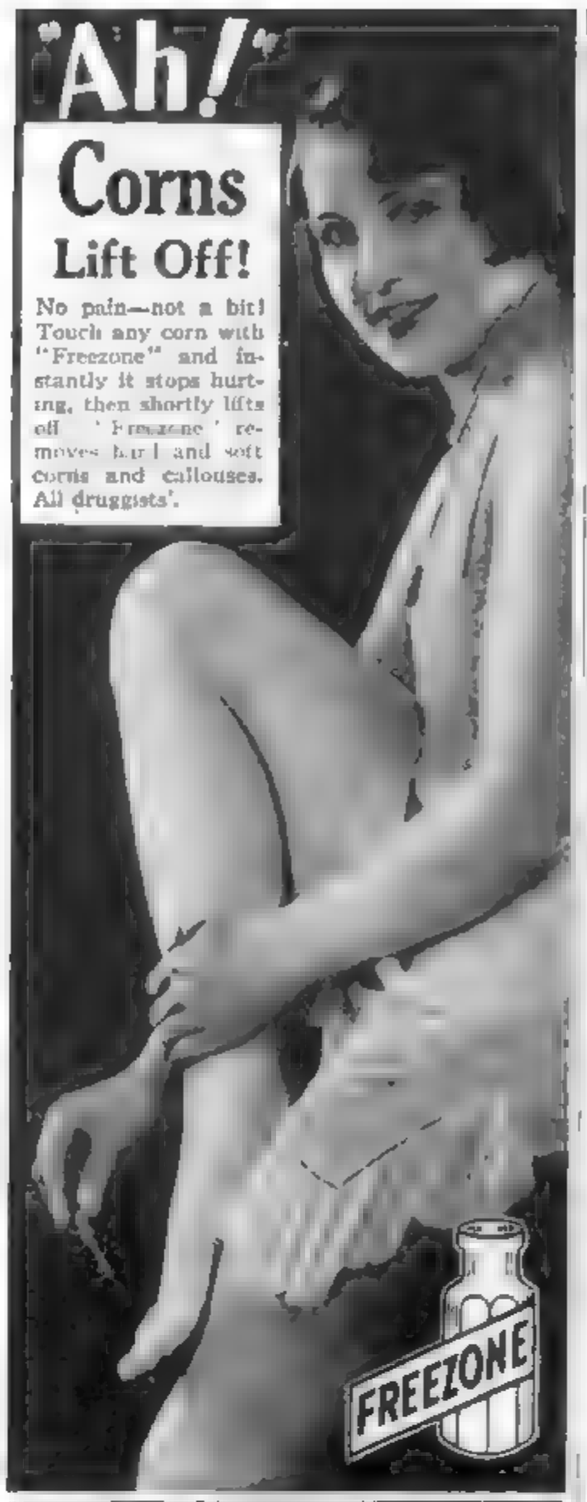
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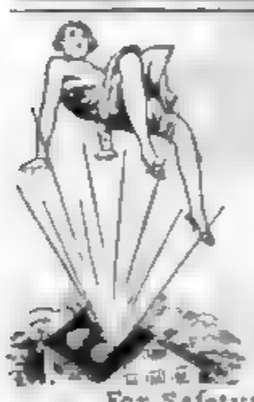

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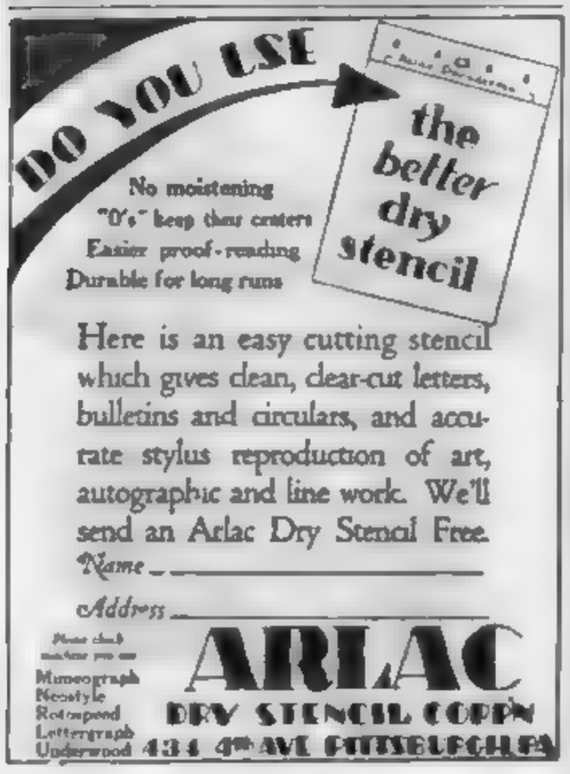

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may have been a battle hymn in that same New York, but was a good deal of a dirge outside. It accentuated the New York idea, which is not so popular outside New York, as the governor learned on Election Day, and made it improbable that no campaign the Democrats may make in the future will have for one of its features a New York topical song.

This device, and others similar to it, may or may not have made votes, but it certainly did excite great interest and was looked at and listened to by great crowds whenever it was in action. Four years is a long time in radio, talking movies, television, and so on, and undoubtedly there will be great strides in development of these things before the next campaign. Hence, it is not at all unlikely that every community will have an improvement of this device, that all traveling and grand-standing by candidates will be eliminated, because the talking movie, the radio, television and other equally miraculous inventions will enable them to be seen and heard simultaneously everywhere, and at their studied and calculated bests.

One thing the Democratic managers learned in their publicity campaign is that crowds do not necessarily mean votes. That lesson had been learned before, but the amateurs at the Democratic headquarters, and a good many of the professionals, too, including Governor Smith himself, who is reputed to be a wise and experienced politician, refused to listen. The governor was tumultuously received everywhere. Vast numbers of people turned out to see him and hear him, and his managers went completely cuckoo over the reports from the cities he visited and the places he stopped en route.

Smith was not the only one. Fine old Joe Robinson, traveling about the country and making speeches to big audiences, lost his perspective also, and sent in wires to headquarters saying that his receptions convinced him that the Democrats were overlooking chances in what had been considered Republican territory and that many such states would surely go for Smith and himself if some work was done. Joe went to the Pacific Coast and he had big crowds in San Francisco and Los Angeles and elsewhere. He burned up the wires urging Raskob to hurry speakers out to California, saying he was certain that California could be secured by the Democrats by some attention from New York. So Raskob shipped out a carload or two of Democratic congressmen and such, and they campaigned the state, and Hoover carried it by 545,000. Joe saw visions in Washington and Oregon and elsewhere. Old campaigner that he is, the crowds deceived him.

The Curious and the Voters

But why? I traveled part of the time with Bryan when he made his grand tour in 1896, and all the time in his campaign of 1900, and Smith's crowds were no larger, no more enthusiastic and no more excited than Bryan's. Bryan did not have the advantage of the radio, but he talked to more people, face to face, on those tours than Smith ever saw, and Bryan was a great political orator, a wonderful campaigner. Everybody turned out to see Bryan and cheer him and hear him, but only a small proportion of those who saw and cheered and heard him voted for him.

Bryan gave a good show, and so did Smith. The people turned out to see the show, but a show is a show, and voting for a President is something else again. Nevertheless, it is probable that the radio had a great deal to do with inciting the desire to see Smith in the flesh. It excited curiosity, but curiosity does not mean conviction. Not at all. The Democrats found that out on election night.

All this has to do with the organized and financed publicity end of the campaign. There was another end, which was unorganized, but very industrious, which gave Smith much the better of it in the news columns of many of our newspapers. Also, it gave a good many of our leading newspaper publishers the worst of it right under their own roofs.

Time was when the newspaper publisher was a highly commendable business man who sat downstairs and directed the material affairs of the newspaper. He supervised the advertising and the subscriptions and had an aversion to a reporter's taking a cab on an assignment that sent him less than five miles from the office that amounted to horror. Meantime, the editor was an important person who sat upstairs, wrote the thunderous leaders, ran the paper and took the glory. The papers were the papers of the editors, and so regarded.

With Partisan Leanings

Now the situation is reversed. The publisher is the cap sheaf of journalism. He owns the paper and he runs it. He gets the kudos, not the writing man, and he bally well sees to it that such is the case. The publisher, in addition to being the financial genius of the institution, is also the molder of public opinion, the controller and disseminator of the news, the torch that lights the way. Observe an annual meeting of the Associated Press as an instance. Look those newspaper lights over and you will find that in the lot there are less than a dozen editors and three hundred or more publishers. That is right enough, for gathering and distributing and printing the news is a business, and newspaper writers usually are not business men. If they are, they soon quit being writers and become publishers. As it is now, the editors and reporters and correspondents are said to be submerged by the exigencies of the present-day business of producing newspapers. Thus we arrive at the nubbin of these remarks, which is the following question: Are they?

There were many interesting, many amusing and some astonishing features of last year's presidential campaign, and one that was all three—interesting, amusing and astonishing—was the clever and capable manner in which numerous of these supposedly submerged attachés of our daily journalism—the editors, correspondents and reporters—put their own personal political preferences over on their possibly esteemed bosses, the important publishers of the important papers, or some of them, and gave Governor Smith the better of it in the news columns, no matter how heatedly, at the direction of the publishers, their papers were supposed to be supporting Hoover.

Of course there is another angle to this. It is just possible that some of the publishers, being good business men, decided that in the circumstances it might be as well to play both ends against the middle, for they knew that the rampant wet sentiment was centered in the big cities. It may be that some of this leaning over backward by allegedly Hoover newspapers in their excessively righteous and widely advertised determinations to be "fair to both sides" had its inception in the fact that some of these papers circulate largely in wet communities.

Admitting that, or suggesting it, rather, on a purely business hypothesis, it is still true that in all my experience on reporting and writing ends of presidential campaigns, which goes back to 1892, I have never known a campaign where the correspondents, editors, copy readers, headline writers, columnists, and others having to do with the public presentation of the facts and features and trends of the campaign, and the comment thereon, were as partisan as in this latest one.

Ordinarily a presidential campaign is just so much work to newspapermen and nothing more. This time it was different. A very large proportion of the men and women having to do with the newspaper and magazine end of this Hoover-Smith campaign were ardent Smith partisans. They made it a crusade. They saw to it, regardless of what their bosses had in mind, that Smith got the best of it in the news columns, which he did.

There was a reason to this—there were several, indeed—but a principal one was that Smith appealed to the imaginations of the writing folks, and Hoover did not. As I have said, by and large, professional writers have little business sense. If they had much they would not be writers. Hoover's appeal was the strongest sort of national appeal, and it was a solid, substantial, concrete, statistical, measured appeal. That got him nowhere with the bulk of the corresponding, reporting and commenting section. Smith's appeal was personal. He has personality, that fellow, and magnetism, and a facility for mixing, and he is a good fighter.

Conversely, Hoover, whose hold on the people and whose strength with the masses of the voters was shown in such an unprecedented manner, is somewhat deficient in the personal attributes that endeared Smith to the writing contingent, not to writers like myself who have known him for years, but to the boys and girls who were on this campaign job as a campaign job to be over when the election was over. Hoover is as good a fighter as Smith, and even better, because he does not waste ammunition and he calls his shots. Smith is more of a rough-and-tumble performer, courageous enough, but scattered. Also, Hoover knows better than Smith did what real national ammunition is in a struggle such as this one was.

Color to Work With

Hoover is a shy man. He is not a good mixer. He gives an early impression of offishness. Although he has been a long time in public life, he does not understand either the psychology or the necessities of reporters and correspondents. Meeting one or two or three, he is at ease and a well of information and frankness; meeting half a hundred, he is distressed. Or was. He may have recovered from that now to some extent. Certainly he will have plenty of it in the next four years. Hoover is a serious, well-founded-information sort of man. He knows little about local color or human interest in a newspaper sense. Those seem trivialities to him, and mayhap they are, but they are essential in our present scheme of recording events just the same.

It was a reporter who invented the best Hoover story of the campaign, and this is it:

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, having retired, Mrs. Hoover was awakened by a noise and called to Mr. Hoover: "Herbert, wake up. I hear a noise in the house."

"What do you think it is?" asked Mr. Hoover, rousing himself at his wife's call.

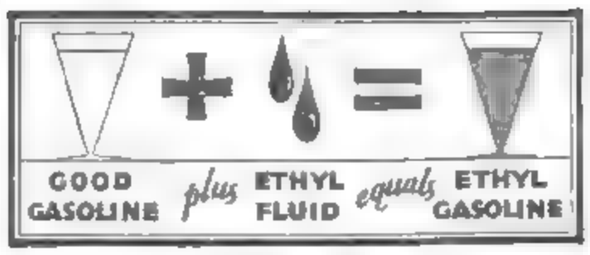
"I think it is burglars."

"Probably so, my dear," replied Mr. Hoover—"probably so. Statistics collected by the Department of Commerce show that burglary has increased 15⅒ per cent in this country during the past year."

There are as many tricks in the writing trade as in any other, and plenty of them were turned for Smith by the men and women who wrote about the campaign. There was color about Smith that gave the writers a foundation to work on, and they used their brushes lavishly. The crowds were bigger, the enthusiasm greater, the receptions larger, the speeches wiser, the general state and locality situations more favorable, the signs more propitious, the revolts against Hoover more pronounced, the trends more sharply defined, the racial differences more marked, the farmers in more active protest, the theater crowds showing unmistakable Smith majorities, the campaign more encouraging, the swing to Smith notable everywhere.

Lists showing states as doubtful that went for Hoover by two hundred and three hundred thousand were compiled and printed. The forecasts of the managers at Democratic National Headquarters were set down as wise and well-informed pronouncements. Even when the facts were imperative, they were colored and nullified by "ifs," and "buts," and "on the other hands." The headline writers got in their

(Continued on Page 145)



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The EASY Damp-Dryer takes out more water than any wringer does. It leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems will not drip. Thus, line-drying is greatly shortened. In bad weather, the clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day. Ironing also is easier because the clothes are free from deep, hard creases.

It puts no strain on fabrics . . . no cracked silk . . . no broken buttons . . . no stretched blankets or woolens.

It damp-dries bulky things like blankets and feather pillows that will not go through a wringer.

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The EASY Washer with its suction principle thoroughly cleanses the entire texture of the clothes in an incredibly few minutes. *Sixty-six times a minute,* its three large suction cups move up and down and around. They flush air, soap and water back and forth through the clothes removing all embedded dirt and impurities.

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Also supplied with built-in 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

(Continued from Page 142)

skillful work by minimizing the news in their captions. The copy readers stuck in sentences that negatived the Hoover news.

Smith had the working press all right. The reporters and the correspondents in large measure were for him, and they were for him adroitly and valiantly. No matter what many of the newspapers said editorially, the Smith propaganda existed and continued in the news columns and right under the noses of the publishers. It might be a good lesson in humility for some of these important publishers, who run their papers down to the last comma, to go back to the files and read what their papers printed during that campaign, in the cold light of the results of it.

Many instances could be cited, but one will illustrate. There is an American legend that gamblers bet their money for strictly business reasons and are uninfluenced by anything but the grasping desire to win. There is no sentiment in money, you know. Nor in gamblers. Hence, the betting odds on a presidential election are popularly held to give an index to the outcome of that election.

Newspapers printed a good deal about betting odds during the last weeks of the campaign. The odds on Hoover began at about three to one and ran up to six or seven to one. In reality, as a few of us realized, they were fifty to one, a hundred to one—write your own ticket.

The Smith boys on the papers had to write this and the editors had to print it, but tucked on or in almost every betting piece was this sentence or one like it: "It will be recalled that in 1916 the odds on Hughes were six to one, but Wilson was elected." Not so bad, that. A fine bit of negativing.

However, the odds on Hughes in 1916 were not six to one. They were six to five, which is another proposition, and two weeks before election Ohio men were betting any amount, at evens, that Ohio, that home and haunt of Republicanism, would go for Wilson, which it did. And so on.

All of which is set forth not in deprecation of the writers on politics, whether they were doing the news or the comment, for that is one of my jobs, and has been for years, and I am of the brotherhood and for it. It is written as a side light on this most interesting campaign, as showing how Smith got one of the publicity breaks, and with a bow to the important persons who publish our newspapers and think they edit them.

WITH BLUE CHIPS THIS TIME

(Continued from Page 4)

600; certainly under 700. Of that number, only between 300 and 400 are actually doing business. The rest are either loafing or trading for themselves. There isn't an active house that can get adequate service. Talk about the tape being forty minutes behind. It's a wonder to me it isn't two weeks late, with less than 400 men trying to serve more than 4,000,000 howling lunatics trying to get down their bets. Look at those clerks! Ouch!"

The next office I visited was a typical commission house of the second rank; the kind that in the old days used to worry about making both ends meet during eight months out of the twelve.

Hordes of messenger boys, brokers' clerks, customers, ex-customers, ghost gamblers and tape buzzards were going in and out of the office. I walked past the customers' room into the private office. A dapper little Japanese, with the inscrutable smile of his race, came out bowing and smirking. Immediately behind him I espied one of the junior partners. He had been the margin clerk when I was doing time in the Street.

"I am very glad to see you," he said.

Just a Living Wage

I believed him with some effort. It was a very busy day and I was not a customer. Any man who can speak that cordially at such a time on a day like this commands my fervent admiration. I never have reached such fictional heights myself.

"I also am glad to see you," I said with sincerity. "And I perceive that this is an international bull market."

"Sure! Europe is buying them by the shipload and ——"

"I meant the Jap. Is he from the Embassy?"

"Shucks! He is the chief's valet."

"And that's how you keep his wages from being ill spent?"

"Listen! This is a typical bull market. You once said that nobody made money in Wall Street ——"

I interrupted him. "I never said that," I denied. "What I said, and repeat, is that nobody ever beat the game; that in the end the game gets them all. It always has and it always will, and you know it. But tell me about this Jap. He has not yet lost his, I take it."

"Right for once," he chortled. "But let me go back a little. Last year, on the thirty-first of December, my revered senior partner asked me to have his valet's statement ready for him to take home. He wanted the Jap, who is a very efficient valet, to start the New Year in a cheerful frame of mind. Well, the account showed that Little Nippon had copped about $65,000 out of this market in 1927."

His expression was so triumphant that I observed calmly: "A living wage! Go on!"

"Well, this year his account shows much greater profits."

"The year is not ended yet," I said. I did not then know how wisely I spoke. The break actually came two days later.

"Yes; but he'll have close to a quarter of a million, all made in this office."

"I guess he'll hold on to his job a while longer," I permitted myself to remark.

"He will, if his boss has anything to say about it."

"Oh, he wouldn't quit his employer of his own accord, would he?"

"His employer wouldn't quit him for worlds. I don't know where he got it, but that little Jap was the bird that brought the Collins Car tip to this office. We bought a raft of it around eight dollars a share. The boss, who, as you know, never gambles, was so impressed by the Jap's talk that he actually bought a big jag of it—for investment, of course. He cleaned up rather better than a million. Will he keep that Jap in his employ? Watch him!"

Now, that very morning at breakfast at my club a friend had told me a story that he vouched for on his honor. It concerned a middle-aged Detroit woman; a natural blonde, about five feet three inches in height, weighing, to be brutally frank, at least 140, and rather partial to gray attire. She walked into a broker's office in Atlantic City, introduced herself grammatically, gave satisfactory references in an educated voice, produced the margin money, and bought 1000 shares of General Motors.

When Stories Get Around

She spent three calm, restful weeks at the shore. When she closed her account it showed her a net profit of a little more than $200,000. She accepted a certified check, took it with her when she left the world's playground and shook hands with the manager. My friend said the manager told him that this ideal customer would buy and sell thousands of shares without batting an eyelash. She didn't ask for advice, information or encouragement, though she always thanked him politely when he volunteered any. She gave every indication of knowing exactly what to do in order to die rich and respected. Her name was not one that is associated with the family of any Detroit magnate. She was merely a strange woman—so eccentric that she did not talk and did not get excited, not even when she won. And she quit winner and to this day remains unread. I cited the incident as perfectly incredible.

The senior partner, at once beneficiary and benefactor of his Japanese valet, had come in while I was repeating the yarn. He is true Wall Street. He thoughtfully smiled his gratitude for the treat I had given him and then burst into jubilant speech:

"Well, my boy, I can beat that all hollow! I will tell it to you if you promise not to laugh or make wise cracks. Don't forget your promise! A little gray-haired woman came to me early in August. I had never heard of her. She brought me a letter of introduction from my doctor. When I asked to what I owed the honor of her visit, she said that she had taken her savings out of the savings bank and wished me to buy as much of a certain stock as the money could buy. When I asked her what the stock was, she said it was Western Wireless.

"We don't like women's accounts. We don't take them if we can help it. But before I told her to go elsewhere I asked her why she picked stock which had already gone up nearly 100 points in a few weeks."

Wireless Telepathy

"'I had a dream,' she said. That was all. No! I didn't say a word! I just looked at her.

"'What kind of dream?' I asked her with the respect that is a second nature to me when addressing women young and not so young

"'Did you ever read Rudyard Kipling's story, Wireless?' she asked me. I happen to be a Kipling fan. I have first editions of everything he ever wrote excepting ——"

"Come back to the customer!" I hinted courteously.

"Do you remember the story? It is about a drug clerk who was John Keats reincarnated."

"Yes," I said. "And what did you answer?"

"I answered 'Yes.' A determined, unromantic-looking little gray woman she was. 'I remember the story very well.' To prove it, I quoted: 'And threw warm gules on Madeleine's young breast!'

"'Well,' she said, 'last night I dreamed that I was living through the very scenes he describes. I was there! I saw Shaynor writing his verses, and I heard him coughing.'"

I did not mean to do it. But here I also coughed. The broker misunderstood it.

"If you are not doing the telling, you always like to gum up the other man's try, don't you?" Being an old friend, he takes liberties with the truth. He went on, nevertheless:

"Well, she told me all about it, not at all theatrically, but in a matter-of-fact way, made more than unromantic by a Vermont voice that suggested our honored President broadcasting. I told her that I wasn't very keen about Western Wireless, but what can you do with a middle-aged woman who reads Kipling and believes in dreams and omens? There is a story for you. My last futile effort to be a brave man consisted of suggesting that before she bought that stock she should get the colored elevator boy in her apartment house to play policy for her. She might make just as much money that way and her savings would last a great deal longer. She heard me patiently, her face so impassive that I could not tell whether I had convinced her or not. She presently enlightened me by saying, in a

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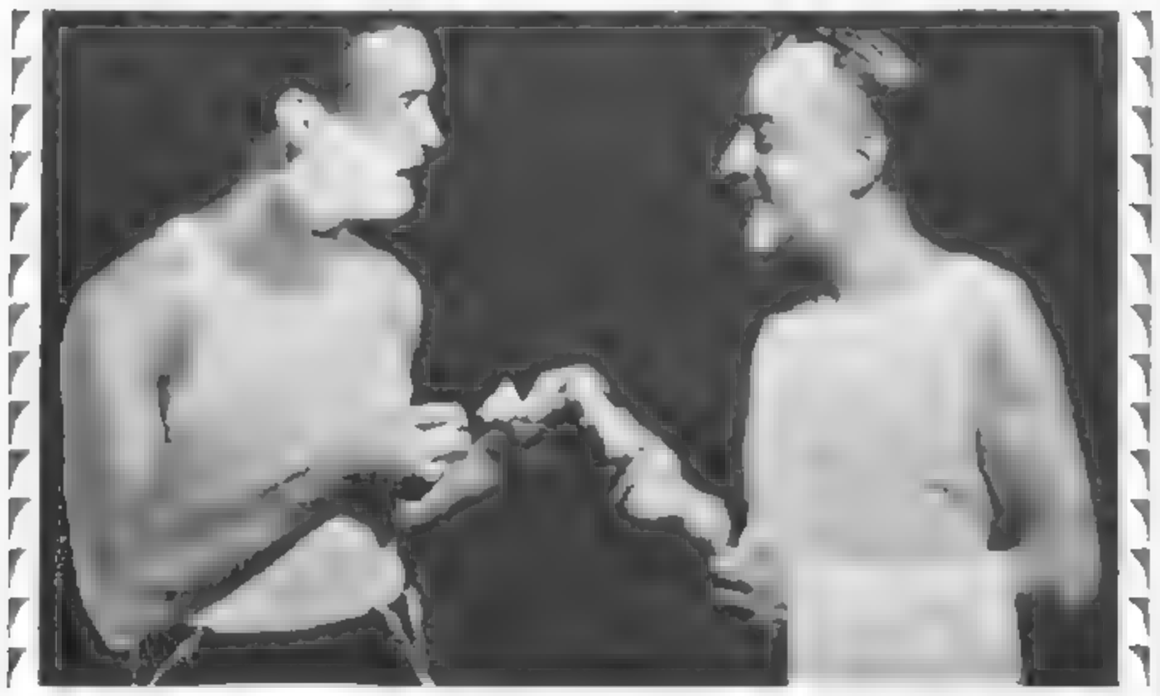

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The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

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voice that sounded like the stirring of the contents of a mint julep in July:

"'If you don't wish to do business with me, I will apply to some broker who will listen more and talk less!' So I said to her: 'Madam, my desire was to keep you from losing money. But I am even more desirous of obeying your commands—in silence!'

"Well, of course, we bought some Western Wireless for her. If we didn't, someone else would. Now, there must be something in this psychic business, because when her account showed her a profit of ninety-odd thousand dollars, I decided to send for her. I was just reaching for the telephone when in she walked. She never passed the time of day or said anything foolish, only: 'I wish you to sell that stock for me at once.' She sat there and waited with the utmost patience—not a single fidget—while the order was executed. It was one of the big days and it took some time. When she finally got her report, she said: 'I wish you to buy me ten shares each of these stocks,' and she gave me a list of dividend payers that I'll bet came directly from the investment department of the Fifth Avenue Bank—the last word in sedatives. She went on: 'You may have these stocks put in my name and send the certificates to me.' She gave me her new address: It was in a small country town in Vermont. She was losing no time in shaking New York. I could see—not that I am so clever, but I couldn't help it—that she did not expect any congratulations on her sagacity. Still, I said to her, 'If at any time we can be of service to you, we shall be delighted.'"

Whole Hog or None

"'Thanks,' she said shortly. 'I am fixed for life. If you wish to see me again you will have to come up to my Vermont home, any time excepting in January, February and March. I propose to spend those months in Florida every year. Good day, sir!' And off she went. What do you think of that story?" The senior partner looked at me triumphantly.

"I won't say what I think."

"Of course, you fiction writers can't forgive nature. I'll show you the transcript of the account. You can have the lady's name and address. I don't call one of the clerks in to corroborate it, because you would tell me that I had gone to a lot of trouble to get up a fake yarn. Or do you want me to? What do you say?"

"I say that the time has come for getting out of everything. The reaction can't be far away, with such stories floating around."

I made the round of other offices with whose heads I was acquainted. For weeks I had been hearing nothing but Wall Street winnings wherever I went—in cities, in towns, in villages, in clubs, in churches, in stores, in studios, and even where collectors of historical flasks foregather. In a hospital where one of my relatives fooled the doctors, I heard how one or another nurse had made a fortune in a few weeks following a tip given by a grateful patient. I spoke to one—a Canadian marvel who really cleaned up $30,000. She told me she had invested the money in first-class bonds and had taken a pledge never again to speculate. I ungallantly verified her story. A sculptor who used to be a hard worker had ridden down to Wall Street with me that morning. He confided that he had a profit of $17,000. I urged him to take it. He said he needed $25,000 to buy the house he and his wife wanted.

"But it would have taken you years to buy that house out of your savings. Be content with getting two-thirds for nothing."

"I know. But this kind of a chance only comes once in a lifetime!"

"You will lose it all," I warned him.

"Oh, no. I have got it stopped so I can always get out with $15,000 profit."

"That," I told him, "is absolutely all the warning you require. I have never known that sign to fail. Get out now!"

He thanked me, but went his way. A week later his brother-in-law told me that the sculptor had sold out at a profit of exactly $1700—one-tenth of what he might have had.

All stories of winnings are more or less of the same pattern. And yet people will tell you that they do not believe in miracles.

An incident, on the day before the first slump, struck me as significant. It was long after business hours and I was listening to the junior partner of a very successful brokerage concern. Suddenly the broker bethought himself that he was without cash. He rang for the office boy.

"Leon," he said, "go to the cashier and get me $100 or any part of it."

Little Fits of Generosity

A few minutes later the boy came back and said, "I am awfully sorry, but the cashier has gone home. There is nobody there. But," he paused and finished—"but here is $100 I ain't going to use tonight"—and he gave his boss one $100 bill. The broker looked at me.

"Is this bull market different from the others?" he asked me.

Another broker that I know very well indeed told me that some months ago a certain stock was brought to his attention. He considered it a fair gamble and he bought a few thousand shares at eighty cents a share. That night, for some reason or other, he made a present of 200 shares to his butler. A few days after Hoover's victory that stock was selling for thirty dollars a share. The butler unloaded at that figure. His employer tells me that the butler never had less trouble with the rest of the household than at present. It seems that all the others, from the chef down, ask him for tips. Next to the last chapter.

I know another man, whose nerves are not the calmest in the world. However, they did not interfere with his operations in the stock market, and during 1928 he made more millions than it is moral to record. He has for chauffeur an excellent man, careful, competent, considerate, who has been with him several years. Though my friend pays his driver a very liberal salary, one day, in a burst of criminal generosity, he told him that he was going to put him into a certain stock in which he was running a deal. The chauffeur thanked him and continued to drive his nervous boss very carefully.

The deal went over successfully. The profits of the chauffeur amounted to close to $100,000. Confronted by a new and serious problem, what did the famous operator do? Give the faithful chauffeur the money? No, sir. Mention the fact that the deal was closed? Never! He did not want to lose his chauffeur, so he summoned him to his study one night.

"Huntington," he said, "you have been with me long enough to know what sort of a boss I am. You have never forgotten that I always work under a great strain. You suit me to a *t*. I don't know how you feel about your job. I only know you have never complained. Now, listen to me carefully: I cannot tell how long I am going to live. But I know that I wish to insure my comfort to the end. I have no desire to change any of my habits at my time of life. Now, in all likelihood you will outlive me by thirty to forty years. I am as keen to insure a comfortable old age for you as I am for myself. For that reason I want you to agree to work for me for the rest of my life. Now, about wages. I shall not pay you one cent, after this."

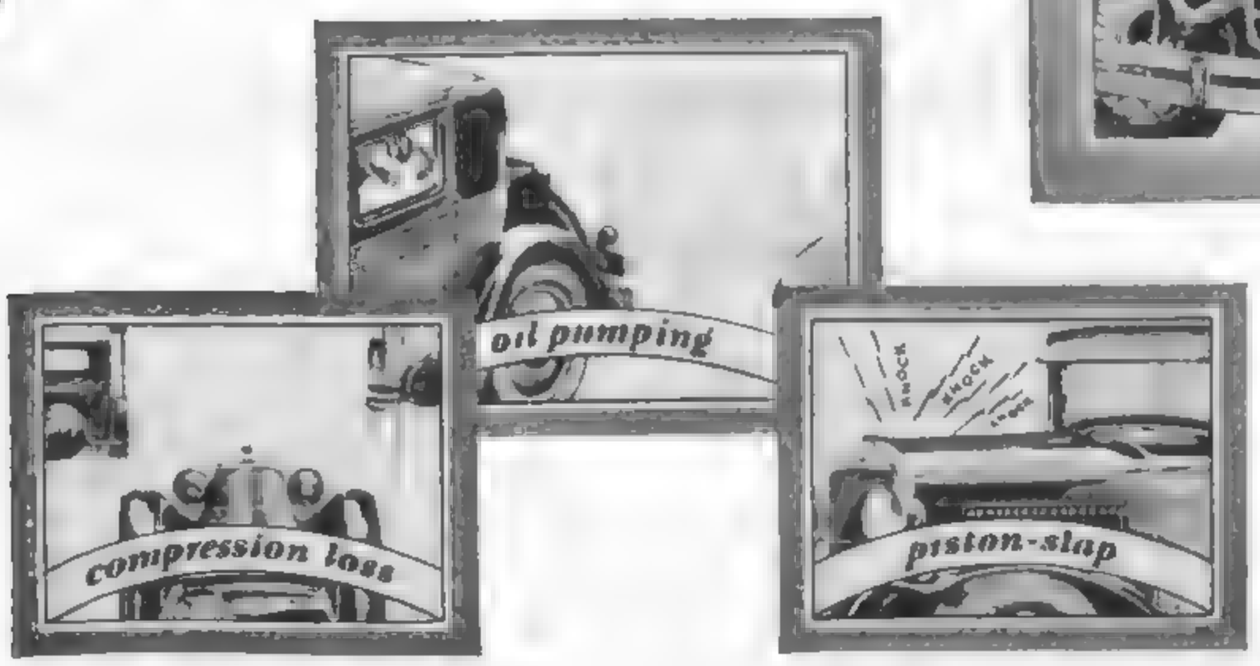
"No, sir?" said the puzzled chauffeur.

"Not one cent! I don't want you to work for a salary all your life. I propose to give you $200,000. I will help you to invest it as carefully as I know how. It will be your money, but you must agree to be my chauffeur as long as I live and you must swear not to speculate but to live on the income of your two hundred thousand. What do you say?"

The chauffeur didn't answer. He looked at his employer with a funny little smile on his face until the famous operator began to fear the worst. Perhaps Huntington had

(Continued on Page 149)

Even the finest of motor cars develops one or more of these 3 BAD HABITS



. . . but there is a GUARANTEED CURE

PAY what you choose for a motor car, you cannot buy permanent immunity from the 3 BAD HABITS—"Oil Pumping", "Compression Loss" and "Piston-Slap". These 3 BAD HABITS are caused by worn pistons, worn piston rings and worn, tapered, or out-of-round cylinders—and because wear cannot be prevented, even the finest of motors will eventually develop one or more of them.

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When your motor begins to lag on the hills, when it loses its original "snap" and "getaway"; when your car begins to fill with headachy motor fumes—that's Compression Loss—Bad Habit number two.

That hard, marble-like, knocking sound in your motor that grows more annoying the longer you drive, particularly noticeable when you drive uphill or accelerate—that's Piston-Slap—Bad Habit number three.

Regardless of what you pay for a motor car, you cannot buy immunity from these 3 BAD HABITS.

But you *can* buy a positive, guaranteed cure!

The simple installation of only two patented Simplex Piston-Rings in each cylinder is a positive cure for ALL of the 3 BAD HABITS. That's why the modern Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning costs so much less than the old, time-wasting, labor-wasting methods.

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The complete story of the Simplex Method is interestingly told in a 20 page, illustrated booklet. A free copy is yours for the asking. The Simplex Piston Ring Co. of America, Inc., 1971 East 66th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Your own local garageman will give you a guarantee of 10,000 miles against the Three Bad Habits when he reconditions your car by the Simplex Method. He will tell you that the Simplex Piston Ring is the only one-piece ring that is made "overwidth"—actually wider than the ring groove it goes into. Its slotted construction permits it to be compressed into the groove, where it expands up and down, sealing the top and bottom of the groove against oil pumping, compression loss and piston-slap. (This up and down expansion is patented.)

He, too, can give you a copy of the Simplex Booklet.

THE SIMPLEX METHOD of Motor Reconditioning

SIMPLEX PISTON RINGS

LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

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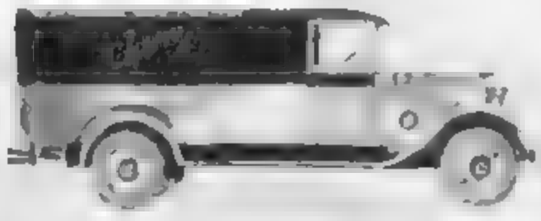
Oh, I thought that was my car!



HER glance had quickly taken in the smart, "town car" lamps—the gleaming radiator—the mirror-like finish of the stream-line hood—the graceful sweep of the heavy crown fenders . . . every detail the distinguishing mark of her own beautifully appointed car, even to the snobbish spare wheels carried alongside.

Yet, the new 6-cylinder Autocar Dispatch is a delivery truck. But what a truck! It is as unlike other delivery trucks as the first single cylinder, whip-socket horseless carriage is unlike today's luxuriously appointed automobile.

It is designed for those business houses who are as particular about the appearance of their delivery service as they are of their other store appointments.

It is perfected for those merchants whose delivery equipment must reflect the character of their merchandise and their patrons.

Why shouldn't an efficient thing be beautiful as well? Under that graceful hood is smooth flowing 6-cylinder power released at the touch of the accelerator. Within that low-hung chassis is built 31 years of engineering skill.

Go to your nearest Autocar branch or dealer. See this "precision-built" truck for yourself. He will tell you why only alloy heat treated steel is used in the frame, why only these four wheel, hydraulic-mechanical brakes and the Autocar double reduction rear axle are good enough for the new Dispatch—why this is not only the most beautiful but the sturdiest 1½ and 2-ton truck that engineering skill knows how to build.

Complete descriptive literature will be sent if there is no Autocar dealer near you.

Autocar Trucks

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa., Established 1897

CHASSIS BY AUTOCAR—1½ TONS, $2700—2 TONS, $3000—AT THE FACTORY, ARDMORE, PA.

(Continued from Page 146)

kept track of the cursed stock and would ask for his profit and retire with $100,000. Presently Huntington stopped smiling to frown. In a firm voice he said:

"I'll do it, sir! But I can't thank you until I really believe it has happened!"

The stock operator's private secretary told me that story. "If you knew how much money he has made," the secretary said, because of the look on my face, "you wouldn't doubt it."

Hoping against hope, I asked another old-timer of the Street to tell me a really interesting story of a winner.

"That is a hard job," he admitted. "It is always a case of beginners' luck or of the courage of ignorance or the reward of rashness or the wisdom of swimming with the tide. But they really are typical bull-market stories. I will confess to you that I have made money in this boom in spite of myself. If I had not had young partners I'd be back on the farm. We oldsters are in the discard. The most successful speculators this year have been those who did not know what a panic was, and therefore did not know how to use a brake. In this office I doubt if any customer who is much more than forty years old has made big money; but that is the old story. Old-timers cannot see a clear track ahead, and always slow down for signals."

From the Mouths of Babes

"There is a fine bright chap in this office who had a paper profit last week amounting to more than $1,000,000, all made since August. Oh, this is a blue-chip game now. A little while ago I begged him to cash in or at least reduce his holdings. He asked me very pleasantly what my reason was. I told him experience had taught me a few things and then, of course, I babbled about past bull markets and inevitable bull-market endings. He waited without any sign of impatience until I was done, although the market was boiling over and he was probably getting richer at the rate of $1000 a minute. And I was keeping him from getting the exact figures on the translux. Then he said to me: 'Mr. Hicks, that is a very interesting talk. You see, you are acting according to your experience and I am acting according to mine. I can't live by yours any more than I can sustain life by what beefsteak you eat. I must rise or fall by my own experience.'

"'But you haven't any experience whatever with bull markets,' I objected.

"'Oh, yes, I have,' he said. 'I have my own experience with this bull market. I don't have to get drunk and wake up with a Katzenjammer to know what whisky tastes like, and when to stop drinking. I am perfectly willing to go to age for experience, if you will let me go to youth for advice. I am really grateful that the senior partner of this firm goes to the trouble of telling me what happened to my wife's father in 1901. But I am even more grateful to your junior partner for putting me into stocks that now show me a pleasing profit. If I had followed your advice I would not have made so much money. By following Bill I am away ahead of the game. I am equally grateful to both, but I am sticking in Bill's company.' What can any broker say to that kind of talk?" He looked as if I might help.

"Well, what did you say?" I asked him, because I was certain that a taciturn broker would starve to death, even in a bear market, when the less he says the better for everybody within hearing.

"Oh, I comforted myself by telling him that the business of getting something for nothing was one of which I knew very little and that moderation, which had been a virtue in my youth, had been lately discovered to be a crime against the family."

"He must have felt very badly," I said, but he ignored my words and went on earnestly:

"I won't admit that we conservatives have been wrong, because I must think in accordance with what experience has taught me. But it beats the Dutch how we underestimated the possibilities of our business, irrespective of the inevitability of occasional bull markets. For example, I myself developed our wire business. It has swamped us. There is no section of the United States that is today beyond the reach of the ticker or the telephone. I should say that everybody in the United States is speculating in stocks today, because everybody in the United States can speculate in stocks today. The facilities exist. With the stupendous increase and particularly the wide distribution of the wealth of this country, nothing else should have been expected. The orders that make the 6,000,000-share days come from every section of the land. There have been days when the Pacific Coast has been responsible for fully 15 per cent of the total transactions, although this is above normal. California, Oregon and Washington speculators are buying and selling tens of thousands of shares a day. So is Europe.

"I had luncheon yesterday with a banker whose firm has made so many successful flotations of bonds that he is well known all over the United States. He told me he was talking to the president of a bank in an inland city of California not long ago. He asked the local banker where and how people in his community made their money. The California banker answered, 'We are chiefly agricultural and fruit growing. We did pretty well with pears, not so well with plums, pretty well with raisins,' and he went on to enumerate the different crops from which the wealth of the community was derived. Then he finished: 'And, of course, our people have made a great deal of money in the stock market this year!'

"Think of it. Speculating on the New York Stock Exchange as a source of wealth to the inhabitants of an inland city in California.

"You know Arthur Proulx, of Proulx & Peltier? Well, there is a typical commission house. Years ago—so Arthur was telling me—his father chewed the rag for six months before he consented to open a branch office in Chicago. Out-of-town business looked awfully risky to the old man. I was telling Arthur what my friend told me about the California banker, and so he told me a story of his own:

"'Since my father's death we have opened offices in several cities west of Chicago. We have a customer in Wyoming—a rich cattleman. I was looking over his account last night. In the past two months he has traded in more than 50,000 shares, an average of about 1000 shares a day. And he has made a barrel of money. But that is nothing, because he has made a big fortune in cattle and oil. But the point to consider is this: He lives thirty miles from a railroad and yet he buys and sells stocks in New York every day. How does he do it? Well, he gets his quotations by radio. He telephones his orders to the nearest big town, more than thirty miles away. From there, his orders are telegraphed to us—1000 shares a day on an average.' Arthur Proulx told me that story. Now," finished my friend, "could that man have speculated in stocks in the old days?"

"No," I said.

Making More Money

"And can't you see how that man's case can be multiplied almost indefinitely?"

"Yes," I admitted; and visits to one office after another in Wall Street made me willing to take oath that the stock speculators of 1928 consisted of the entire adult population of the United States.

The crowds I saw in the customers' rooms were amazingly like the crowds that I had seen there twelve years ago or twenty-eight years ago—merchants, big and little, neglecting their businesses; professional men indifferent to their clients' interests or to their patients' needs, idlers at last at work—in the hope factory. But the machinery was more obtrusive. The human element was less in evidence. In the Flower boom the winning customers were exuberantly, almost deafeningly happy. To have money at all was a novelty, after the hard times of '96. To get it without working was all the sweeter for coming after protracted penury. In 1928 the customers were ignorant of what poverty was. They were not making money; they were making more money. They were Americans accustomed to spending freely for years. Stock-market winnings did not promise them unaccustomed luxuries but the possibility of greater extravagance without running into greater indebtedness.

Only the Setting Changes

I missed the friendliness of the old times. No leather-lunged philanthropist was there to read the quotations from the cascading tape at the top of his voice. There was no need of a human larynx to inform the other customers—what with the translux apparatus in plain sight of everybody. The old *esprit de corps* was lacking. You perceived the difference between hand-work and machine-made.

This was 1928 and these were mass-production customers. The brokers were taking in orders by the tens of thousands where their fathers used to be grateful for hundreds. Quantity production! Dehumanized wealth-winning.

It was only when you listened to the comments of the customers that you realized that bull markets do not change, because they can't, being founded upon immutable human nature. These men obeyed the same urge that all men have always obeyed. The play is always the same. The actors' voices differ and the sets are more pretentious, more expensive. But the words are the same. And the curtain!

I heard one man say: "Walter Sutton is buying it! I got it straight!" And another: "I don't care a whoop. They told me to get out at 135, and now look at it—218! This time I am going to stick!" And a third: "What's the odds, if it only pays 2 per cent at these prices? I ain't buying for investment, am I?" Or: "Well, I've got it margined down to 30, and even if they pass the dividend I'm safe. But if they increase it, it will go to 200. Oh, baby!"

I wondered how many of these men made money. In one office I took the trouble to ask, and I learned that more than 90 per cent of the men present had profits to their credit, for this was a few days before the overdue reaction came.

"Don't they take profits?" I inquired of the customers' man in this particular office.

"Oh, yes," he answered, but his voice was not cheerful.

"Why those tears?" I asked him.

"I am thinking of tomorrow," he confessed. "Do you see that man over there? Well, he came into this office last spring with $50,000. He bought Western Wireless at 80; I think, 1000 shares. Later he was carrying 1500.

"Well, after Sutton and Gilmore and Martin got in, and the public heard about it, the rise started in earnest. . I have a friend in an office where one of these chaps trades. I heard that the pool was unloading as fast as it could when the stock was around 150. Well, I got my man here out of it. Why wouldn't I? At 153!"

He sighed. I understood perfectly and proved it. I said to him:

"And the customer forgot it was you who put him in and that it was your advice that made him run up his $50,000 to more than $200,000, didn't he?"

"Of course! The stock is 271 now, and look at him! He sits there all day and glowers at the board—excepting when he is busy chopping me to pieces with a dull cleaver!"

"Let him go to the devil," I advised. "When the slump comes, just go up to him from time to time and give him the last quotation. Now, tell me about customers that did not take your advice to sell."

"Do you see that palooka with the chawed-off mustache? . . . No; the bird with the audible necktie, next to the last

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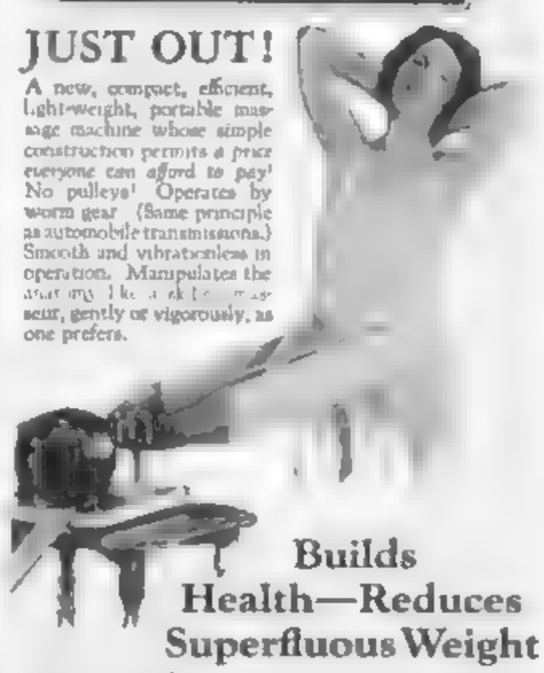

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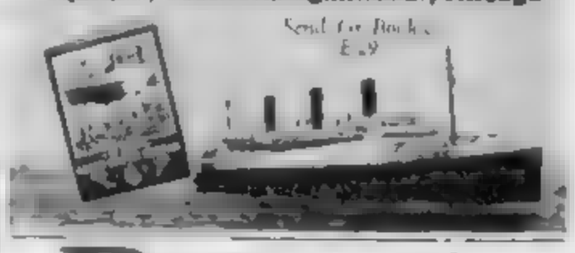

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chair. Well, he has a profit of more than $300,000 in one stock alone."

"And he looks intelligent, too," I ventured.

"He is. He really is a great money-maker, but he has never learned how to spend. Do you know why he doesn't sell?"

Of course I knew enough to shake my head.

"Because he doesn't want to pay that much income tax this year. He has made nearly $1,000,000 in this office and he won't cash in until next year. He isn't looking at the quotations: he is trying to figure out some way by which he can take his profit without giving Uncle Sam his share. Look at him! You'd think he had lost $50,000, wouldn't you? What has happened today is that Western Wireless is up five points from the opening. That bird is $25,000 richer than he was at 9:59 A.M. today. It isn't toothache; it's the income tax! He knows he ought to get out and he is praying the reaction won't come until after the first of January!"

It did not take long to discover that the disinclination to pay the income tax was keeping hundreds of successful speculators from taking their profits. In their heart of hearts they knew that a reaction was due, but they had hopes that it would not come until January. When the break came, the shrinkage in paper profits was many times what they would have had to pay to the collector of internal revenue. Many things are possible in Wall Street. But neither there nor anywhere else has a man ever prospered by trying to hog it.

This income-tax problem has long puzzled other Wall Street winners. I have before me the case of two men who have made large fortunes by going into untried ventures and putting them on a permanent dividend-paying basis. I may say that both are personal friends of mine of many years' standing. With the general improvement in business and the arrival of the bull market they found themselves the possessors of huge blocks of stock that had grown to have a big market value. They held on to their stock because they were on velvet, but now their problem was the same as the unhappy man's in the broker's office: How to get out of paying their income tax if they took their profit.

In the Wife's Name

I cannot vouch for this part of the story, but a mutual friend told me that Major Wilkins, one of the two, remembered a war-time story about the late czar. It seemed that poor Nicholas was greatly worried about the unrest in Poland. He fretted and stewed and growled and grumbled until one of his counselors ventured to inquire the reason. The czar said that he was going to lose disaffected Poland, and he didn't know what to do.

"If I were Your Majesty," said the counselor, "I would send for Pinsky, the lawyer. He is a wonderful chap for finding ways out of all kinds of trouble."

"Let him appear before me at once!" commanded the czar. Eighteen minutes later the little lawyer appeared before the Autocrat of all the Russias, bowed respectfully, and said:

"Tell me your trouble, Your Majesty."

"I am afraid I am going to lose Poland. What do you advise?"

Pinsky thought a moment; then he answered, "Put it in your wife's name!"

Well, these men's profits in the stocks of the companies they had organized were so large that they sent for a New York Pinsky who advised the same thing, only the wife had to be a new company which exchanged its stocks for the stocks of the old companies. The new company's shares were brought out on the Curb and a market was created for them. The exchange was on the basis of ten for one. Imagine their income tax if they had not swapped! Now they only had to pay a small per-share profit on their new stock. Of course the little holder cannot do that. But other ways have been found for successful plungers in this market to evade the payment of what they would have been taxed if they had taken their profits while the taking was possible. Paraphrasing Poe's famous dictum about enigmas, one might say that it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can devise a system of taxation which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, succeed in evading. But that is another story that is worth telling!

Speculation and Bank Deposits

It naturally occurred to me, as I looked at the crowded customers' rooms, to inquire whether these men were speculating with their savings. I made it a point to inquire later, from the presidents of the large savings banks in Greater New York, whether the withdrawals of savings had been unusually large during the stock boom; for there is no question that the American public—that is, the small investor—has begun to buy dividend-paying stocks in preference to getting a bare 4 per cent from the savings bank—or even 4½. To my surprise, the bankers told me that money had been withdrawn which had gone into Wall Street speculation, but not to a disquieting extent. The worst that could be said was that the normal increase in deposits shown in the past two or three years had not kept up.

A former neighbor of mine is so old-fashioned that he still confines himself to his bond business. Of course, he is independently rich and does not have to be richer. He will not have anything to do with stocks. I saw him before the December break. He did not seem in a cheerful mood.

"We bond men surely need encouragement these days," he said.

"You ought to shift to stocks and live on," I suggested.

"Oh, it is perfectly disgusting! Everything is stocks! I am too old to change, but I certainly was an ass not to start a stock department."

"Well, stock houses lose money at times."

"What are you talking about?" He glared at me with a maniacal fury that would have made any woman quail. "At luncheon today I met Henry Hulsberg. He was grumbling about the non-success of one of his firm's promotions. I said to him: 'Henry, when one of your deals doesn't go over, what do you do about it? I know darn well that you don't actually lose money.' 'What do you mean?' he said. 'Well, when you bring out a new company and the stock doesn't move as you expected, what do you do?' 'Oh,' he said, 'we consolidate it!' And there you are. Whatever happens, the stock houses make money. When they can't market $10,000,000 of a stock, they relabel it and sell it."

"As always in bull markets," I reminded him.

"Do you remember Charley Norcross?" he went on. "Well, he came to see me some time ago. I have been buying bonds for him and his father and his brother Fred for thirty years. He said, 'Joe, I have a tip on United Scissors. At the present price it pays mighty well and it looks as though the dividends were fairly well assured. Now, I have got some of those Midland Manganese bonds you bought for me. They return me less than half what I can get from United Scissors stock. Now forget that you are a bond broker! Talk to me like a disinterested friend and not like a statistical dopester. I am no poor widow whose late husband's life insurance you are about to invest in scold-proof bonds. I am asking you as friend to friend: Shall I or shall I not swap my bonds for that stock? I certainly would like the increased income!' That is exactly what your friend Charley Norcross said to me last Thursday, right here in this office."

"And what did you tell your friend Charles Norcross, right here in this office?" I asked.

"I looked him straight in the eye for a full minute. Then I said, 'Mr. Charles Norcross, the only answer I can give you is

(Continued on Page 153)

He was the FIRST MAN to set eyes on an ENTIRELY NEW WORLD

"Come here! Hurry! See what I have discovered!"

LEEUWENHOEK—first of the microbe hunters. In a superstitious, tradition-shackled age, which still believed that witches caused disease, this Dutch janitor looked through his home-made microscope, saw the microbe world, and was the first man to learn the truth!

No instruments existed to aid Leeuwenhoek; he had to make his own. No codified knowledge to guide him; he pioneered his inspired way. But even Leeuwenhoek did not reason out the full effects of his discoveries. Had he done so, how much greater his contribution would have been . . . how much sooner the world would have materially benefited.

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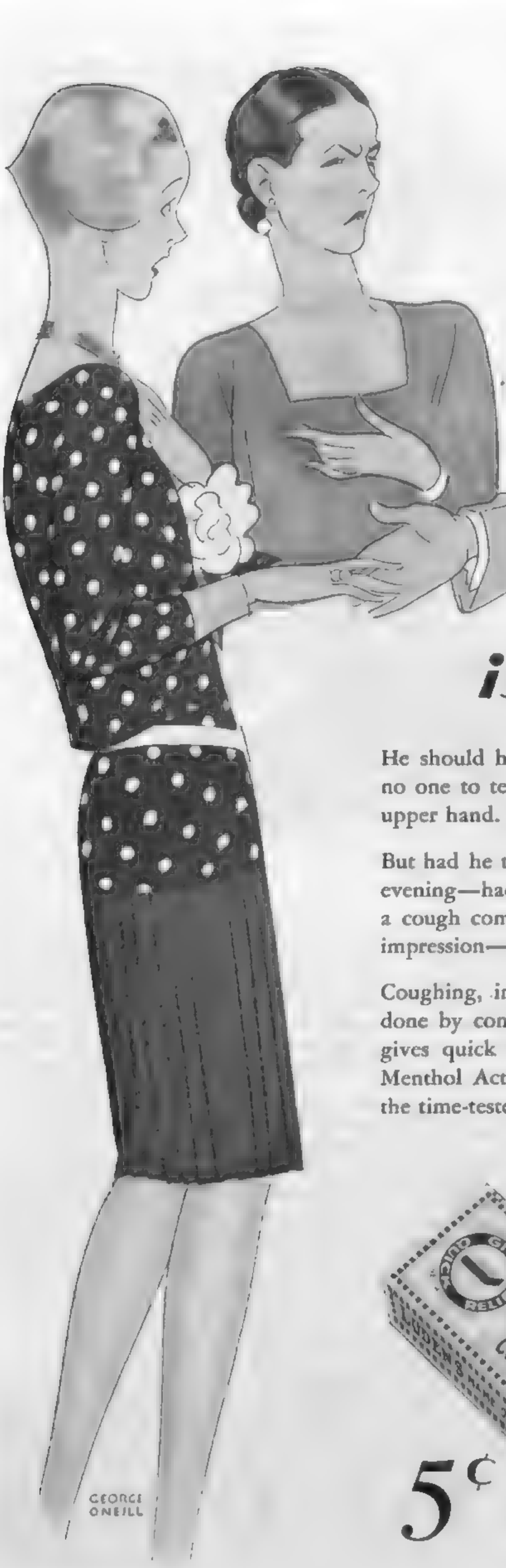

To cough is now a social error

He should have known better, but, being a bachelor with no one to tell him, he neglected his cough—let it get the upper hand. Naturally he was an object nobody could love.

But had he thought to take Luden's with him on that fatal evening—had he taken a Luden's or two when he first felt a cough coming on—he would have made a much better impression—now wouldn't he?

Coughing, in public, has come under the ban—it is not done by considerate people—for Luden's Menthol Action gives quick relief. But only Luden's give the exclusive Menthol Action, for only Luden's are made according to the time-tested, jealously-guarded menthol formula.

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LUDEN'S

Cigarette smokers have discovered that a Luden's now and then refreshes the taste—keeps smoke-enjoyment keen.

In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere

(Continued from Page 150)

this: It depends on whether you wish to eat well or to sleep well. Nobody, least of all a poor bond broker, can tell you which of the two means more to you.'"

"And what did Charles Norcross say to that?"

"What would Norcross say? He said what they all say. He said: 'You talk like an ass'"

"And then what did you say?"

"I said what I always say. I said, 'My business is with investors and not with speculators. You are a tape reader.'"

"'I am not a speculator,' Norcross said. 'And, anyhow, investors look at the tape as much as speculators.'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'but there is a difference. An investor should not watch the tape; he should watch the earnings. Why should he watch the tape, when he bought his securities for the income? The real investor, instead of craving to sell his holdings to make a profit, should keep track of the earnings so as not to make a loss.'"

"And what did your friend do?" I asked the harassed bond man.

"He sold his bonds and bought that stock."

"And what has Midland Manganese done since?" I asked.

"Gosh, you are wise!" he sneered.

"I demand to know what Midland Manganese has done in the last five days," I insisted.

"It has gone up thirty-five points," he admitted. "But you wait!"

I laughed forgivingly. Then I asked him:

"Honest Injun, haven't you had some interest in the stock market lately?"

"You know," he smiled, "I asked that same question of Bill Thayer, of Thayer & Company, and he answered: 'My boy, the only stocks in which we are interested these days are those in which we are involuntary investors.' The same answer goes for me."

"And what stocks are you involuntarily holding?"

A change came over his face that was marvelous to see. His expression became positively beatific.

"You don't deserve it, but I will tell you the story. For about sixteen months now, I have been treated to a daily dose of 'why-didn't-you' from my sainted wife. You know, our firm has been in this business for three generations. We were all brought up bonded. No stocks for our family. But all my wife's friends have been dabbling in stocks and, worse yet—making money! She kept up her why-not-ing at mealtimes. Finally, Marion Torrey made a killing in Western Wireless and my goose was cooked. My wife insisted that I should buy stocks for her—any stock; she didn't care what I bought, so long as I bought some stock that would go up and enable her to shut Marion up, as well as the other harpies. It got so that I finally said to her: 'You win, my dear. I will give you $10,000 and you can buy any stocks you want. All I ask you is: Don't talk to me about it, whether you win or lose.'"

"That was no way to talk," I said. But he didn't mind me.

"No! She didn't want that. She wanted me to go in with her. She wished the moral support of her honored husband. But I was adamant. I refused to have anything more to do with the deal than to supply the $10,000. But she insisted on doing business through my office. She couldn't see why she should go to some other broker, when there was one in the family. Finally things got so bad that I said to her, 'Very well. I will credit you with $10,000. Go around and see your friends, and then you tell me what you want me to buy or sell. But you must pick out your stocks yourself.'

"I also insisted that she keep up her margins, otherwise she would have asked me to buy 10,000 shares. Every day at breakfast she would tell me what stock to buy or sell. Of course, I bucketed the orders. She kept it up. At the end of one month I brought home her statement."

He looked at me triumphantly.

"By how much did your inexcusable performance reduce your bank roll?" I asked him.

"Boy, she lost $16,000!" He smiled. Then he laughed aloud. He is that kind of worm.

"Then, I take it, you made $10,000," I said regretfully.

"Hey, aren't you married?" he snarled. "You know I didn't make $10,000. She made it, not I. How? Well, when I told her that she had lost $16,000 she felt so badly that I up and told her what I had done."

"Bond broker!" I hissed in the tone in which I should have said 'Ass!' He did not throw anything at me. He went on:

"She looked relieved. Then she came over and kissed me; and then she kissed me again, and I felt like thirty cents. Then she said kind of low: 'Darling, you were dead right! I will never again ask you to buy stocks for me. Bonds are best. I'll take the $10,000 in any bonds you say.'

"'But you lost that $10,000,' I said to her. She shook her head and sighed.

"'Joe,' she said, not so low this time, 'what is the matter with you? Didn't you just tell me that you didn't buy or sell a share of stock for me and that I didn't really lose a cent?'

"'But, my dear ——' I began.

"'My dear nothing! You said you hadn't really bought or sold those stocks. My $10,000 is still in your office. You bring me my bonds. And be sure they are good bonds!'"

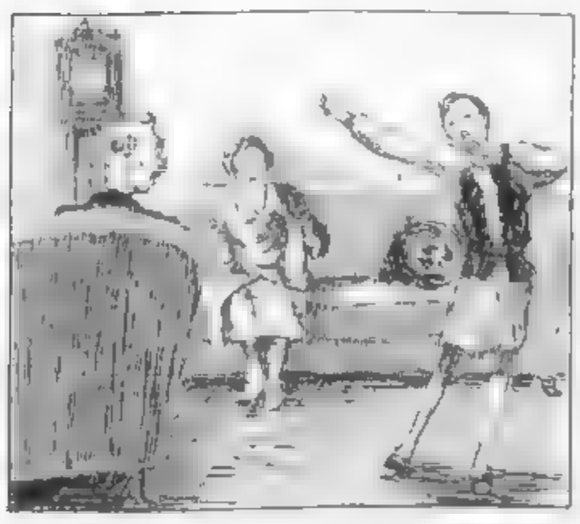
"And," said I, to get to the actual ending, "would you mind telling me what bonds you bought for her?"

"Yes," he said, looking not quite so beatific. "Ten Midland Manganese 6 per cent bonds! They cost me more than $10,000. But then, I am a bond broker." He obviously meant to imply he was a gentleman.

"Yes, indeed!" I agreed. And he had the bad taste to frown.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The second will appear in the February 9th issue.

It Never Happened Before



Flapper—"Well, Folks, it's Nine o'Clock, I'm Going to Bed"

Boxer—"Naw, I Couldn't Think of Takin' So Much Money. Why It Was Only a Ten-Round Scrap"

Architect—"Yes, Mr. Newlywed, the Estimate on Your House Was $16,000, But I'm Happy to Say the Bill Will Only be $15,500"

Ticket Speculator—"No, Sir, I Couldn't Think of Takin' More Than Fifty Cents Extra for These Tickets"

Governor—"Gentlemen of the Nominating Committee, I am Satisfied to Close My Career With My Present Office. I'm Sorry, But I Can't Accept Your Nomination for the Presidency"

Banquet Orator—"Well, Folks, My Two Minutes are Up. I Thank You"

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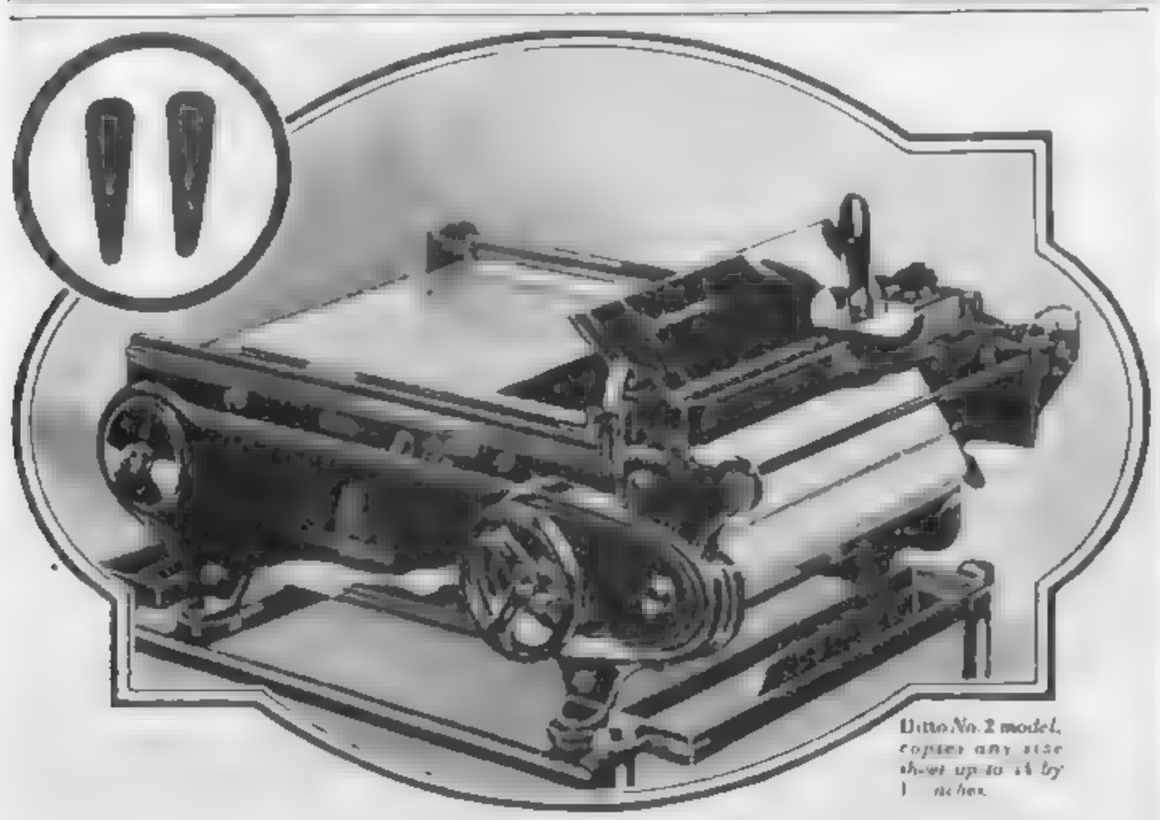

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SOME FACTS ABOUT DRY ENFORCEMENT

(Continued from Page 31)

brewery at once under the law, but I could not do it. I would have to go over and see the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and maybe I could not see him for a day or two; then I would have to lay it all before him, and the best I could do, I could not place the commissioner in as favorable a position in the matter as I was in. We had lawyers in the prohibition unit, and we never knew when we should rely on the lawyers in the prohibition unit or the solicitor of Internal Revenue. We had good lawyers in the prohibition unit, men whose duty it was to look up prohibition laws. But we were compelled to look, in many instances, to the solicitor, who was swamped with work of an entirely different nature.

Such frank admissions, made under oath as a witness before the House Judiciary Committee in 1923 by the man who had hopefully first organized the prohibition unit, were sufficiently convincing for Congress to take it out from under the Internal Revenue Bureau and make it a separate bureau of the Treasury, which it is today. For an explanation of the failure at that time to go further and take the enforcement of the law completely out of the Treasury Department and place it in the Department of Justice, one must consider the confusion prevailing then in the latter branch of the Government. Harry M. Daugherty, the Attorney-General, though continually under a cloud of popular suspicion did not get out of the office until April, 1924. It just so happened that the very committee—House Judiciary—of which Mr. Volstead was chairman, and which had to do with this transfer of power where it rightfully belonged, had also to conduct contemporaneously an inquiry into the charges against the Attorney-General. So when Mr. Kramer told the committee of all this lost motion and dallying with prohibition in those early years—almost wasted years—it seems not at all surprising that Mr. Volstead, himself the author of the prohibition-enforcement bill, should have addressed the following remarks to his fellow committeemen.

"I want to say this: I was very much surprised to learn that was the way the law was being administered. Personally, I expected it to be administered by one head, and that all the powers necessary to carry out the law would be left by regulation with that one party. But I found, to my surprise, later on, that instead of that, the power was spread all over the Treasury Department."

With the Courts Behind Them

And yet Mr. Volstead expressed the fear that "if you take the unit out of the Treasury Department, you may not get coöperation from the customs officials." He finished by saying: "I think the unit should be quite independent of the department." It has since been made a separate bureau, but it is still under the Treasury Department.

So much to show the dilemma that confronted Congress when the question of creating a separate bureau for prohibition in 1923 was being discussed. Of course, no such dilemma presents itself today. Gradually plugging away, as far as it is permitted to do, at the problem of prohibition, the Attorney-General and his able assistants have procured decisions from the high courts which remove many judicial handicaps and make prohibition enforcement much surer for the future than it has ever been in the past. I shall refer to these court rulings later in this article.

It is difficult to believe from a present-day angle of enforcement, that any customs agent would slacken up in his service if a transfer of the Prohibition Bureau from the Treasury Department were made, as Mr. Volstead feared in 1923.

It is, in the first place, inconceivable that there should be any retreat by any branch of the service because of a decision by Congress that it might be wise to change generalship.

As a news gatherer, the writer of this article has spent much of the time since prohibition passed working alongside of the daring men who make up the field forces He has, in the daily progress of this work, chronicled the successive achievements of the coast guardsmen in their annihilation of Rum Row. He has recorded the canny coups of the customs men. He has written first-hand close-ups of the risky adventures of the border patrol along our far-flung frontiers. The writer knows many of these men personally and he knows that they take personal pride in their particular outfits, but that they also take patriotic pride in the service they render, even though it be in accordance with and compulsory under the oath they have taken. For instance, the Coast Guard has always been in the Treasury Department, and the men feel a pride and satisfaction in knowing that their outfit is called the oldest of Uncle Sam's armed forces, dating back to 1790 as the old revenue-cutter service. But do they not now turn over every captured rum ship to the customs agents, and do not the customs agents turn the cases over to the United States attorneys?

A Bad Drink for Many Years

The border patrol is a part of the immigration service and the latter is a bureau of the Labor Department. But the border patrol is empowered to prevent the smuggling of liquor under the prohibition law as well as the smuggling of aliens under the immigration law. Does it not now turn over its liquor cases to the customs inspectors at the borders and do not the latter turn them over to the local Federal attorneys? In its last analysis, is not the whole system of prohibition enforcement centered in the punitive power of government, and does not this power belong in the Department of Justice?

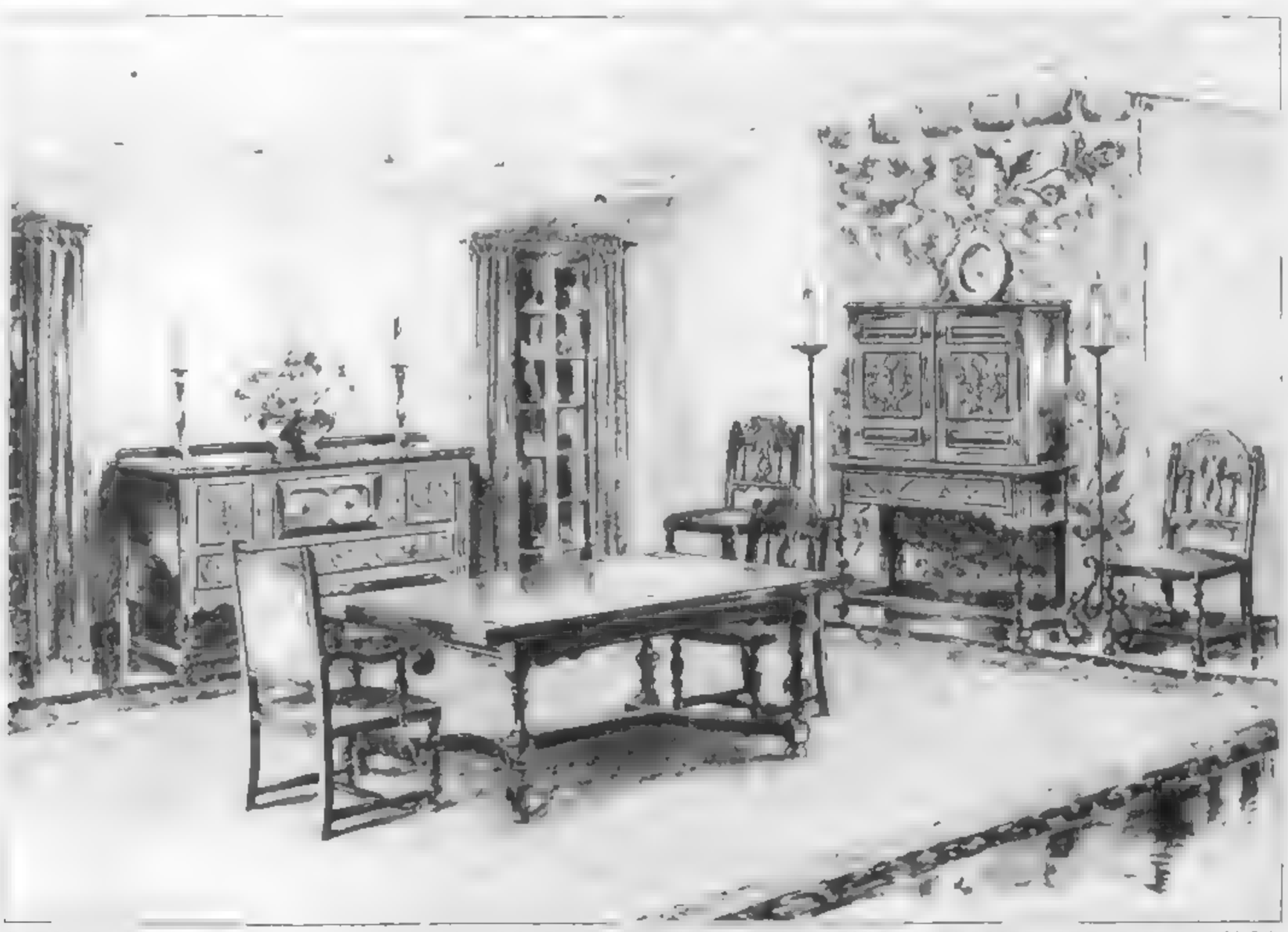
Some of the opposition to such a transfer of the Prohibition Bureau will come from the lawless, who tell us it is a bad law. Another wing of opposition may come from a source not venal of itself as a whole, but to which has been ascribed the leakage or willful diversion of great quantities of denatured alcohol. I refer to the permit holders—some 160,000 manufacturers, druggists, and various trades people who require denatured alcohol for industrial purposes, and who admittedly must have it, whether there be a prohibition law or not. Most of these permit holders are honest. If any of their withdrawals of whisky or alcohol should ever get by them and become diverted to the bootleg trade, it is beyond their ken or power to prevent.

These honest men of business asked for and secured the passage of an industrial-alcohol act in 1906, when there was no national prohibition. They did not want the pure grain alcohol, because they knew the demoralizing effect it would have upon their employes, and they knew it would be stolen. So they asked that it be denatured by some formula that would make it unfit for use as a beverage and yet retain its usefulness in the manufacture of perfumery, paints, varnishes, or as a nonfreezing agency in automobiles, and so on. Naturally, among 160,000 permit holders, some are not honest. But even the honest ones are very jealous about their rights, and they would resist any changes in the system of withdrawals if they feared that it might interfere with their privileges.

It is a matter of record that when the transfer of the prohibition unit from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice was first brought up in Congress several years ago, these permit holders, or many of them, did file objections with the

(Continued on Page 157)

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES OF ROOM INTERIORS BY AMERICA'S FOREMOST DECORATORS



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Details of the Room—In creating this room, Judd Allen has specified a color scheme of tan, orange and blue and tête de negre. Ceiling in flat old ivory and walls in dull tan to harmonize pleasantly with the rich, dark tones of the Wenham Suite. Floor planks are of oak, uneven width, shellaced to a dark finish and waxed. The floor covering is a hand-made wool carpet, blue and orange in tone. Orange hued window curtains are of figured goat's hair wool, lined and interlined with sateen. The wall hanging is of wool embroidery from India, dyed deep orange. Decorative accessories include a pewter plaque on the cabinet, flanked by church candles in old iron floor torchieres. On the sideboard, a large blue mixing bowl with natural flowers in season.

Similar suggestions for room interiors are numerous in the new 1929 edition of the "Furniture Style Book," which includes a new chapter on Art Moderne. This book is endorsed by America's leading decorative authorities. Send fifty cents in stamps or coin for your copy.

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(Continued from Page 154)

judiciary committees of both branches of Congress. As it is my purpose and desire to present this whole matter fairly and squarely, and since I have quoted public records to show the advantages to the prohibition side of the transfer of enforcement, I will quote the objections filed by a representative of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association, after Representative Hill, of Maryland, and Senator King, of Utah, had introduced bills to place prohibition under the Department of Justice. In part, these objections were as follows:

The control of nonbeverage liquor and alcohol has always been in the Treasury Department. The making of analyses, the passing upon formulas for the manufacture of alcoholic preparations, the control over distilleries, bonded warehouses and alcoholic plants are all unrelated to the activities of the Justice Department.

To transfer the permit system to the Department of Justice would result in a duplication of machinery, since the Justice Department would have to maintain a force to prevent the diversion of liquors for permitted uses to illegal purposes and the Treasury Department a force to collect the taxes due the Government. This would add to the cost of enforcement, would confer upon the Department of Justice control over a subject matter foreign to its nature and would be burdensome to legitimate business, because business men would have to submit to the regulation and supervision by two departments instead of one, with all the conflicting rulings which would result from a dual administration.

—Senate Judiciary Reports Jan. 9, 1925, p. 235.

Possibly the wholesale druggists would not make the same objections today. Since April 1, 1927, when the separate Prohibition Bureau was created, all this work which the druggists described as being unrelated to the law-enforcing agencies has been taken out of the custody and supervision of the Internal Revenue Bureau, together with the personnel employed on such work. It now rests with the Prohibition Bureau, of which Dr. James M. Doran is head. He is an expert chemist and long familiar with every phase of the industrial-alcohol control and supervision. He has appointed an industrial advisory council to coöperate with him in determining the formulary of denatured alcohol and the best methods of facilitating withdrawals in conformity with the requirements of prohibition enforcement. Under his custody are all stocks of distilled spirits, alcohol, wines and other liquors of distilleries, industrial-alcohol plants, bonded warehouses, denaturing plants, wineries, bonded-wine storerooms, breweries, dealcoholizing plants and other places where such spirits or liquors are produced or stored, and which have heretofore been under the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Ancient History in Enforcement

Doctor Doran, however, "in accordance with the policy of decentralization inaugurated two years ago," has given control of permits to local district administrators. He thinks that "decisions in matters of permits made by an officer himself, within his district, are more apt to be fair and just than if the officer were merely required to make a report to Washington, where the final decision would be made." This is indicated, he says, by the decreasing number of permit matters carried into the courts. But here lies one of the greatest vexations of prohibition enforcement—drawing the line between liberty to legitimate business and license to the lawless smuggler. Too much diffusiveness of power, or what in this instance Doctor Doran calls "decentralization of the prohibition forces," has proved a hindrance rather than a help, according to the testimony of former prohibition heads already quoted in this article. Though cases over permits in courts may have decreased, it is, of course, possible that bootleg manufacture of so-called whisky may have increased by leakage.

On this point, however, Doctor Doran gave an emphatic reply in the negative. "Very little of the stuff they are selling in speak-easies as whisky today is made from redeemed industrial alcohol," he said. "That is old stuff, ancient history, so to speak, in the annals of prohibition enforcement. Only about 2 per cent of it, or 5 per cent at most, would be the average throughout the country. Possibly, in the Eastern cities there may be as much as 10 per cent of the so-called whisky made from diverted or stolen withdrawals of industrial alcohol. I know within very close limits how much of this denatured alcohol is made and how much of it is required in legitimate manufacture. I know also that bootleggers find it too troublesome and too expensive to hire expert chemists to clean this denatured alcohol so that it could be used by the speak-easies for beverage purposes. Oh, no, 95 per cent of the so-called whisky of today is moonshine, and it is made right here in the country, and it is made by distilling corn sugar."

Pure Cussedness

This was news to me, and I thought it might be news to the American people, so I questioned Doctor Doran further:

"Doctor Doran, will you be good enough to define just what this corn sugar is and how it becomes available for moonshine distilling?"

"Available? Why, you can buy it at any crossroads store. Corn sugar is the name commonly applied to dextrose or glucose, which is produced from starch or corn. It appears in the market in various forms, such as corn sirup, and the dry sugar, ranging in purity from anhydrous, or confectioners' grade, to crude 70 per cent corn sugar. The crude grade is not edible, but has certain uses in tanning. It is also a good distilling material. However, as all sugars and starches are potential sources of alcohol, it is hardly just to single out any one particular product. But it is a fact that at the present time corn sugar is quite extensively used in illicit distilling."

Doctor Doran said that this distilling may be carried on in the cellars or kitchens of private homes or it may be backed on a larger scale by men higher up in the bootlegging game. His men just a few nights before had captured a large still in a Pennsylvania town, with a capacity of many gallons a day, and with it they found great quantities of corn sugar.

"That is the main source of alcoholic products now being put over the bars in speak-easies," continued Doctor Doran. "They flavor it and doctor it in various ways and call it rum, or rye, or whatever they please, but the truth remains that by whatever name it goes, it is, in all reality, a distillation. It is unfair and erroneous to relate it with industrial alcohol."

"Is this whisky apt to be poisonous?" I asked.

"Made of certain grades of corn sugar, made in great haste and with imperfect utensils, it may be, yes. But nearly all the so-called poisoned liquor which the ill-advised critics of the Government have been ascribing to our denaturing of alcohol for the arts and trades has really been nothing more than wood alcohol: a known poison over which the Federal authorities have no power of control. Wood alcohol comes under the class of poisons which are sold by state regulation. Take that sporadic case in New York City quite recently when some thirty or forty deaths were reported as due to deadly liquor made from denatured alcohol. Toxicologists readily found that it was a case of poison by wood alcohol, and the Federal grand jury in New York City, much to the chagrin of the wets, very properly referred all the cases—some nineteen, I believe—to the state district attorney, telling him that the evidence showed with clearness the source from which the wood alcohol was obtained and the identity of those responsible for its sale. I don't know whether any arrests were ever made by the state authorities or not.

"It has come to be a common practice in certain communities to pass the buck along to Uncle Sam in these so-called poisoned liquor cases, when it is plain wood alcohol and not at all under our jurisdiction. Some unscrupulous bootlegger gets hold of a few drums of wood alcohol and makes synthetic liquor of it, supplying the less discriminating speak-easies. Result: Several deaths over the week-end and much blame for the Government, when the Government has nothing whatever to do with the sale of wood alcohol, nor iodine, nor prussic acid."

This led the prohibition boss to remark: "A revival of local zeal and pride is needed. In its last analysis, the future of prohibition in this country rests on the spirit of observance of the law and respect for the law." He thinks that eight years of prohibition "have vindicated the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment; that it has justified itself morally, socially and economically; and that enforcement is improving in methods, in public confidence and in the practical results obtained." But the dynamic Doctor Doran, who is red-headed but sociable, at times tells a good story to illustrate what he means by the "pure cussedness" of some people. He was on a train traveling through the Middle West, when a seemingly prosperous business man came aboard and sat beside him. This man plunged right into the conversation of the smokers' room with loud and bitter denunciations of the Government and all of its agents who have to do with the enforcement of prohibition laws, totally ignorant of the fact that he was right then in the presence of the big chief. His diatribe and polemics were almost too much for a red-headed man to smilingly endure, but when he ran out of breath, Doctor Doran said a word.

"Do you really want licensed liquor in the country?" he asked.

"We want our elementary human rights," said the business man.

"Who do you want to drink it? How many employes are at work in your factories?" inquired Doctor Doran.

"About five hundred."

"Do you want liquor in the country for your workmen to drink?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you want it so your family can have it ——"

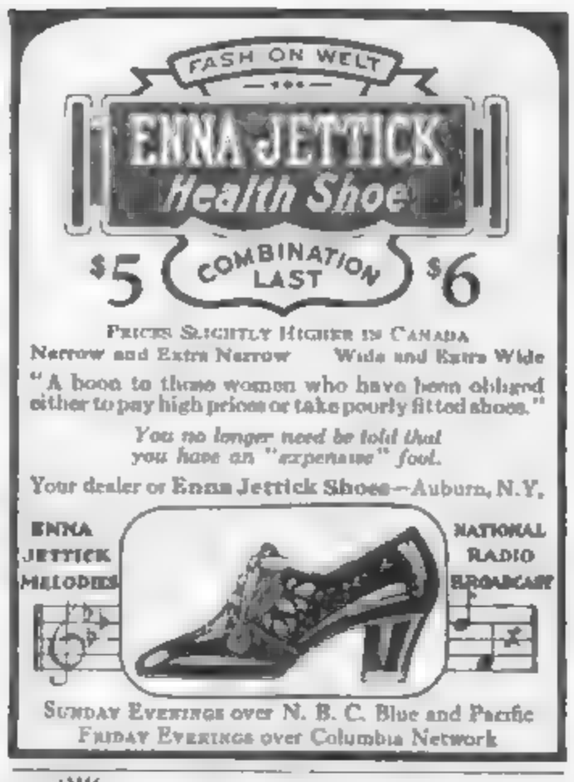
"I do not—but you're getting personal. Who the hell are you, anyhow?"

Clearing Away the Obstacles

"I'm the prohibition commissioner," quietly remarked Doctor Doran. Then, turning to others with whom he had been talking before the stranger entered, he concluded the conversation: "—— and, as I was saying, all we need for a better enforcement of the law is a little more common sense and an awakening of public conscience."

Though there is no sign of relaxation, but, on the contrary, a determined purpose to carry on, to be found in every branch of the prohibition service, it is particularly a peppy atmosphere one finds in the building at Washington which houses the Department of Justice.

Slowly but surely the judiciary has lately been clearing away the obstacles which long have blocked national prohibition. Conflicting decisions by the lower courts—even the circuit courts of appeal—are gradually being smoothed out and everybody at the Department of Justice is chuckling over the good results already obtaining. They cited the recent jail sentences by the Federal courts in New York City handed out to proprietors of speak-easies and night clubs. One of them explained that it takes years to thresh these legal points out in the various courts, but such advancement has now been made on procuring the Supreme Court's final word, that it can be safely predicted that prohibition enforcement will be much surer in the future than it could have been in the past without this clearing of the judicial atmosphere. Of course the matter of search and seizure has been fraught with many complications. But a decision has been given by the Supreme Court, which gives the prohibition raiding officers much more power than they had been able to exercise in the past. It is known as the Marron case, and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came to the highest court from the circuit court of appeals in California. As explained by one of Mrs. Willebrandt's office associates, the difficulty of seizing the account books of bootleggers in making raids has long been a serious handicap. Under the new ruling by the Supreme Court [U. S. Reports, 275, page 192]:

Officers, in making a lawful search of premises where intoxicating liquors are being unlawfully sold, may lawfully arrest, without a warrant, a person there actually in charge of the premises and actually engaged, in the presence of the officers, in a conspiracy to maintain them, and may contemporaneously, as an incident to the arrest, seize account books and papers not described in the search warrant, but which are used in carrying on the criminal enterprise and are found on the premises and in the immediate possession and control of the person arrested.

Such was the ruling of the California circuit court of appeals, and it was reaffirmed by the Supreme Court. The circuit court of appeals in New York, it was explained, in a similar case had ruled just the opposite way. The importance of this final decision from the highest court was thus explained at Mrs. Willebrandt's office:

"Extensive dealers in contraband liquors usually keep books of account showing the receipts and sales of liquors, and the receipts and disbursements of moneys in carrying on the unlawful business. It frequently is impossible to describe these books and papers sufficiently to procure a search warrant for their seizure. Under this new decision this important evidence may now be seized without a warrant as an incident to the arrest for offenses committed in the officers' presence."

In the scope of a magazine article it would be impossible to present anything like all the work of the Department of Justice on behalf of the prohibition cause in the matter of gaining favorable rulings for future enforcement. Field workers in every branch of the service, particularly in the Coast Guard, have been handicapped throughout the eight years of prohibition by the uncertainty of their powers of arrest and seizure. Thanks to the effective prosecutions and appeals of the Department of Justice the field forces in future will have no such hindrances as they have had in the past years. The deterring influence of these new court rulings upon violators of the prohibition law will doubtless prove the greatest benefit.

An Oasis at Sea

The upholding of the Coast Guard's right to make seizures twelve miles from shore has brought its good results. Rum Row is largely a thing of the past. Attempts by foreign operators to send contraband liquors to the United States over the seas have brought them bankruptcy. They have quit. Rum-running boats of American ownership and registry have likewise been put out of business. The Coast Guard, under the direction of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Billard, Commandant, was called upon to do what the public believed to be well-nigh impossible. In the spring of 1924 there was continuously a string of vessels from Delaware Bay to Cape Cod, numbering from sixty to seventy, and loaded to their gunwales with contraband liquor from many countries in Europe. Some were schooners or other sailing vessels and some were steamers whose cargo valuation by bootleg prices ran to $1,000,000. These vessels would anchor beyond the three-mile limit and unload their contraband liquor to smaller boats from shore. Night and day the small boats were pursued by the vigilant patrol boats and picket boats of the Coast Guard. Many were caught, but the ingenious bootleggers would fight every fine point of the law concerning search and seizure to a finish in the courts, and pending decisions, would reënter the game of rum running.

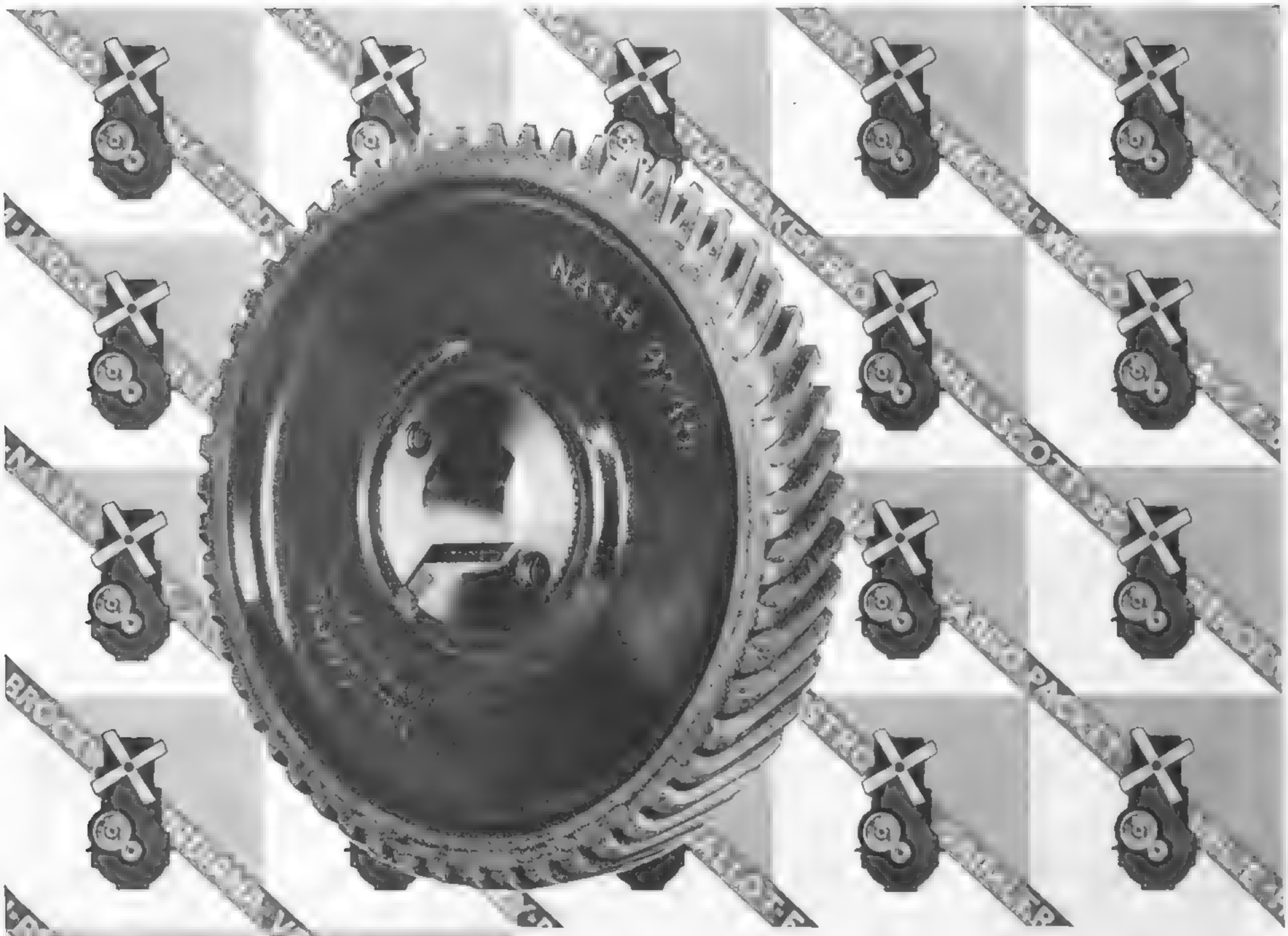
Breaking Up Rum Row

Admiral Billard decided to change tactics. Instead of concentrating his attack upon the small boats from shore, he decided to go out after the larger vessels—the supply ships. An attorney for the Government dug up an ancient law providing for the seizure of any ship twelve miles from shore if caught in the act of unloading contraband or smuggled goods. Treaties with various European countries were also obtained authorizing the seizure of rum ships within one hour's sailing time from shore. That gave the admiral a basis for his new strategy. Then, all of a sudden one Sunday afternoon there began gathering in New York harbor a veritable armada of Coast Guard cutters, destroyers, patrol boats and picket boats. Cutters were assembled from as far south as Mobile and as far north as Portland, Maine. The next morning they moved out of New York Bay and deployed in such a way as to flank each and every rum ship anchored in what had been named Rum Row. The plan was to detail two Coast Guard boats to each of the rum ships and to keep the latter under close watch night and day. If they attempted to unload liquor or otherwise "come in contact with shore," the Coast Guard officers had orders to seize them. That was the death knell to Rum Row. True, some few of the ships continued for a while to dodge the vigilant Coast Guard patrol, but after remaining weeks and months, and facing starvation, they gave up further efforts to cash in their treasure.

It is true that the Coast Guard is now finding much to do in the Lakes, since every province in Canada has more or less swung from the former policy of prohibition or local option to a system of state sale of liquor, and bootlegging is springing up in certain localities. Fifteen patrol boats and twenty-two picket boats have been assigned to Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The Canadian authorities have agreed to notify the American officers of the departure from Canada of any suspicious boat loaded with rum and supposedly bound for the United States. But, obviously, this is of little help to the patrol. By the time the report is received the suspected boat will have had time to make two or three trips and to have changed its name.

But the Coast Guard has already achieved nine-tenths of what it started out to accomplish, and the officers and men say that if the country wants that remaining tenth wiped off the slate and if Congress will give them the additional resources required, it will be done.

Such is the post-election situation of prohibition enforcement from the Federal side as it appears to a nonpartisan news gatherer. Would that state and municipal concurrent power, so-called, could be seen in half as bright a light!



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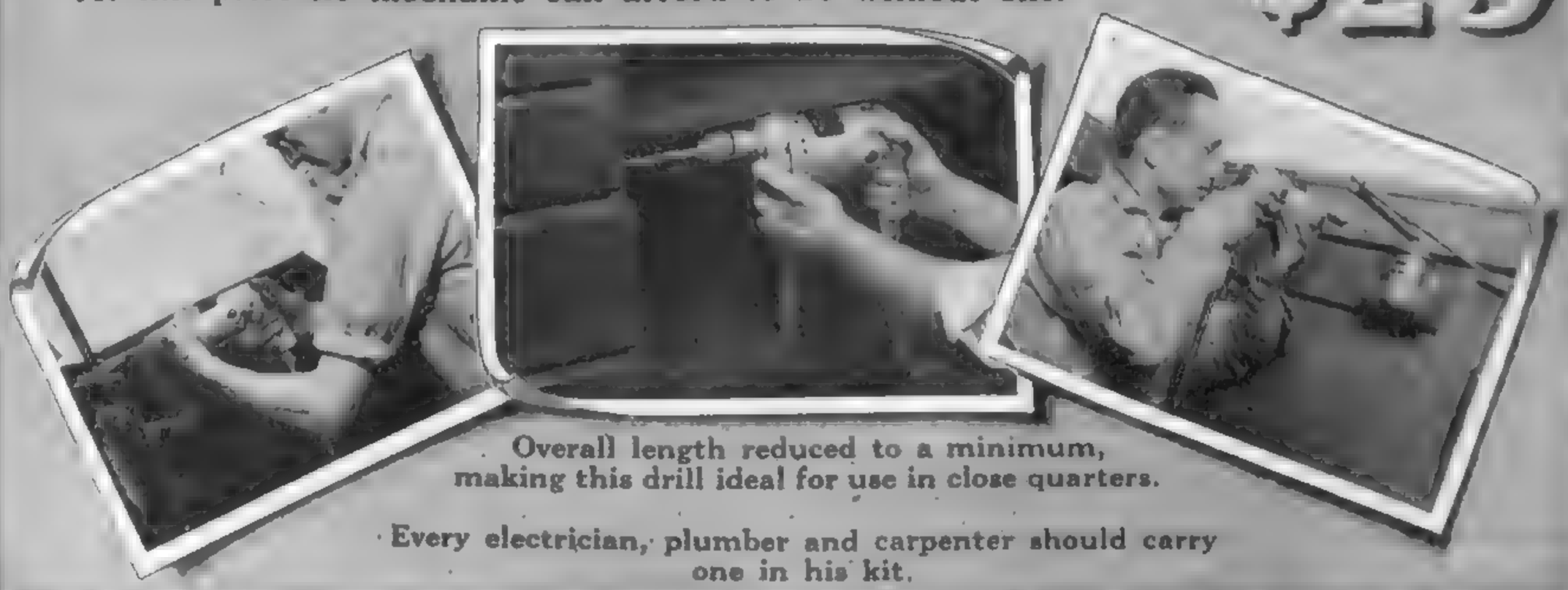

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So Few People Understand

SHE: I simply loathe conceit in anybody!

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: I mean, if there's anything that simply slays me, it's to hear somebody eternally talking about themselves and what they can do and all. Do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, it's the limit.

SHE: That's the whole reason I simply never talk about things I can do well to anybody, because, I mean, it sounds as if you were awfully conceited and all, when you do. Don't you think?

HE: Oh, yeah, I guess you're right about that.

SHE: Because, I mean, people are never int'rested in what you can do; they always want to talk about themselves all the entire time!

HE: Yeah, they bore you stiff when they're that way.

SHE: But I think when you're with somebody who's sort of sympathetic and all, it's dif'rent, because if they're really int'rested in you they're int'rested in knowing about what you do and are int'rested in and all. Do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh, yeah, you're right!

SHE: F'r instance, I'm really terribly int'rested in my singing, you know, because this professor I'm studying with who's trained practicably all the great opera singers and everything, says I have a voice with great promise; but I mean, it's just things like that you can't tell people because they just think you're poisonously conceited and all.

HE: Well, it's dif'rent when they're really int'rested in you.

SHE: But so few people understand that when you talk about yourself and what you can do and all, it isn't conceit.

HE: Yeah, some people are funny that way.

SHE: Aren't they, though? I think it's just because they're jealous of you if you can do anything better than they can or something, because, I mean, I simply never discuss my voice and all the things these terribly famous music teachers and people have said about me, because, I mean, it's just misunderstood, sort of, by people who think you're conceited just because you have a great artistic talent and admit it. Do you know what I mean?

—LLOYD MAYER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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No matter what the thermometer says··

you need ICE every day in the year

THE thermometer on the porch tells *one* story—the one inside the house tells *another*. The latter is the one that gives you the "low down" as to whether or not your foods are safe from deterioration and spoilage. Outside temperatures are *never* a safe criterion.

Even if your ice box is kept in a back entry or cold pantry, it is no fit place for keeping food without ice. Lacking ice to stimulate *circulation*, air in a refrigerator soon becomes stale and odor-laden.

Banish the Window Box!

Domestic science authorities decry the use of window boxes or other makeshift contrivances for keeping foods cold. The rapid changes in outside temperature render such boxes unsafe.

The mercury in the little glass tube of a thermometer is a nimble acrobat. A drop or a rise of many degrees can easily occur in twenty-four hours. Foods often freeze, and as often spoil, when the mercury "dances a jig."

Then, too, the exposure of foods to dirt and contamination, in window boxes or damp, musty cellars, is a serious mistake. Ice costs so little, especially in winter, that all can afford its reliable, all-year protection.

Be ready for February and March

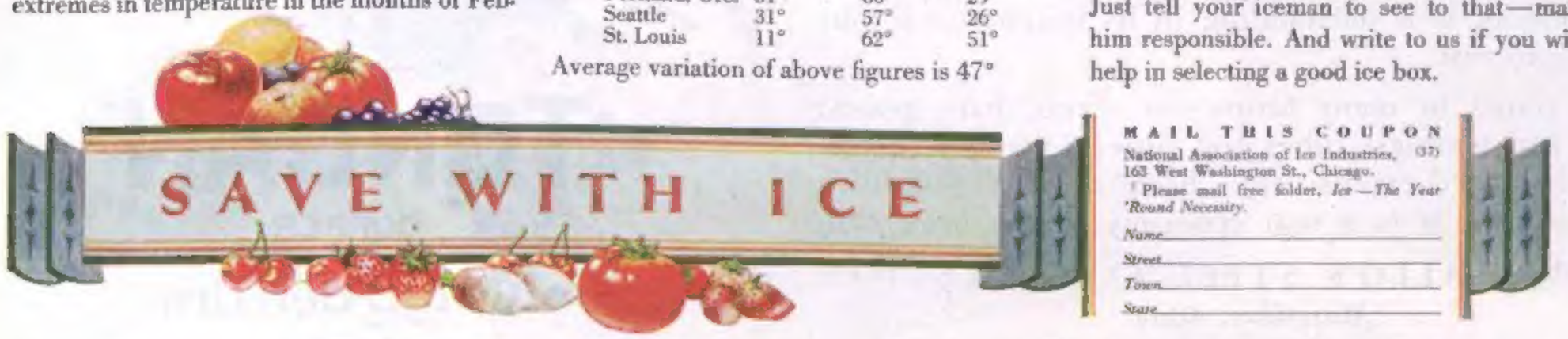
U. S. Weather Bureau records show surprising extremes in temperature in the months of February and March. Following are temperature variations for February, 1928:

	LOW	HIGH	VARIATION
Atlanta	16°	66°	50°
Boston	−1°	54°	55°
Chicago	5°	52°	47°
Cleveland	6°	51°	45°
Denver	2°	62°	60°
Fort Worth	27°	74°	47°
Kansas City	8°	66°	58°
Los Angeles	43°	82°	39°
Minneapolis	−5°	47°	52°
New Orleans	32°	74°	42°
New York	6°	55°	49°
Philadelphia	11°	59°	48°
Portland, Ore.	31°	60°	29°
Seattle	31°	57°	26°
St. Louis	11°	62°	51°

Average variation of above figures is 47°

To contend with such great changes of temperature, it is important that health be given every possible protection during these fickle months of February and March. And what is more important to good health than good food maintained in prime condition by ice refrigeration?

"SAVE WITH ICE" is the watchword in more than 12,000,000 American homes. But to save health, food, and flavor every day in the year, be sure you have a good ice box that is kept well filled with ice every day in the year. Just tell your iceman to see to that—make him responsible. And write to us if you wish help in selecting a good ice box.



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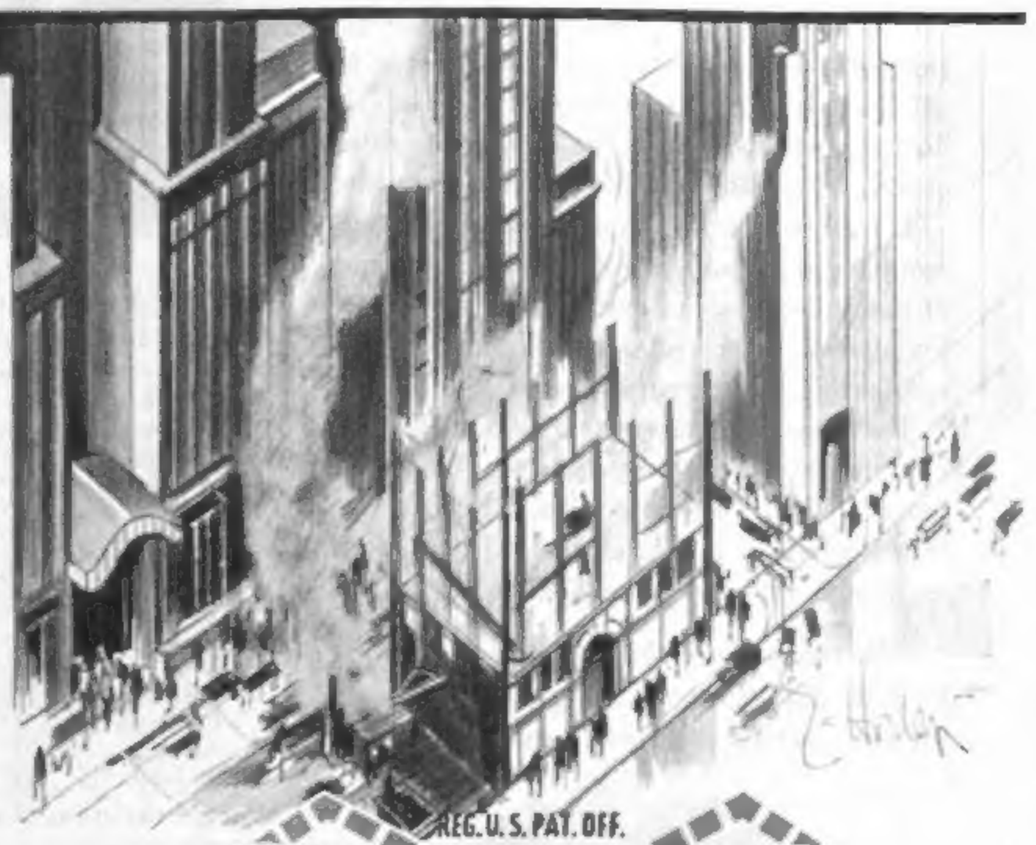

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